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20Q WITH DAVID CARUSO

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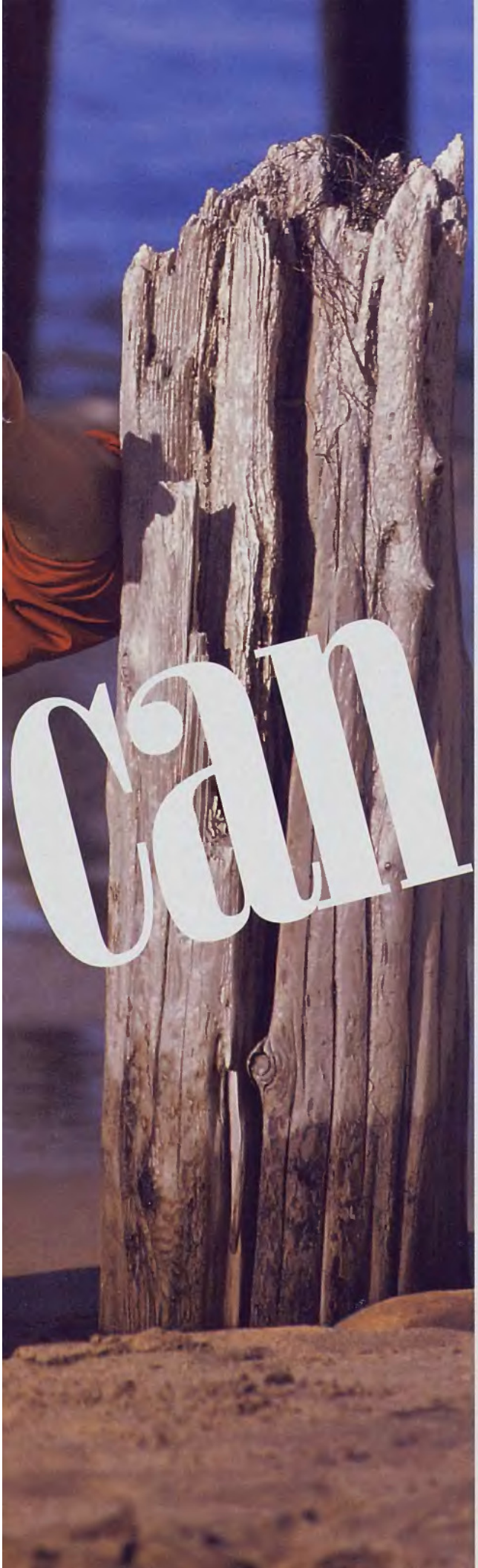

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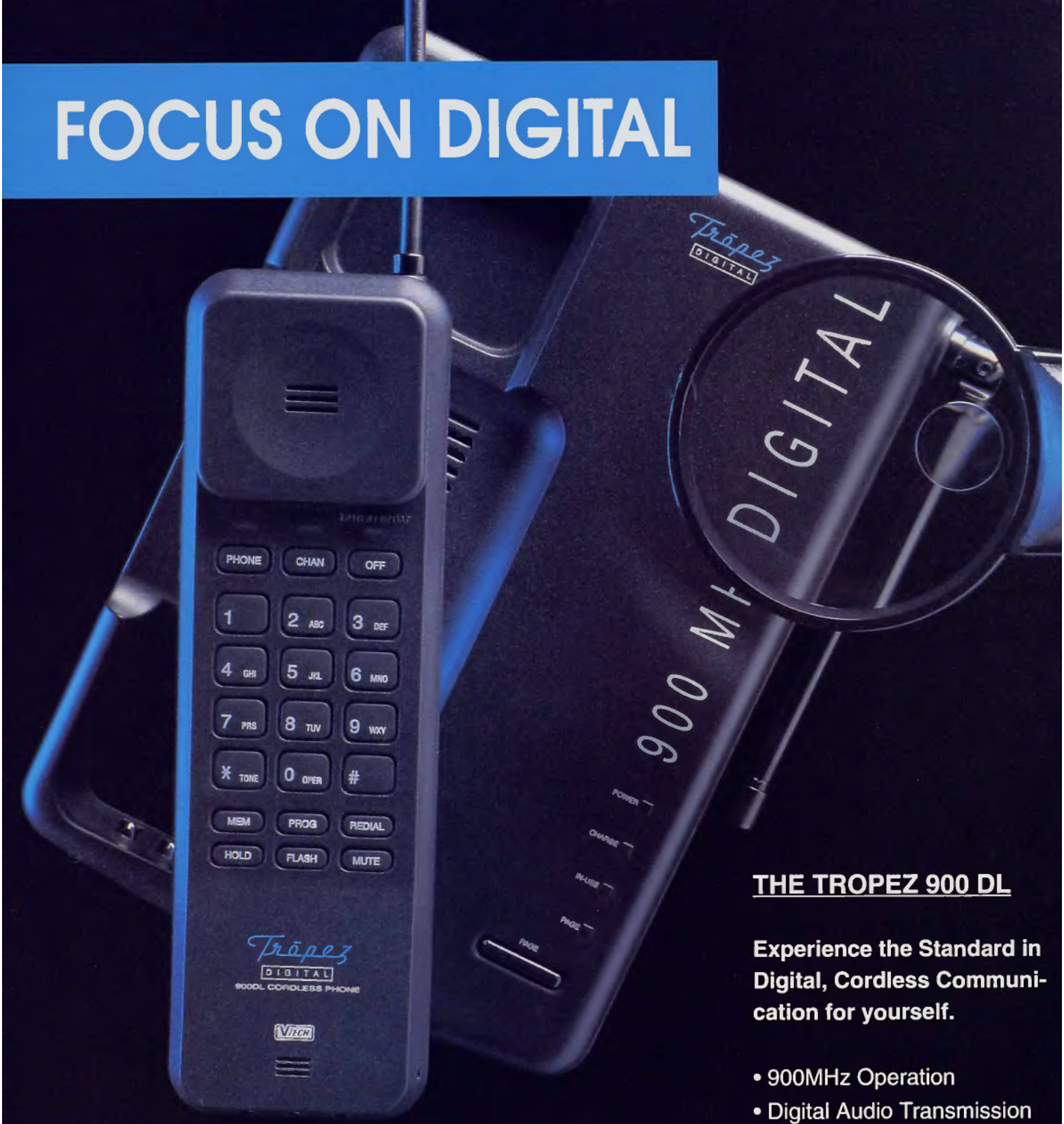

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PLAYBILL

SO FAR, **Robin Givens** has had a TV career starring in *Head of the Class*, a movie career that includes a role in Eddie Murphy's *Boomerang* and a tabloid career fueled by a divorce from sparring partner Mike Tyson—a split decision that still affects her image. In this issue, Givens goes public about her life and shows off her newfound confidence—not to mention her knockout body. The photographs are by **Greg Gorman.**

Moguls of the Hollywood variety were once walking clichés with omnipresent cigars. **David Geffen** breaks that mold—and some others. A former Cher-holder, he has since declared he is gay. He scored big when he sold his music company to MCA. In his spare time, he bankrolled shows that lit up Broadway. Now that he's a bona fide movie producer, what challenges are left? **David Sheff** got some answers in a candid *Playboy Interview*.

David Caruso toiled in films quietly and diligently for years. Then, after a season of TV's *NYPD Blue*, he was anointed male sex symbol of the Nineties for his prime-time role and his buns. As **David Rensin** found in a pertinent and impertinent *20 Questions*, Caruso is a stand-up guy. From cops to mobbers: In the past few years, the young Mafia *cugines* in South Philly—the tough guys with 100-mile-an-hour-blow-dried hairdos—have done the FBI and local law enforcement a favor by waging an intergenerational war that has shattered La Cosa Nostra. In *The Mob's Last Civil War*, beat reporter **George Anastasia** chronicles the bloody conflict.

This month we're throwing the books at you by featuring writers with some of the toughest chops around. The winter's tale from *The Village*, **David Mamet's** first novel (September, Little, Brown), juxtaposes the feverish thoughts of a hunter against his slowly freezing body. **Kent Williams** did the chilling artwork. **Joyce Carol Oates'** darkly humorous selection from *What I Lived For* (October, Dutton) also involves a confused mind. In one of her most uproarious stories to date, Oates lampoons a boozy bureaucrat trying to make it with two sexy barflies (illustration by **Charles Bragg**). In real-life bars and beer halls, the hardcover band the Rock Bottom Remainders recently became a literary cult phenomenon. Fifteen writers were in the group; some played guitar, some sang backup and all got to write *Mid-Life Confidential: The Rock Bottom Remainders Tour America With Three Chords and an Attitude* (Viking Penguin). Authors **Stephen King, Roy Blount Jr.** and **Dave Barry** take you backstage in three very funny essays.

Now a moment of contemplation to peer into the future—the football future. Gridiron seer **Danny Sheridan,** who last year wisely avoided Buffalo chips and said the Cowboys would ride into a super sunset, analyzes rule changes and the free-agent market to predict this year's outcome in *Playboy's Pro Football Forecast*. The acclaimed **Ed Paschke** did the art. Football fans will also be interested in **Jonathan Takiff's** take on cutting-edge VCRs. Read *How They Stack Up* and do an end run around weekend simulcasts. Good looks on Sunday—or any day—require sweaters and suits made of fabrics that are heavy in texture and light in weight. Fashion Director **Hollis Wayne** lays out the season's best in the *Fall and Winter Fashion Preview*. (Photos by **Chuck Baker.**)

Our Playmate this month is *Designing Woman* **Kelly Gallagher.** A freelance decorator who overhauls interiors, Gallagher herself needs no rearranging. Then it's hello, hello happiness: The pictorial *A Walk on the Bi Side* examines a lifestyle that's becoming more public these days—that of sexually open women who cruise both sides of the street. Reading our culture's road signs has seldom been more enjoyable.

GORMAN

SHEFF

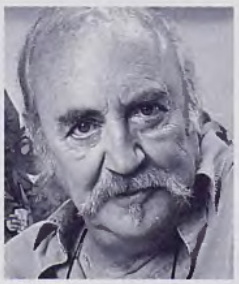
RENSIN

ANASTASIA

MAMET

WILLIAMS

OATES


BRAGG

SHERIDAN

PASCHKE

WAYNE

BAKER

TAKIFF

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PLAYBOY

vol. 41, no. 9—september 1994

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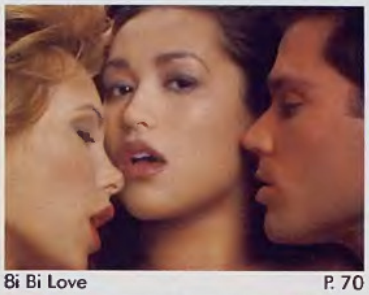

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COVER STORY

For the first time, film and TV actress Robin Givens recounts, in her own words, her charmed life and embattled love with Mike Tyson. "We were like two children who had each finally found a best friend as well as a partner in mischief," Robin recalls. Our cover was photographed by Greg Gorman. Kudos to Kevin Mancuso for styling Robin's hair and to Giana at Stephen Knoll Salon for Robin's makeup. Oops, we caught our Rabbit necking this month.

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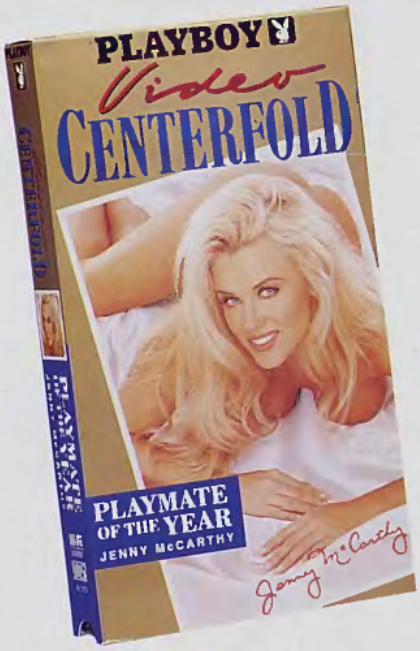

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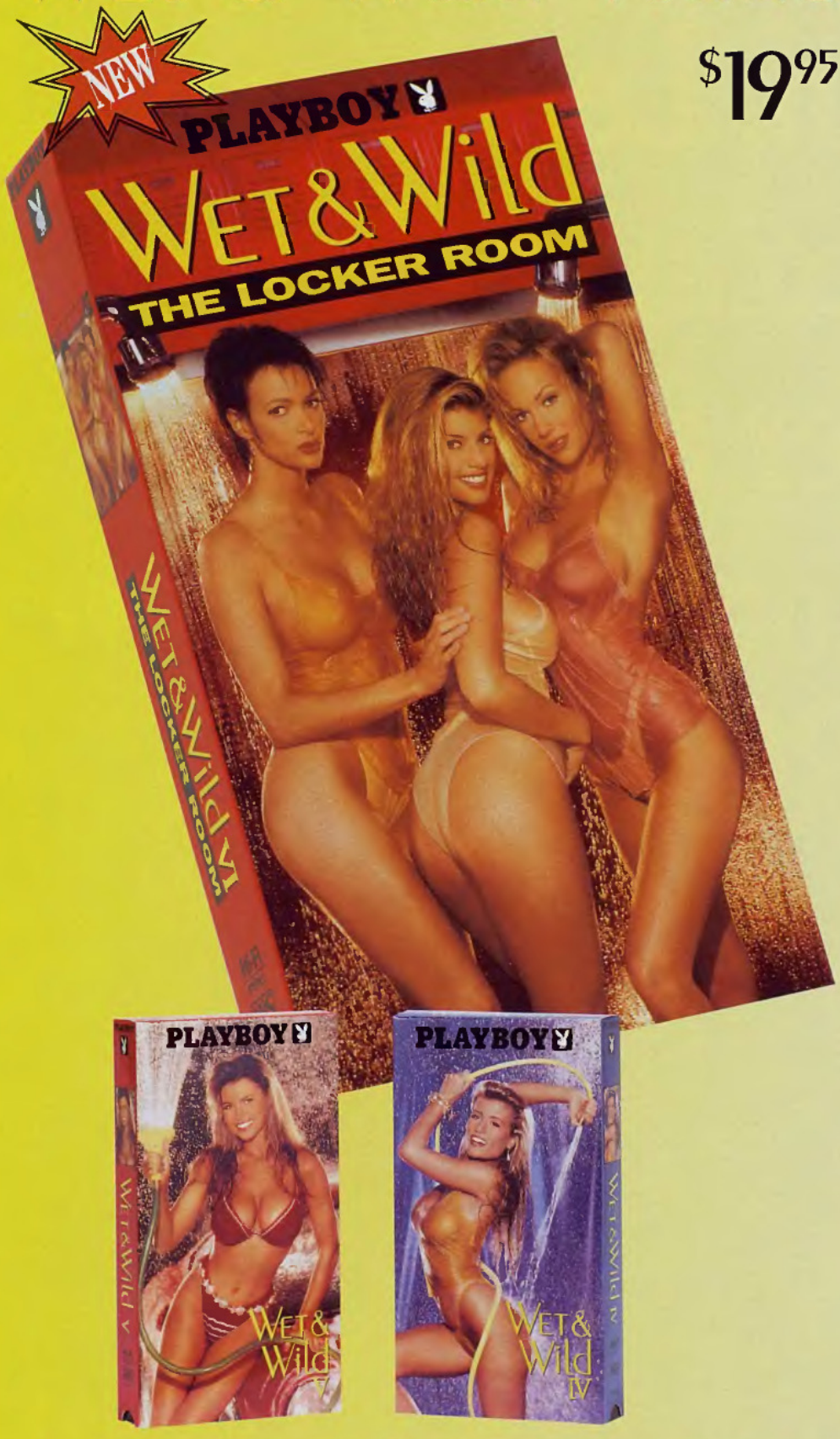

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OLLIE'S FOLLIES

David Hackworth's article on Oliver North (*Drugstore Marine*, June) is so blatantly biased, meanspirited and full of half-truths that I'm surprised you published it. I was North's company commander in Vietnam and I recommended him for his Silver and Bronze Star awards. He was wounded more than twice, but I elected not to report this because the wounds were not life-threatening and it would have meant rotating him out of country. I would have lost an exceptional officer. North was a warrior, a man of integrity and a loyal Marine.

Colonel Paul B. Goodwin,
USMC (Ret.)
West Chester, Ohio

Congratulations for printing David Hackworth's fine article on Oliver North. Hackworth exposed North as a self-serving man of questionable honor and mental stability. No North fan should dismiss Hackworth without first reading his book *About Face*. Hackworth is a true hero, not one who wraps himself in the flag for self-promotion as North does.

Kim Caudy
Poway, California

David Hackworth's article is an interesting but incomplete picture of his subject. He strives to create an image of a gullible, incompetent bullshit artist. Yet North worked out of the White House while circumventing the Constitution, engaging in illegal arms deals and shaping foreign policy. Hackworth fails to accuse Reagan or Bush of any complicity. Hackworth is either incredibly naive or part of the "we knew nothing" propaganda machine.

Bruce Hayden
Arvada, Colorado

GARTH BROOKS

Garth Brooks (*Playboy Interview*, June) may know music, but his remarks to Steve Pond show he doesn't know economics. I work in the Economics Department at the University of California. No secondary market for CDs will promote high-quality illegal copying. It doesn't take a rocket scientist to see that his argument is invalid. He needs to find another way to rationalize his position.

Frank Harris
Irvine, California

I have a lot of respect for Garth Brooks as a musician but I have to challenge his argument against used CDs. First of all, try to find a new (unused) CD more than five years old. It's nearly impossible. Secondly, only high school kids with lots of time have the inclination to copy CDs. Most of my friends don't like country music, so the only way I'm able to hear some artists is to buy old, used CDs. In fact, an old one by Chris LeDoux led me to three new ones, including a duet he did with Brooks. If the product is good, in the long run it will get back to the artist.

Steve Wiggins
Tempe, Arizona

Sorry, but unless Brooks' studio musicians have a truly sweetheart deal, they played for a flat fee for the time they worked. So much for the "screwing the people who play on the albums" debate. Compact discs manufactured in bulk cost about $1.50 to produce, yet cost $15 retail. Most artists in Brooks' category get three to four dollars a pop. Who's screwing whom?

Kennen Shaw
Crockett, California

MY GIRL

There have been several times when I thought you had found female perfection on your pages, but Playmate Elan Carter (*My Girl*, June) is the most beautiful woman I have ever seen.

Brian Jones
Carterville, Illinois

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glass. Or ask your bartender.
HENNESSY
MARTINI

It is good to see African American women in all of their magnificent beauty. Elan Carter is one of the finest women I have seen in your magazine.

Tim McClain
Easton, Maryland

The first black Playmate in a couple of years deserves a round of applause.

Jerry Adair
Tewksbury, Massachusetts

CONFESSIONS OF AN INTERNET JUNKIE

There should be a news group called alt.worship.herz. J.C. Herz (June) summed up the Internet very well. I started off in e-mail, then went to the news groups. Now I'm a MUD addict. I take a break only when the new issue of PLAYBOY comes out.

Chris Swann
Jackson, Mississippi
swann@fiona.umsmed.edu

I must be getting old. I opened PLAYBOY and actually skipped the photos to read an article. Herz wrote a good and accurate description of Net life.

R.O. Despain
Salt Lake City, Utah
rod@unislc.slc.unisys.com

ZINES

Thanks for Chip Rowe's *Zines* sidebar (June), especially the information on *Factsheet Five*. For six dollars and a note to P.O. Box 170099, San Francisco 94117-0099, you can have a copy.

Eric Brooks
Castro Valley, California

As a longtime zinester, I was pleased with the article. Zines provide a vital forum for frustrated personal expression.

Robert S. Robbins
Williamsport, Pennsylvania

WOMEN

I'm forced to write after reading *If You Leave Me, Can I Come Too?* (June). I liked it, but I notice Cynthia Heimel seems destined never to be happy in her relationships. It makes for good writing, but it hurts to hear some of her stories. She's the first thing I read each month.

David Barber
San Diego, California

Thanks for the photo of Cynthia Heimel. Somehow, I always pictured Andrea Dworkin's ugly sister. Surprise! She's cute. She mentioned her attractive breasts in the June column. Are you preparing something? This is PLAYBOY, after all.

Ronald Blouch
Sterling, Virginia

I usually skip over the *Women* column, but this one caught my attention. It was as if you were describing me. Could it be that men and women are more alike than we give ourselves credit for?

Haroon Syed
Ottawa, Ontario

PLAYMATE OF THE YEAR

Jenny McCarthy (June) is beautiful. May God bless her mommy and daddy, Chicago and the U.S. of A.

Frank Hanas Jr.
Houston, Texas

Thanks for giving me a reason to take greater pride in my last name.

Michael McCarthy
Dracut, Massachusetts

The Cubs are under the cellar, the Bulls couldn't get past the Knicks, but Jenny hit pay dirt. Life is good.

Joe Leonard
Chicago, Illinois

Jenny in the bathtub: Wow!

Tony Caravan
Harrisburg, Pennsylvania

Next to the word gorgeous in the dictionary, you'll find a picture of Jenny.

Hamilton Quant
Germantown, Maryland

SOME LIKE IT HOT

Your tribute to female firefighters (June) raised my body temperature.

John Gould
Wakefield, Massachusetts

I was under the impression that firefighters put out fires, not light them.

Jack Graves
Turlock, California

When will firefighter Tracy Trautman be a Playmate?

Andres Duran
Los Angeles, California

DRINK

Michael Jackson's *Drink* column on wheat beers (June) sent my salivary glands into overdrive. I spent four years in the Air Force in Germany, and the article brought back fond memories of the classic brew. Since I've been home, I have only occasionally been able to find *Weizenbier*. Any ideas?

John Hausmann
Sheppard AFB, Texas

If you can't get it in Fort Worth, try New Braunfels or Fredericksburg, Texas. If you can't find it there, you'll have to move. According to Beer Across America, it can't service Texas (or Alaska, Hawaii, Maryland or Puerto Rico). Wheat lovers in other states can call 708-639-2337.

Two years ago I had the good fortune to enjoy the right beer in its natural habitat, Abita wheat beer in New Orleans. It's brewed in Abita Springs, Louisiana. I wish I could get it in New Jersey.

Martin Sklar
East Windsor, New Jersey

FITNESS

In Jon Krakauer's column on smart drugs (*A Nootropic by Any Other Name*, June), he suggests that smart drugs are hard to get. The Cognitive Enhancement Research Institute in Menlo Park, California maintains a list of domestic and international sources for smart drugs that are not "quasi-legal mail-order houses." The U.S. sources sell only nutrients and herbs, and the overseas sources are all perfectly legal within their country of origin.

Steven Fowkes
Menlo Park, California

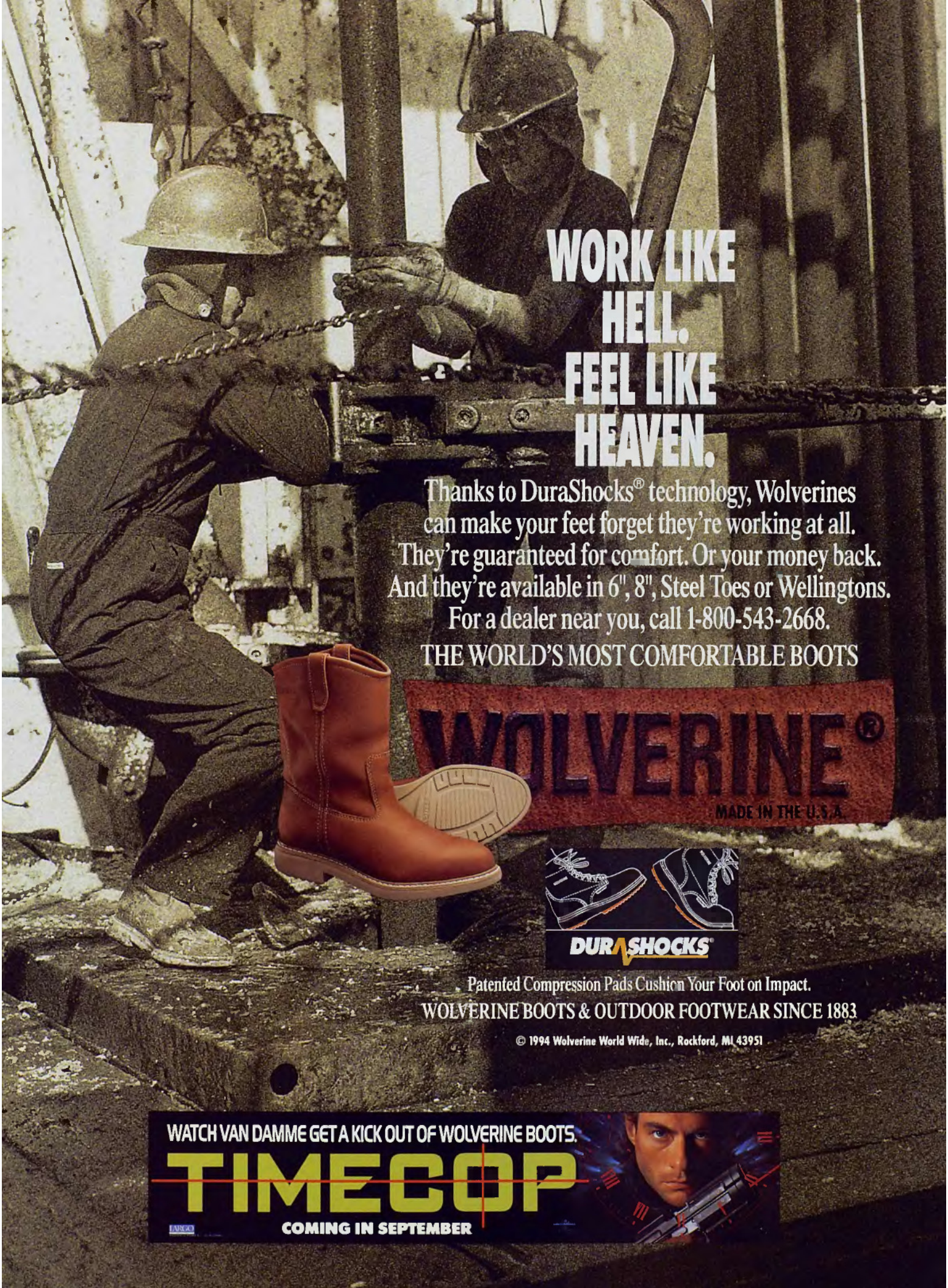
MAILBAG

I'd like to congratulate you for printing the recent ad supporting breast cancer research. I noticed you were ridiculed in other publications for running it. So be it. The fact is, men are attracted to breasts. I am the husband of a breast cancer patient and I appreciate your courage in running the ad. If you are a breast man, then find out how to protect them and the woman you love.

Greg Beale
Redding, California

Those of us at *On Our Backs* think it's great to see PLAYBOY cover lesbian issues and depict lesbian eroticism in a classier way than other men's magazines. Why do lesbians read PLAYBOY? Because many of us share your liberationist philosophy and because we think the women on your pages are gorgeous.

Heather Findlay
San Francisco, California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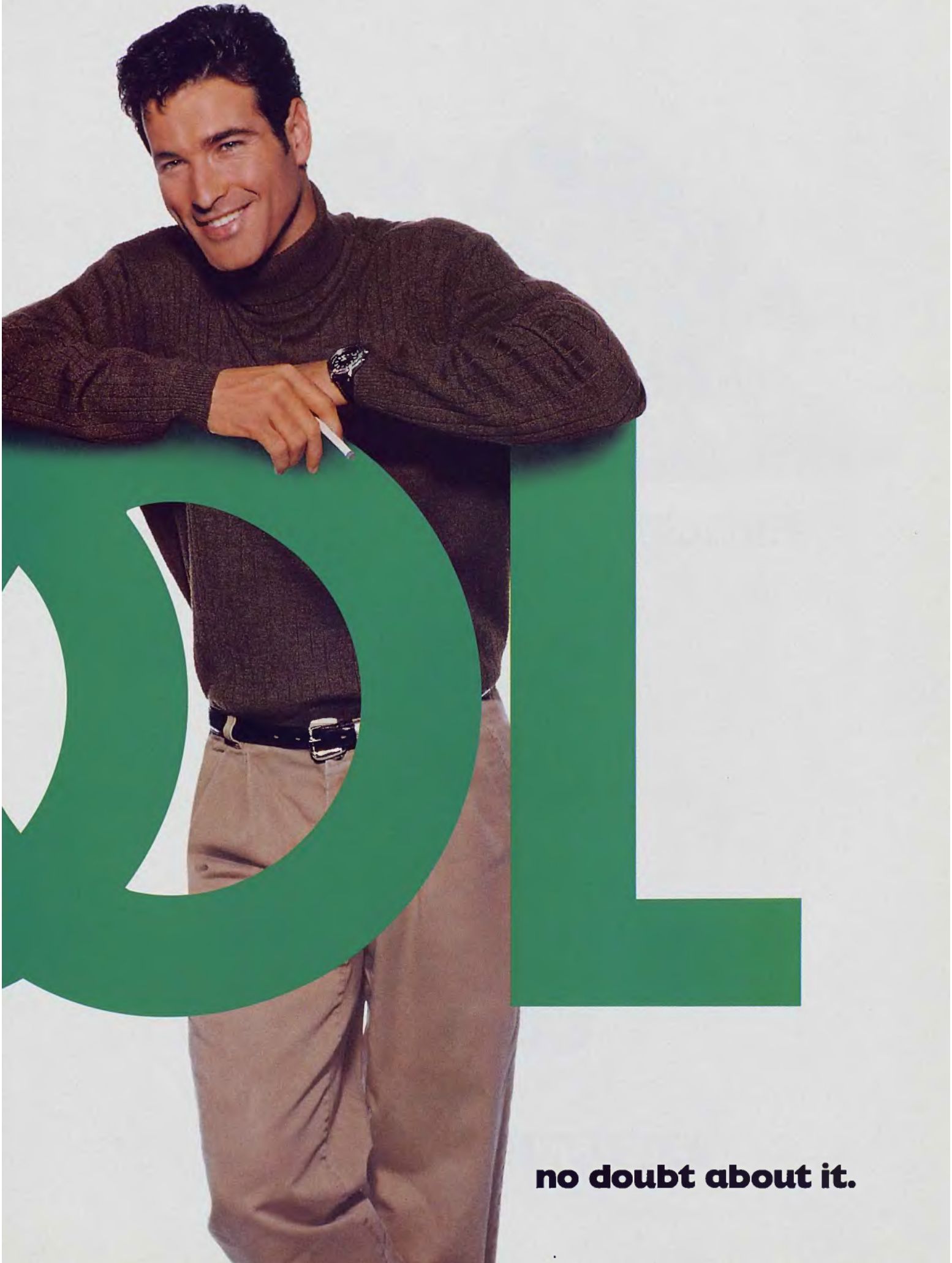
no doubt about it.

AUSTRALIAN FOR MALE BONDING.

AUSTRALIAN FOR BEER.™

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PLAYBOY AFTER HOURS

HIS CASH IS CLAY

Ever wonder where major league baseball dirt has been before it ends up in headfirst-sliding Lenny Dykstra's pants? Fans may be crushed to learn that nowadays infield dirt never comes from the land on which stadiums are built. Almost half of the major league teams and 60 minor league teams play on special soils mixed by Jim Kelsey—the Dean & DeLuca of dirt, the Ferragamo of fine infields. According to Kelsey, about half of the ingredients come from his 1000-acre homestead in New Jersey, which was formerly a swamp and the site of an Indian massacre. Kelsey peddles various clays—red, gray, brown and orange—mixed with sand for different parts of the infield. There's the Baseball Diamond Mix, designed for easy sliding on the base paths, and the firmer Mound Mix for pitchers. Unfortunately, he can't make the claim that his dirt is charmed: Last year's heroes (the Toronto Blue Jays) and goats (the New York Mets) both played on Kelsey's concoctions.

FARE DEAL

It's getting harder and harder to tell a cabby where to go. A passenger in a Manhattan taxi spotted the following sign: THIS CAR IS CLEAN, I SPEAK ENGLISH AND I USE DEODORANT REGULARLY. YOU'RE ALREADY WAY AHEAD OF THE GAME—SO DON'T BITCH ABOUT MY DRIVING!

TITS AND ASSETS

The U.S. Tax Court has ruled that in some cases breast implants are a legitimate, deductible business expense—at least when one's business involves charging people to view the result. Exotic dancer Cynthia Hess, who performs under the nom de buff of Chesty Love, was allowed a $2088 deduction for depreciation of her implants. The decision was a reversal of previous rulings in which the court maintained that money spent to improve one's appearance was strictly an expenditure for personal satisfaction. Tax judge Joan Seitz Pate's view of the case from a female perspective may have tipped the scales. Noting that two ten-pound, size 56FF breasts are uncomfortable, burdensome and bulky to the point of unwieldiness, she concluded that the only sane reason to acquire them would be "for the purpose of making money."

•

New life in the fast lane: A driver in Snohomish, Washington recently appealed a traffic ticket she received for cruising by herself in a double-occupancy-vehicle lane. She argued that she wasn't alone because at the time she was six months pregnant—and according to *Roe vs. Wade*, her fetus was capable of existing outside the womb.

BLOOD BROTHER

For 15 years, Harry Finley has suffered the smirks of cashiers while in pursuit of mystery. As the curator of the Museum of Menstruation, he has collected hundreds of American, European and Japanese sanitary pads and tampons, complete with packaging. His motive is simple: "If it's none of men's business," Finley says, "it must be interesting." The 52-year-old graphic designer for the U.S. government is fascinated with the taboos surrounding the subject. He offers research assistance to others so inclined and publishes *Catamenia*, a free newsletter that explores such scintillating topics as the shape of napkins. Finley is aware that women may find his hobby unusual. He has been excoriated in an issue of *Sassy* that called his project "rilly creepy" and included this brush-off: "Stick to jock-itch products, buddy." At the museum, housed in Finley's paneled basement near Washington, D.C., visitors may study flow charts tracing the history of menstrual hygiene or ponder the design of reusable pads and the bowls used for soaking them. You also can donate examples of what Finley terms "the ultimate ephemera" (especially early ads, pads and packages). Only items in pristine condition, please.

ILLUSTRATION BY PATER SATÓ

CRUEL, INHUMAN AND BY APPOINTMENT ONLY

To anyone who has debated the idea of caning in the U.S., here's a flash: It's already available Stateside—but as a personal service, not a punitive sentence. While Michael Fay was appealing for clemency in Asia, the following classified ad appeared in the *San Francisco Sentinel*: "Singapore-style caning. Can't afford airfare? Out of paint? Get the caning you deserve!" Adding insolence to injury, would-be canees who want to respond to the ad must call a 900 number at $1.29 a minute. No pay, no flay.

RADIO BAND WIT

Rock bands have always sported names beyond the ridiculous. Odd monikers such as Blind Melon, Toad the Wet Sprocket and Butthole Surfers are nothing new. Disc jockeys Kathryn Lauren and her partner AQ (formerly Aquaman) of WHFS in Washington, D.C. recently entertained listeners with names of faux bands. Included in the list were the funky Skid Marky Mark, Scooby Doo-Doo and the Placenturians; the

RAW DATA

SIGNIFICA, INSIGNIFICA, STATS AND FACTS

FACT OF THE MONTH

According to Bob Hammond, author of *Life After Debt*, more people filed for personal bankruptcy in 1992 than graduated from college.

QUOTE

"My players are too rich. I taught them how to save. Now that they have enough money well invested to keep them the rest of their lives, they won't hustle for me."—BARNEY DREYFUSS, OWNER OF THE 1906 PITTSBURGH PIRATES, COMMENTING ON HIS PAYROLL

SCRAP PAPER

Number of catalogs mailed to Americans in 1992: 13.5 billion (equal to 52 catalogs for every person in the country).

PRESIDENTIAL BIDS

At a recent Christie's auction, price paid for a first draft of James Monroe's 1817 inaugural address: $322,500; price paid for a 1775 letter by John Adams to Richard Henry Lee detailing plans for an early constitutional government: $409,500; price paid for an 1860 letter from Abraham Lincoln in which he consoles a friend of his son's for not getting into Harvard: $728,500.

SWEAT EQUITY

In a national survey by the U.S. Public Health Service, percentage of private companies that offer employees a locker room with shower: 24; an indoor exercise area: 12; aerobics equipment: 10; strength-training equipment: 9; such activities as counseling, classes or recreation: 41. Percentage of companies that prohibit or severely restrict on-the-job smoking: 59.

LOOSE LIDS

According to a recent national survey, percentage of men who said work is not the place to lose control of emotions: 50; percentage of women who agreed: 43. Percentage of men who have cried at work: 18; percentage of women: 59. Percentage of men who said their boss has made them cry: 4; percentage of women: 11.

SEE NO EVIL

Percentage of Americans who think that violence on television programs directly contributes to violence in real life: 79. Percentage who would support government intervention to limit TV violence: 54. In a survey of public school officials, percentage who think TV and movie violence causes violence in schools: 61.

WHO'S CLEANING UP?

Since 1980, number of toxic waste dump sites that the government has ordered companies to clean up: 1286. Current number of sites that have been cleaned: 237. In a study of 18 sites, the percentage of federal Superfund dollars that was spent on lawyers or other activities not directly involved with the cleanup: 32.

RUBBER MAIDS

In a 1993 survey of American women aged 15 to 50, percentage who say they regularly rely on condoms for contraception and protection during sex: 19; percentage who use no form of protection: 19.

AND DOGGONE IT, PEOPLE LIKE YOU

According to a survey by Hallmark Cards, percentage of respondents who have been in or know someone who is in a drug, alcohol or other recovery program: 78. Number of cards Hallmark markets that have messages of inspiration and encouragement for people in recovery programs, as well as for their friends and families: 51.

—BETTY SCHAAL

intimidating head-bangers Gonorhesus Monkey, Pap Smirnoff and Dr. Zeuss; the island beats of Trinidaddy-o; and such clever college-radio types as the Dangerous Assumptions and Missing Sausage Link. Our favorites were two groups inspired by famous people, à la Jethro Tull: Lorena Hobbitt (a small band that cut an original member) and Kathy Lee Harvey Oswald, whose first album could be called *To Sirhan With Love*.

THE GARDN STATE

New Jersey pols who wonder why visiting corporate reps often leave without investing in their fine state may want to do something about a sign that greets travelers on the thruway outside Newark International Airport. The sign reads: NEW JERSY WORKS.

•

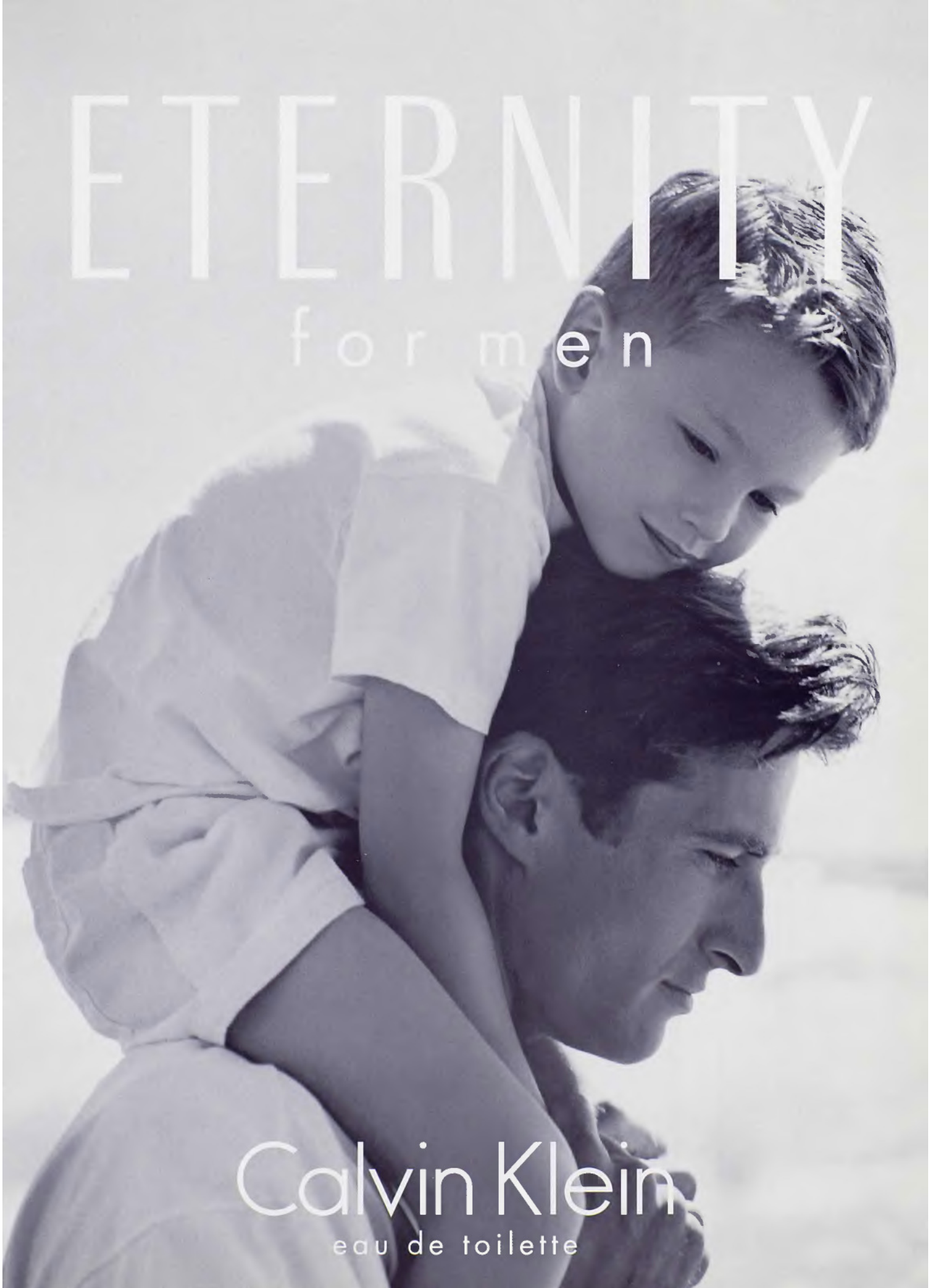
It must be the kilts: A Scottish bank has announced that it will issue check-guarantee cards with photos and will allow transvestites to have two—one as a man, another as a woman. A bank spokesman said: "If any cross-dressing male customer is confident enough to go shopping dressed as a woman, it's possible for him to have a second card so that he can avoid embarrassment or difficulties when paying by check."

GUM-SMACKING GOOD

Once, the best thing about hospital food was that it was available only in hospitals. However, Kaiser Permanente, the nation's largest HMO hospital chain, is apparently convinced that some consumers just can't get enough of recovery-room fare. It now offers inpatient meals in supermarkets labeled as Heart Cuisine frozen entrees. Because Kaiser Permanente was one of America's leading cement manufacturers before it entered the healing biz, we've not yet taste-tested these rib-sticking victuals.

PAD LOCKED

The latest in personal protection—particularly on the riot-prone West Coast—isn't latex. It's a kickproof, bulletproof, fireproof room in your house to which you can retreat when the trouble hits the fan. Cher has a safe room in her mansion, and in its last season *L.A. Law* built a plot around one. Now Iron Clad Security in Houston says it has made safe rooms affordable for common folks—people who can afford to pay $2500 and up. They'll install hidden cameras and mikes so safe-room occupants can watch and listen as a criminal steals their possessions. There's a hidden phone line for dialing 911 and a ventilation system that prevents a pyromaniac from trying to smoke the roomers out. Other options include electromagnetic locks that withstand up to 1200 pounds of pressure.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MUSIC

CHARLES M. YOUNG

WHENEVER I READ an interview with Johnny Cash, it seems like he's a guy who's been through every damn thing and come out the other side wiser. When you are dealing with wisdom, you don't need much by way of backup musicians. You just need Johnny Cash and a little understated acoustic guitar. Fortunately, Rick Rubin had this insight long before I did. He not only signed Cash to his label but also produced the album ***American Recordings*** (American Recordings) just the way Johnny Cash always should have been produced. Besides the heartbreaking honesty in his singing, Cash has two great gifts: theology and humor. He came by his Christian worldview the hard way—staring sin in the face, exploring every dark corner of the soul and ultimately opting for redemption and grace. These themes are explored in most of the songs here. Such seriousness makes his jokes work that much better. Loudon Wainwright III's *The Man Who Couldn't Cry*, for example, generates twice the howls with Cash's deadpan delivery underlining the absurdity. Even a redeemed soul needs a good laugh now and then. Serious or funny, nobody sings better than Johnny.

FAST CUTS: Leo Kottke, ***6- and 12-String Guitar*** (Rhino): When this album came out in 1969 on the tiny Takoma label, it sold 500,000 copies and became a sacrament in dorm rooms across the country. It also became, after John Fahey, the next step in American acoustic guitar. Kottke's dexterity dazzled then and dazzles now. An especially smart reissue that prompts the question: When will Fahey get his boxed set?

The Definitive Blind Willie McTell (Columbia/Legacy): McTell has never inspired a Robert Johnson–style legend, but his talent certainly deserves mythic status. He had a brilliant melodic gift and his 12-string still sounds like an orchestra.

DAVE MARSH

Michael Been is a throwback. The only question is, How far? On his first solo album, ***On the Verge of a Nervous Breakdown*** (Qwest), he sometimes sings like the odd product of a mating between Jim Morrison and David Byrne. Been wouldn't write an ordinary love song; his are meant to be taken as prayers, which, unfortunately, are spoiled by their arty mannerisms.

So why bother? Well, even rock this unhumble is more than words, and based on its collection of phased guitar noises and revved-up percussion, *On the Verge* can be fun. If you don't dismiss rock and roll that's simply noise, there are gems to find here. My nomination for guilty pleasure of the year.

KONSTANTIN VALOV

"Hello, I'm Johnny Cash."

Johnny Cash stares sin in the face and Public Enemy retools its image.

FAST CUTS: John Brim, ***The Ice Cream Man*** (Tone-Cool): Chicago bluesman's first U.S. album in 30 years could elevate his stature, precisely because he's reworking old material. For all the roughness, there's a vision at work here, best expressed in the joyous *Be Careful*.

Rainbow Road: The Warner Bros. Recordings, Arthur Alexander (Warner Archives) is a vision at the other end of the spectrum from Brim's. The magnificent *Rainbow Road* portrays a life and career so radically truncated, it's closer to country than R&B, and in its emotion, closer to the truth than comfort. But the voice that inspired John Lennon in the early Sixties retained its bluesy sweetness a decade later, when these sides were cut.

Hole, ***Live Through This*** (DGC): Courtney Love finds her true rebel's voice. The fact that it sounds so much like Joan Jett's is a plus, as are the arrangements. This is the best orchestrated garage rock since Love's *Forever Changes*.

VIC GARBARINI

Since he's worked with everyone from Sting to Gang Starr, it's not surprising that *Tonight Show* bandleader Branford Marsalis would finally do a pop album of his own. What is surprising is how successfully he pulls it off. ***Buckshot LeFonque*** (Columbia) seamlessly blends funk, rap, pop and rock elements in unique configurations that defy categorization. *No Pain, No Gain* could be Wayne Shorter and Digable Planets jamming with the Chili Peppers or the P-Funk mob. Maya Angelou rapping one of her poems over rocker Nils Lofgren's guitar could have been a disaster but ends up sounding dignified and fresh. With the help of Gang Starr's DJ Premiere, Marsalis accomplishes similar feats with tracks ranging from Jamaican dub to an offbeat Elton John cover. Marsalis' sax weaves through each track, playing genuine, innovative jazz, not just rehashed R&B licks. If it's not quite the hip-hop jazz equivalent of Miles Davis' *Bitches Brew*, *Buckshot LeFonque* certainly comes close.

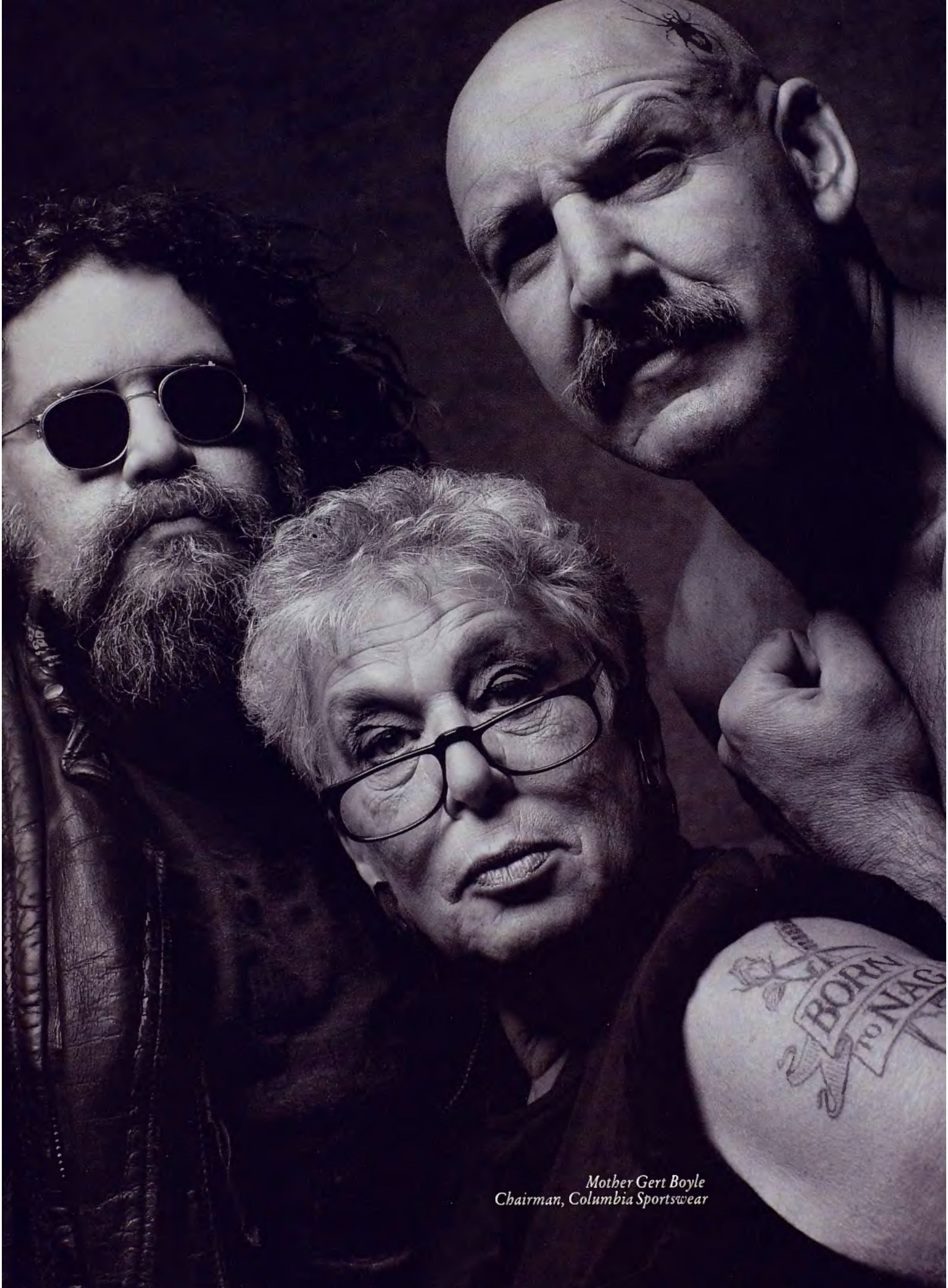
FAST CUTS: John Mellencamp, ***Dance Naked*** (Mercury): Mellencamp spent much of the Eighties trying to save the family farmer. Nowadays he's busy exorcising the demons from his own backyard. Sexual, marital and fraternal dysfunctions are all dealt with on this scrappy, dark exploration of working-class angst.

Deconstruction (American Recordings): This one-time project by former Jane's Addiction guitarist Dave Navarro shows why the Chili Peppers were smart to sign him up as their new guitarist. Navarro deftly handles everything.

NELSON GEORGE

Public Enemy is back. After a couple of albums of flagging musical invention, rap's most important band has retooled its image on ***Music Sick N Hour Mess Age*** (Def Jam). The legendary Bomb Squad production team has largely been scrapped—this time Chuck D is supervising a number of young producer-arrangers. In a radical departure, Public Enemy uses primarily live trap drums, not sampled beats, to create its rhythms. This change turns P.E.'s beats into grooves and, overall, gives the album a slightly less abrasive texture than we're used to from them. Just as important, Public Enemy makes extensive use of sung or chanted choruses, a major departure from previous records.

What hasn't changed is Chuck D's hard rhyming style. He attacks gangsta rap on several cuts, particularly on *So Whatcha Gone Do Now*. White racism, of course, is a prime target. Check out *White Heaven/Black Hell* and *Godd Complex*. Sure to be controversial is *Hitler Day*, in which Chuck D connects Columbus' "discovery" of the Americas with the



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–By Tim Boyle, President, Columbia Sportswear

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And although Mother wears, and designs, the pants in our family, I got to choose the rivets – long-lasting pewter ones at all the stress points. Mother says you'll like the rugged durability and comfortable, relaxed fit. Based on personal experience, I wouldn't argue with her if I were you.

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FAST TRACKS

ROCKMETER

	Christgau	Garbarini	George	Marsh	Young
Dave Alvin *King of California*	8	7	6	7	7
Michael Been *On the Verge of a Nervous Breakdown*	2	6	6	7	7
Johnny Cash *American Recordings*	4	9	8	4	9
Branford Marsalis *Buckshot LeFonque*	6	7	8	7	7
Seal	4	7	9	8	8

VELVET SELLS DEPARTMENT: We're not kidding: The curator of the **Elvis** museums is **Jimmy Velvet,** and last summer he auctioned off more than 1000 items from the Presley museums in Memphis, Nashville, Orlando and Honolulu at the Las Vegas Hilton. So it's still one for the money, two for the show.

REELING AND ROCKING: It looks like the **Bob Marley** film bio will reach theaters in 1995. **Rita** and **Ziggy** will serve as executive producers. . . . A movie bio, *The Real Thing*, is in development. It's the story of **Nick Ashford** and **Valerie Simpson,** the songwriters responsible for *You're All I Need to Get By* and *Ain't No Mountain High Enough*, among others. . . . **Ice Cube** is working on **John Singleton's** movie *Higher Learning*, and another film called *Friday*. When he's done, he plans to return to his music. . . . An action-adventure love story called *Strawberry Fields* will use 22 cover versions of **Beatles** songs. The story, about a female computer programmer who designs virtual reality games inspired by Beatles songs, will include *Hey Jude*, *Let It Be*, *Get Back* and *Come Together*. . . . Actor **Gary Oldman,** who earlier played **Sid Vicious** in *Sid and Nancy*, is now shooting *Immortal Beloved*, in which he plays **Beethoven.** From the ridiculous to the sublime. . . . It looks like **Marshall Crenshaw** will host a weekly movie on cable as a companion to his book *Hollywood Rock*.

NEWSBREAKS: New York's best-known Bowery club, CBGB, is the subject of a tribute album. Producers are sorting through hundreds of live performances for a single CD. . . . The next **Black Crowes** album is about to come out. The band has written so much material that its next release may be a double album, or an 'extra' album released during the band's summer tour, or something released only through its fan club. . . . **Clint Black** plays mouth harp on the **Billy Joel** recording of **Leonard Cohen's** *Light As a Breeze*. It's part of a Cohen tribute album to be released this month. . . . **Sinéad O'Connor** sings with **Peter Gabriel** on the world-beat album of **Manu Dibango** and will have her own album out any time now. . . . Strange bedfellows: **Keith Richards** makes a guest appearance on **George Jones'** next album, out next month. . . . **The Grateful Dead's Phil Lesh** took up the baton to conduct the Berkeley Symphony Orchestra performing **Stravinsky's** *Infernal Dance* from *The Firebird Suite*. Lesh hopes to do it again. . . . Insightful **Eddie Vedder** on **Kurt Cobain's** suicide: "People think you're this grand person who has everything together because you are able to put your feelings into some songs. They write letters, come to the shows and even to the house hoping we can fix everything. But we can't. What they don't understand is that you can't save someone from drowning if you're treading water yourself." . . . One of **Mickey Dolenz'** micrographs (blown-up photos of things you can't see with the naked eye), *Caught in the Act*, shows a cell being attacked by HIV. The micrographs are part of the *Image Makers Rock and Roll Art Tour*. A collector bought one for about $2500. . . . A 25th anniversary tribute album to the **Carpenters**? You laugh, but here's the lineup of artists and bands already committed to participate: the **Cranberries, Smashing Pumpkins, Sonic Youth, Sheryl Crow, Babes in Toyland, Redd Kross** and **Bettie Serveert.** Says **Matt Wallace,** the album's producer, "Now even **Beavis and Butt-head** will think the Carpenters are cool." —BARBARA NELLIS

genocidal German leader. This one should get those antirap editorial writers going. On a lighter note, check out Flavor Flav's hilarious *I Ain't Madd at All* and *Get It Up*, which is Public Enemy's most danceable cut in years.

FAST CUTS: ***Seal's*** self-titled second album (ZTT/Warner Bros.) is a lushly arranged, melodically rich record that expands his musical palate. Whereas Seal and Trevor Horn were sometimes too bombastic on his production debut, this album carefully meshes acoustic guitars, synthesized strings and keyboards. On ballads such as *Dreaming in Metaphors*, *People Asking Why* and the gorgeous *Kiss From a Rose*, Seal's throaty emoting is contrasted with Horn's swelling, glowing production. Finally, a sophisticated song cycle in an age of stripped-down ambition.

ROBERT CHRISTGAU

Once upon a time there was a roots-rock group led by two brothers—guitarist Dave Alvin, who could write songs, and singer Phil Alvin, who could sing them. Unfortunately, the brothers feuded, the Blasters never took off, and in 1986, Dave set out on his own. His songs were as pithy as ever. But after three albums, it was obvious he didn't have the lung muscles to blast anybody.

So if Alvin's fourth solo album isn't a miracle, it's certainly a gratifying surprise. ***King of California*** (Hightone) is unplugged, showcasing acoustic versions of old songs, new songs and covers, and the gimmick, which with most artists is redundant or worse, helps Alvin find his voice. Instead of trying to shout over the music, he breathes and murmurs and croons and generally talk-sings through it, rendering his lyrics not only audible but believable. Not many roots-lovers romanticize losers with Alvin's eye or quality of feeling—empathy is his specialty. And for that reason his quiet remakes of *Bus Station*, about a struggling couple bound for one more town, and *Little Honey*, about a guy who will blow his stack if his girl steps out again, outdo even Phil's powerhouse originals. I know folkies should evolve into rock and rollers, not vice versa. But Dave Alvin sounds like an exception.

FAST CUTS: On ***David Byrne*** (Warner Bros./Sire/Luaka Bop), another old New Waver trades in his band, this time for a quartet featuring marimba and vibes, and produces his best-realized songs in almost a decade.

On ***My Life*** (Warner Bros.), Iris Dement, a folkie whose label hopes she soars, offers glimpses of what life might be like for the wife at Alvin's bus station.

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MIDNIGHT MARTINIS

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THE SMOOTH GIN IN THE BUMPY BOTTLE.

WIRED

ROCKET CHIPS

If you think your 486/33MHz computer processor kicks butt, wait until you see Apple, IBM and Motorola's Power PC 601 chip in action. Already incorporated into Apple's hot-selling Power Macintosh ($1819 to start), the Power PC chip can drive programs up to eight times faster than the chips used in previous top-of-the-line machines. With a program called SoftWindows (about $300), Power Macs can run DOS and Windows software, but not at warp speed. You can also upgrade certain Mac Quadra, Centris and Performa models to Power PC for between $700 and $2000. The downside? To experience the speed of the new chip, you'll have to buy new Power PC

STEVE BOSWICK

software (the regular Mac stuff will simply churn as usual). For IBM diehards, Big Blue plans to introduce a desktop PC using the 601 chip this year. You'll be able to run Mac software on the IBM Power PC—a huge breakthrough—but you won't be able to upgrade existing IBM-compatibles. What's next? The Power PC 604 chip. Now in development, it reportedly will be twice as fast as Intel's Pentium processor. Expect it as early as 1995.

SURFING THE NET

For those of you who are as hooked on the Internet as we are, here's a rundown of some entertaining Usenet news groups. For "newbies" (that's cyberspeak for new on-line beings), Usenet is an extensive array of electronic message boards (2500-plus) where you can exchange news, views and info on topics ranging from the useful to the bizarre. Try *news.lists* for an overview of all the options, or check out some of these: **alt.newbies*—Introduce yourself and learn the ropes. **alt.best of internet*—Postings from other news groups. **alt.angst*—A place to vent anxiety. **alt.conspiracy*—Oliver Stone's favorite stop. **alt.budda.short.fat.guy*—The name alone makes this spot worthy of a visit. **alt.rock-n-roll*—Music fans rate the bands and talk about their favorite tunes. **alt.society.generation-x*—A hangout for twenty-somethings. ***alt.geek*—A news group for nerds. **alt.hackers*—Learn about projects in progress. **alt.life.sucks*—Shiny, happy people, keep out. **alt.net.personalities*—Find out which celebrities cruise the Net. **alt.sex.wizards*—Sex experts answer any and all questions. **alt.cyberpunk*—Computer culture at its finest. **alt.supermodels*—Share your Cindy and Elle fantasies and then download their pictures. **alt.tasteless.jokes*—Guaranteed to offend everyone. **alt.activism*—Activities for the socially conscious. **alt.barney.dinosaur.die.die.die*—Enough said. Feel free to forward some of your favorite news groups to mdrnlvng@playboy.com.

CUTTING THE CORD

Sure, you can connect a cellular phone to your notebook computer and send faxes and e-mail from the road. But 50 cents a minute adds up when you're sending a 20-page document. Fortunately, this "anywhere, any time" communications link is about to change. By the close of the year, the FCC is expected to auction off radio bands dedicated to an emerging wireless technology known as Personal Communications Services. Using the digital electronics of computers, PCS will enable you to transmit voice, data, graphics and ultimately full-motion video among a growing family of portable devices—for the price of a standard phone call. Besides palm-size computers, you'll be able to buy personal digital assistants with built-in PCS capabilities as well as pagers and hybrid machines that combine the features of a telephone, a computer and a pager. Within a year, Nokia plans to introduce the 2191 PCS phone ($899). Aside from

DAVE CALVER

voice capabilities, the eight-ounce portable phone can be used as a wireless modem and has a five-line display for receiving pager messages. It also features a tiny removable identification card that stores account information, phones lists, etc. The SIM card will be compatible with other PCS terminals, so you can take your personal information on the road and use it with other devices as needed.

WILD THINGS

The Key, Lonestar Technologies' air-guitar apparent (pictured here), is an interactive instrument that connects to your VCR, allowing you to jam along with music videos. Shaped to resemble a guitar, the $400 MIDI-compatible Key features a neck that's a keyboard and a body with strummer veins instead of strings. You can produce hundreds of sounds, and special digital information encoded on the videotapes ensures that you'll never hit a bum note. So far, Geffen and Atlantic Records have signed on to release long-form music videos coded for the Key. Look for initial titles by Aerosmith, Peter Gabriel, Guns n' Roses, Eric Clapton and the Lemonheads. Also keep an eye out for CD-ROM and CD-I hookups for the Key; we hear they're in the works. • Robert Redford has teamed up with Pioneer and softwore developer New Learning Project to create an interactive wilderness odyssey for the Laser Active system. The gist of the game? Players venture through rugged terrain, solving environmental mysteries. There's no title or price yet for this eco-friendly release, but it should be out early next year. • At about the same time, Activision will release the first in a series of CD-ROM espianage thrillers co-developed by former CIA director William Colby. Available initially for IBM platforms and then later in the year for Macs, it will pit U.S. intelligence against the KGB. The price: about $70.

Where & How to Buy on page 135.

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MOVIES

By BRUCE WILLIAMSON

DURING THE opening credits of ***Pulp Fiction*** (Miramax), the screen displays a dictionary definition of the title as "lurid" material. Let that be a warning. Writer-director Quentin Tarantino's previous film, *Reservoir Dogs*, made faint hearts flutter. But *Dogs* and even Scorsese's violent *Goodfellas* look tame next to Tarantino's gory, bleakly comic slice of life about the Los Angeles underworld. Written with bite and brilliantly acted throughout, this anthology of overlapping stories about various crimes-in-progress took the Cannes Film Festival's top prize this past spring and thrusts Tarantino into eminence as a major director.

The key players in these grim tales are John Travolta and Samuel L. Jackson as a team of cool professional hit men who trade insults and swap jokes while they matter-of-factly rub out any unlucky opponent. Uma Thurman adds a stunning bit as a mobster's stoned wife who has a drug overdose during a night on the town with Travolta. Harvey Keitel plays a kind of efficiency expert called in to show the killers how to tidy up a car spattered with blood and guts. Bruce Willis is a punk fighter fleeing Mob vengeance with his lady (Maria de Medeiros). All of it is tied in with other flashy stints by Amanda Plummer, Tim Roth, Christopher Walken, Rosanna Arquette and Eric Stoltz, plus Tarantino himself in a minor role as a grudging accomplice. Whether or not he is trying to say something that matters about the banality of evil, Tarantino is a masterful cinematic storyteller—and with this rogues' gallery, he will keep you amused, intrigued, grossed out and glued to your seat. ¥¥¥¥

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Some of the plot holes in ***Blown Away*** (MGM) are about the size of bomb craters. That's probably typical for one more explosive summer thriller, pitting a Boston demolition troubleshooter (Jeff Bridges) against a truly mad bomber (played with fiendish gusto by Tommy Lee Jones). Bridges, it turns out, is himself a fugitive from Irish justice, marked for vengeance by Jones because of a fiasco dating back to their old days as misguided rebels in Ireland. Among many targets, Jones singles out Bridges' pretty new wife (Suzy Amis), a violinist with the Boston Pops. Innocent victims, diabolical plots and red herrings make moviegoers break a sweat every time a refrigerator door opens without blowing sky-high—all in the game of getting wired in the movie's shrewd shock treatment. ¥¥½

Amis and Bridges get *Blown Away*.

Explosive bits about being bad, cruising in faraway places and full-contact chess.

The big idea behind a low-concept comedy called ***Corrino, Corrina*** (New Line) was casting Whoopi Goldberg in the title role. Because she usually gives her all to parts that don't deserve it, Whoopi is excellent as an ebullient housekeeper who lands a job watching over the home, hearth and young daughter of a recently widowed jingle writer (Ray Liotta). Of course, he's bereft and the kid is a brat. But will Whoopi win them over? You better believe it—if you can. Seeing isn't necessarily believing that Goldberg and Liotta will walk into the sunset arm in arm. As an interracial romance, this spirited Goldberg variation winds up as a good try. ¥¥

•

Two horny young Yanks abroad are the protagonists of ***Barcelona*** (Fine Line), writer-producer-director Whit Stillman's follow-up to his highly promising *Metropolitan*. This time, geographically removed from the stomping grounds of overprivileged New York socialites, he examines a Europe-based American salesman named Ted (Taylor Nichols) whose cousin Fred, a Navy officer (Chris Eigeman), goes to Spain in the early Eighties as an advance man for a visit by the Sixth Fleet. Mostly, the cousins seem interested in fraternizing with the evidently accessible belles of Barcelona. Ted, who insists he's through being blinded by physical beauty alone, sets his sights on plain, friendly Aurora (Nuria Badia) but winds up in bed with lissome Montserrat (Tushka Bergen). Fred initially prefers Marta (Mira Sorvino). While the amorous adventures of Ted and Fred often smack of insensitive Ugly Americanism, their romantic comedy of errors looks too much like a travelog to be taken seriously. Stillman is a talent who may improve his luck in another town. ¥¥½

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The movie trend of guys portraying dolls picks up speed in ***The Adventures of Priscilla, Queen of the Desert*** (Gramercy Pictures). On a bus called Priscilla, two gay drag queens and a transsexual set off across the Australian outback to perform at a rockbound resort. One of the trio jokes about the gig as "a cock in a frock on a rock." That's just the beginning of writer-director Stephan Elliott's droll, campy and gender-bending comedy with music. The major surprise of the outing is Britain's Terence Stamp, a handsome screen veteran who plays the transsexual Bernadette. Still in mourning for a dead lover, Bernadette gets romantically involved in transit with a rugged old hipster named Bob (Bill Hunter). Hugo Weaving and Guy Pearce contribute expert performances as the drag queens, whose encounters with outback hoodlums and aborigines keep *Priscilla* in perpetual motion. If your tolerance level is low for such showy shenanigans, don't bother with this film. Otherwise, here's a busload of outrageously entertaining jokes performed in a stylized format. ¥¥¥

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A child's cunning saves him from the mean streets in writer-director Boaz Yakin's ***Fresh*** (Miramax), a tale of being young, gifted and black in Brooklyn. Movie newcomer Sean Nelson, cited for his performance with a special award at this year's Sundance Film Festival, has the title role as a 12-year-old nicknamed Fresh. He runs drugs for local hoods and spends his spare time playing chess with his estranged dad (Samuel L. Jackson again), a vagrant chess hustler who normally challenges suckers for money in Washington Square Park. Practicing shrewd moves in chess transforms Fresh into a master strategist who lures the rival racketeers around him to eliminate one another in a deadly turf war. Seen through the eyes of a precocious boy, this thriller reshapes the usual violence and gritty atmosphere into a feisty urban fable. ¥¥¥

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In Taiwan, a widowed master chef named Mr. Chu (Sihung Lung) has three

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Diaz: The girl behind *The Mask*.

OFF CAMERA

If you've never heard of **Cameron Diaz,** wait—you will. Not quite 22, she is Jim Carrey's leading lady in his current movie, *The Mask*. Hers is one of those Hollywood overnight-success stories: Beautiful model casually goes to read for small role, winds up as moviedom's new rising star. Easy? Not really, Diaz recalls. "It's a $20 million movie, and the studio wanted a woman with a name that would sell overseas. I went back to read with Carrey every day for 12 days. I was getting an ulcer and I couldn't sleep."

Finally cast as Tina, "playing a Jessica Rabbit lounge floozy," Diaz still calls her story absurd. "The first day I couldn't drive myself to the studio. I was crying and laughing all the way. I was sure they'd fire me."

Born in Long Beach, California, Diaz knew both country clubs and the Latino ghetto, and calls her upbringing "the best of both worlds." She began modeling at 16. "I've done a lot of traveling, to Europe, Japan. I wasn't a fashion model in the big league—where I'm on the cover of *Vogue* every other month." But she could afford an apartment in Paris as well as her West Hollywood digs, where she's now focused on her career and a boyfriend. "By the time I reach my 40s, I'd like to have a family and be a zoologist. Meanwhile, I'm meeting A-list directors and producers. There's a lot of hoopla, a sort of pending excitement—but maybe in two months nobody will give a damn. Every year, some magazine prints pictures of up-and-coming actress-models, then you never see them again." Cameron may prove to be an exception to the rule.

unmarried daughters who think for themselves. He's also worried his taste buds have atrophied. Director and co-author Ang Lee, blending food with love as he did in last year's Oscar-nominated *The Wedding Banquet*, cooks up another successful recipe in ***Eat Drink Man Woman*** (Samuel Goldwyn) to resolve both problems. The meals presented look mouthwatering, and the daughters are an equally tasty trio—teacher, airline executive and impressionable romantic. How they all find love or lose it while their father fusses gives *Eat Drink* a palatable comic tang that turns out to be the spice of life. ¥¥¥

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Director Robert Zemeckis, who made *Back to the Future*, is exactly the right man to have filmed ***Forrest Gump*** (Paramount). Based on the book by Winston Groom, the movie is a time trip through the Fifties, Sixties and Seventies—starring Tom Hanks as the hero of the title. He's a slow-witted Southern lad whose low IQ doesn't keep him from becoming a college football star, a Vietnam war hero, a ping-pong champion and a tycoon of the shrimp-boat industry. He also falls in love for life with a childhood sweetheart (Robin Wright) who survives the drug scene, communes and antiwar activism. Described by Zemeckis as a "docu-fable," the movie convincingly shows Gump shaking hands with JFK and being patted on his wounded butt ("a million-dollar wound" from Nam) by President Johnson. This is part of *Forrest Gump*'s effort to be an American *Candide*—depicting an innocent simpleton who bumbles through our bullet-ridden modern history. Hanks, to his credit, never grovels for sympathy. This is a complex human comedy that is heartwarming to the max, both curiously offbeat and oddly disarming. ¥¥¥

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What happens to ***It Could Happen to You*** (TriStar) is that a mainstream romantic comedy limps onto the big screen with most of its romance and comedy missing. Formerly titled *Cop Tips Waitress $2 Million*, this misbegotten tale co-stars Nicolas Cage and Bridget Fonda. He's the good-guy cop who wins $4 million in the New York lottery after pledging half of it to a bankrupt waitress when he comes up shy of cash for her tip. The Cage–Fonda sexual chemistry is nil. At their closest they hardly seem to know each other well enough to share a taxi, much less a future. As Cage's bitchy, selfish wife, Rosie Perez makes a bad movie worse with an abrasive performance that plays like an argument for uxoricide. But the real blame lies with Andrew Bergman's perfectly ordinary direction of a screenplay that happens to be a dud. ¥

MOVIE SCORE CARD

capsule close-ups of current films
by bruce williamson

The Adventures of Priscilla, Queen of the Desert (See review) TVs on a bus. ¥¥¥
Barcelona (See review) U.S. guys dally with ever-ready Spanish dolls. ¥¥½
Blown Away (See review) Lively action about being bombed in Boston. ¥¥½
City Slickers II (Reviewed 8/94) A dimmer Crystal this time around. ¥½
The Client (8/94) Sarandon meets Jones, and Grisham gets his due. ¥¥¥
Coming Out Under Fire (8/94) A pithy history of gays in the military. ¥¥¥
Corrina, Corrina (See review) How Whoopi lures her man, Ray Liotta. ¥¥
The Crow (7/94) The late Brandon Lee's dark and awesome epic. ¥¥½
Eat Drink Man Woman (See review) A delicious Chinese love note. ¥¥¥
Fear of a Black Hat (7/94) A rowdy rap group gets *Spinal Tap* treatment. ¥¥¥
The Flintstones (8/94) A box-office bonanza, but not much else. ¥
Forrest Gump (See review) Hanks as a latter-day All-American Candide. ¥¥¥
Fresh (See review) Working those mean streets with a wunderkind. ¥¥¥
It Could Happen to You (See review) Winners taking a chance on love. ¥
Just Like a Woman (8/94) Under the frills and fishnet, a guy thing. ¥¥
The Lion King (8/94) Family values with an inimitable Disney touch. ¥¥¥
Little Big League (8/94) A 12-year-old owner takes charge of the Twins. ¥¥
Mi Vida Loca (8/94) L.A. homegirls face the man shortage. ¥¥¥½
My Life's in Turnaround (7/94) Making a movie any which way you can. ¥¥
Pulp Fiction (See review) The Cannes winner—a blast from Tarantino. ¥¥¥¥
Sirens (5/94) A churchman and his wife get down, down under. ¥¥¥¥
The Slingshot (7/94) Swedish lad's weapon of choice is a condom. ¥¥¥
Spanking the Monkey (8/94) Mother's boy goes the distance with Mom. ¥¥¥
Speed (Listed only) Breathtaking business on a bomb-laden bus. ¥¥¥½
Sunday's Children (6/94) From Ingmar Bergman's screenplay, his son waxes poetic about family matters. ¥¥¥
That's Entertainment III (6/94) MGM archives yield more old gold. ¥¥¥½
The Wedding Gift (8/94) Before dying, she chooses husband's next wife. ¥¥½
Wolf (Listed only) Humor and horror, but Nicholson gives it some bite. ¥¥½
The Wonderful, Horrible Life of Leni Riefenstahl (6/94) A great film genius haunted by her pro-Nazi credentials. ¥¥¥¥

¥¥¥¥ Don't miss ¥¥¥ Good show ¥¥ Worth a look ¥ Forget it

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VIDEO

GUEST SHOT

Jerry Seinfeld's video picks go right for the funny bone—sort of. "If I really want to laugh," he says, "I watch *The In-Laws* for Peter Falk's interpretation of José Greco's *De Muertos* speech. Or *Raging Bull*. That's the funniest movie I've ever seen. The most hilarious part is when Cathy Moriarty walks over to the car and says, 'Nice car.' That just cracks me up." Between his NBC series and cross-country touring, Seinfeld finds little time for video viewing. "Still, if I did rent something," admits the observationalist, "it would probably be porn. Because even if it's bad, you're not disappointed." —SUSAN KARLIN

VIDEO SIX-PACK

this month: dog days of summer

Straw Dogs (1971): Doltish Dustin Hoffman and teasecake Susan George are besieged by rustic ruffians in their rural British farmhouse. Sam Peckinpah gore.

Dog Day Afternoon (1975): Pacino at his finest as a married loser pulling a bank heist to pay for his male lover's sex change operation. Best scene: the "Attica! Attica!" tantrum.

My Life as a Dog (1987): Consummate coming-of-age film finds a young boy discovering a soulmate in Laika, the Soviet spacedog. Early entry from Lasse (*What's Eating Gilbert Grape*) Hallström.

Dogfight (1991): Director Nancy Savoca's satire of Sixties sexism has River Phoenix and Marine buddies betting on who can bring the ugliest date to the dance. Lily Taylor's the bow-wow.

The Incredible Story of Dogs (1994): A&E's exhaustive three-tape set captures the history and social significance of man's best friend. Narrated by Jack Perkins.

Beethoven's 2nd (1994): Defanged sequel to family hit pits Charles Grodin against St. Bernard for scenery-chewing honors. Fetching. —TERRY CATCHPOLE

VIDBITS

Lovable redhead weds Cuban bongo-beater, longs to be in showbiz but lacks talent. That's the frothy formula for ***I Love Lucy: The Very First Show*** (CBS), the priceless pilot episode lost some 40 years ago and finally found by the widow of Desi's pal Pepito the Clown. Only bummer: no Fred and Ethel. . . . Thanks to Steven Spielberg, Oskar Schindler is posthumously enjoying his spotlight. ***Schindler,*** HBO's illuminating documentary portrait, includes archival footage and present-day interviews with those who knew the list-maker best, among them his widow, Emilie. In color and black-and-white. . . . Two of the big screen's classiest actors are together again for the first time, thanks to simultaneous releases from MPI: ***Michael Caine: Breaking the Mold*** is the story of a cockney turned star, narrated by the bloke himself; and ***Audrey Hepburn Remembered*** eulogizes moviedom's most enchanting princess. Ten percent of profits from the latter go to Unicef.

LITTLE BIG SCREEN

As television prepares itself for 500 channels, it's fun to remember the days when the small screen was just a dozen stops on the dial—and a favorite target of big-screen scrutiny.

Videodrome: David Cronenberg's twisted vision of visceral video cult includes human VCRs, throbbing tapes and getting head from the TV.

Switching Channels: Decent update of *His Girl Friday*. Kathleen Turner is Rosalind Russell, Burt Reynolds is Cary Grant, Cable News Network is the newspaper.

Feed: Documentary of 1992 New Hampshire presidential primary shows the crusts usually cut from sound bites. Best nugget: Jerry Brown whining over necktie placement.

The Front: Blacklisted writers use Woody Allen to sell TV scripts in McCarthy-crazed Fifties. Cast and crew includes blacklist alumni. A gem.

Network: The granddaddy of flicks about the tube is a bitingly hilarious satire on the TV business that became spot-on prophecy. Brilliant script by Paddy Chayefsky and a posthumous acting Oscar to Peter Finch.

The Groove Tube: Cult classic of silly TV-inspired vignettes. Notable early appearance: Chevy Chase having head played like bongo while singing *I'm Looking Over a Four Leaf Clover*.

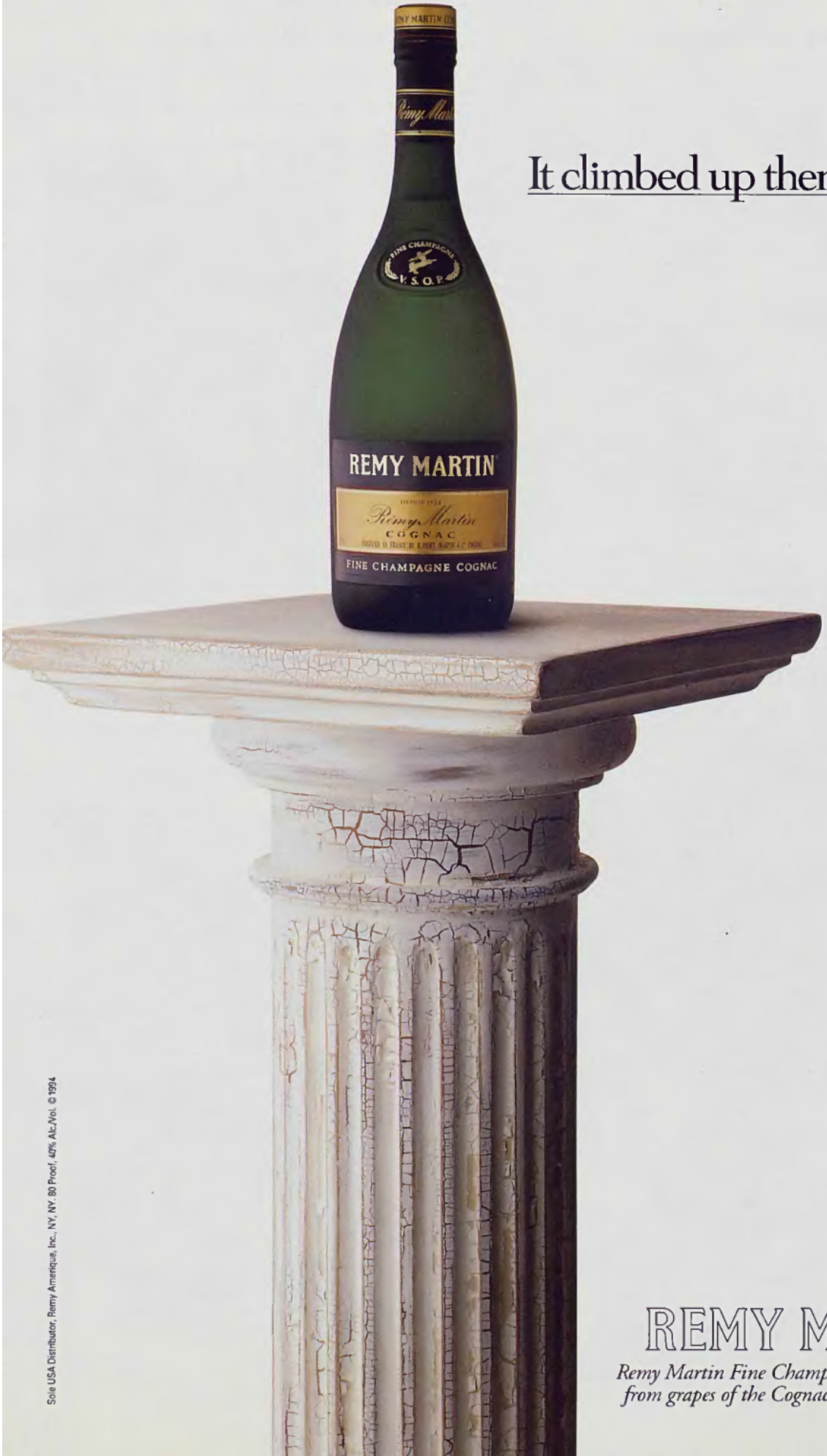
Real Life: Albert Brooks' outrageous parody of PBS' *An American Family* documentary. Real life should only be this funny. —REED KIRK RAHLMANN

LASER FARE

Columbia TriStar has begun rolling out its ***Award Winners*** collection—classic best-picture films remastered for wide-screen posterity. Headlining the new releases are two from director David Lean: the 1957 World War Two epic, *The Bridge on the River Kwai*, now with juiced-up colors and letterboxing, and the 238-minute *Lawrence of Arabia* (1962), which includes the featurette *Wind, Sand and Star: The Making of a Classic*. Both films feature stereo sound and closed-captioning. . . . Speaking of flashbacks, ***David Bowie: The Video Collection*** (Pioneer Artists) reinforces the argument that Bowie's appeal is timeless. The 25-cut disc includes many of the pre-MTV videos that gave Bowie his peculiar cachet. Beware, though: The program may leave you with art school OD. —GREGORY P. FAGAN

VIDEO MOOD METER

MOOD	MOVIE
COMEDY	***Reality Bites*** (Winona and Ethan embody gen-X ennui in impressive debut from director and co-star Ben Stiller), ***Ace Ventura: Pet Detective*** (private dick searches for missing Flipper; Jim Carrey's slick slapstick saves it from inanity).
DRAMA	***Naked*** (philasophizing Brit slacker boffs and scoffs his way thraugh London; Mike Leigh's rich, downbeat portrait of Nineties glaam), ***Body Snatchers*** (quirky retread of classic alien pic, with beauty Gabrielle Anwar showing great pod potential).
ACTION	***The Getaway*** (Basinger–Baldwin go the sex-violence raute in unrated remake of McGraw–McQueen crooked-couple caper), ***Geronimo: An American Legend*** (Wes Studi is big chief targeted by U.S. Cavalry; more action than accuracy).
SUSPENSE	***Romeo Is Bleeding*** (bad cop Oldman ducks Mob while juggling wife, mistress and hot hit-lady Olin; a hoot), ***Blindfold: Acts of Obsession*** (Shannen Doherty's first grown-up film is an erotic thriller; predictable, but plenty af Shannen skin).
FLASHBACK	***Richard M. Nixon: His Life and Times*** (ABC's cranked-aut bio does RMN OK; chat from Walters, Jennings, Koppel and Kissinger), ***Biography: Jackie Onassis*** (A&E's valentine to Camelot's queen—from Bouvier to Kennedy ta Mrs. O).



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SHIP-TO-SHORE OUTERWEAR

The classic peacoat is shaping up to be the season's hot new jacket. A far cry from the itchy Navy archetype, circa the 1830s, the newest versions come in comfortable fabrics and have a street-smart attitude. The peacoat is a good investment: Hip-length and double-breasted, it's versatile enough to wear with jeans and a bulky sweater or as a sporty topcoat over a three-piece suit.

Those looking for a lightweight model should check out Katharine Hamnett's tan casual corduroy shown here ($435), or MNW Wardrobe's navy cotton poplin style with brown plaid lining ($430). For colder climates, consider DKNY's navy wool coat with a detachable hunting-orange nylon quilt lining ($395). Victor Victoria's version is made of lush, black melton ($530), while Calvin Klein opts for battered brown leather ($1100). For leather at a lower price, try M. Julian's retro boot-calf jacket with welt pockets ($400). Or, if you prefer a more genteel interpretation, look to Salvatore Ferragamo's classic navy wool jacket with gold buttons ($795). It's perfect for captains of industry—on land or on water.

GET FATIGUED

Another military style that ranks high as menswear this fall is cargo (or fatigue) pants, which can serve as a comfortable, casual alternative to jeans and chinos. Authentic versions are still available at Army–Navy stores or, for an updated look, check out Tommy Hilfiger's khaki cargoes in stonewashed canvas with a herringbone weave and bellows side pockets ($69). Double RL by Ralph Lauren also salutes the military with its "fatigue pants" in dark corduroy, cotton twill or blue denim ($78 to $125). A pair of washed olive cotton twill cargo pants from Armani Jeans comes with attached adjustable suspenders ($145). Woolrich has a pleated version ($50) that features a buttoned flap pocket. Guess' black herringbone-striped denim cargo pants ($65) and the straight-leg tobacco wool models by Suspect both have a vintage look that resembles the dockworker style of the Thirties and Forties ($149). Diesel gets down-to-earth with its gabardine, flat-front, button-fly cargo model ($110). And Verso makes cargoes in canvas with two large outside pockets that snap ($68).

HOT SHOPPING: ST. LOUIS

The Gateway to the West is no frontier town, thanks to the fashionable Central West End. Make your way to: Strata-G (230 N. Euclid Ave.): Specializes in men's accessories, with great retro and geometric ties. • Boxers (310 N. Euclid Ave.): The ultimate in men's underwear. Briefs, too. • Wasteland Studio (324 N. Euclid Ave.): A treasure trove of leather goods, including custom-made cowboy boots and belts. • Elliot Smith Contemporary Art (4727 McPherson Ave.): Top gallery that supports local artists as well as showing works by such renowned ones as David Hockney and Jim Dine. • Battaglia Men's Shop (40 Maryland Plaza): Unusual, vibrantly colored sweaters and sportswear imported from Germany. • Cafe Balaban's (405 N. Euclid Ave.): A hip eatery with American fare such as grilled bison.

CLOTHES LINE

Viewers of *Today* on NBC will vouch for news anchor **Matt Lauer's** fashion savvy. He credits his taste to Richard's Men's Store in Greenwich, Connecticut, where he worked while in college. In answer to the "tons of mail I get about my wardrobe: It's from Richard's." What are Lauer's favorite styles? Donna Karan suits provide "a great, relaxed fit," he says. And people from all over the country call about his Joseph Abboud and Park Lane ties. Off-camera it's blue jeans, white T-shirts and Tony Lama cowboy boots. Underneath it all, he loves Calvin Klein long briefs. "I'm glued to them, so to speak."

COMMON SCENTS

If you like the way your significant other has been smelling lately, it's probably because she's wearing your cologne. More women are using men's fragrances these days. Some of their favorites, we're told, include Polo Sport by Ralph Lauren, a scent that combines mint, citrus and sea-breeze elements ($35 for 2.5 ounces), Armani for Men ($50 for 3 ounces) and Guerlain's original fragrance, Eau de Cologne Imperiale ($36 for 1.7 ounces). Picking up on this trend, Calvin Klein has introduced a unisex scent, cKone, which combines light citrus with masculine musks. Another gender-bender is Bulgari's unisex splash, Eau Parfumée ($185 for 11 ounces), a citrus and floral combination. Sharing doesn't mean everyone will smell alike. Fragrances change slightly on each individual. But if you and your girlfriend still smell the same, maybe you really do share chemistry.

MARTIN HOFFMANN

STYLE METER

TIES	IN	OUT
STYLES	About 3¾" to 4" widths; fuller knots; textured fabrics and nubby wool wovens	Snake-skinny or 4"-plus chest warmers; small knots; bulky knits and metallics
PATTERNS	Small motifs and bolder grounds; paisleys, tweeds and miniature checks	Loud conversationals; dots; florals; big, bold patterns
COLORS	Deep neutrals, such as brown, navy, olive and black; jewel tones	Bright colors such as stoplight red and power yellow

Where & How to Buy on page 135.

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BOOKS

By DIGBY DIEHL

AFTER A DOZEN well-written earlier mysteries, James Lee Burke nails down a breakthrough sizzler with ***Dixie City Jam*** (Hyperion). This book is based on the little-known historical fact that during World War Two, Nazi submarines would wait at the mouth of the Mississippi River for oil tankers coming from Baton Rouge. In the Nineties, Dave Robicheaux, formerly with the New Orleans Police Department, is offered $10,000 to locate one of the sunken subs for a local Jewish businessman. This assignment plunges Robicheaux into the bizarre and horrifying underworld of neo-Nazi thugs, skinheads and other racists in New Orleans.

Burke's exploration of how the past can haunt the present is an important theme. But what makes this story compelling is the way in which he reveals evil at various levels of New Orleans society. A vigilante is murdering drug dealers, and a lot of people—including both cops and mobsters—think it's a good idea. When Robicheaux's wife is molested by a mysterious psychopath, the ex-cop struggles to keep vengeful anger within the strictures of the law. *Dixie City Jam* is an impressive mixture of descriptive power and tough action.

An equally engaging new crime novel with a different pace and style is set in San Francisco. ***The 13th Juror*** (Donald I. Fine), by John T. Lescroart, is a heart-pounding page turner. Dismas Hardy, Lescroart's attorney-detective from previous novels, is asked to defend a woman accused of murdering her husband, her ex-husband and her child. He believes her emphatic denials of guilt and takes the case, only to watch almost every element of his client's defense unravel under attacks by a shrewd prosecutor. Even the jury turns against him. His only chance is to persuade that proverbial 13th juror, the judge. *The 13th Juror* is courtroom drama at its best; the trial scenes crackle with excitement.

One of America's most notorious crime sagas is presented in rich detail (636 pages) in ***Capone: The Man and the Era*** (Simon & Schuster), by Laurence Bergreen. The author extracts Al Capone from decades of mythology and misinformation to reveal him in the context of his times. Capone is portrayed as a killer, but he was also a scapegoat for the failure of Prohibition and a symbolic target in the politics of law enforcement. In addition to the thoughtful portrait of Capone's society, Bergreen provides an unusual perspective on the growth of the city of Chicago.

Another new biography depicts a life far removed from Capone's gangster empire. ***Wishing on the Moon: The Life and Times of Billie Holiday*** (Viking), by Donald Clarke, follows the great jazz singer from her childhood on the streets of Baltimore through her rise to international stardom to her death at the age of 44 from drugs and alcohol. Lady Day imbued her songs with personal meanings that become clear in this heavily anecdotal study. Clarke discovered a treasure trove of 150 interviews with Holiday's friends and associates that had been done by another writer in the early Seventies. They give this biography an intimacy not found in other works about Holiday—including her own ghostwritten *Lady Sings the Blues*.

Set in the early Fifties in San Diego, ***The Mortician's Apprentice*** (W.W. Norton), by Rick DeMarinis, is as comic and sweet as Billie Holiday's story is sad. In this coming-of-age novel, 18-year-old Ozzie Santee falls for the local undertaker's daughter and embarks on a career as a coffin salesman. His future father-in-law gives the happy couple a new Dodge Coronet Sierra Station Wagon Gyromatic, and Ozzie dreams of crowds waving money and begging for caskets. He's heading for six weeks at the Golden Gate College of Mortuary Science in San Francisco and a new life as the mortician's apprentice. But it's 1954, and when the world begins to pick up speed, Ozzie changes direction. DeMarinis gives this tale just the right touches of nostalgia, innocence and absurdity.

ANTHONY RUSSO

Dixie City Jam: A violent underworld.

Summer fare: A New Orleans sizzler, a courtroom drama and the real Al Capone.

There are two current collections of short stories to browse in, one by a new voice and one by an established talent: ***A Stranger in This World*** (Doubleday), by Kevin Canty, and ***Rare & Endangered Species*** (Houghton Mifflin), by Richard Bausch. The characters in Canty's stories have a detached, somnambulistic view of life, including the 34-year-old woman who dreams of her deceased fighter-pilot husband as she entertains herself with other men. Many of Bausch's stories are about the tortured peculiarities of love, such as "Aren't You Happy for Me?" in which a man's 22-year-old daughter calls from college to tell him that she is pregnant by her 63-year-old English professor, whom she intends to marry.

BOOK BAG

Folk Erotica: Celebrating Centuries of Erotic Americana (HarperCollins), by Milton Simpson: Ranging from the sacred to the profane, these images define 18 centuries of American sexuality and erotic expression. Sometimes bawdy, sometimes whimsical, always fun, the art includes Native American petroglyphs, a colorful nudist wedding and a three-dimensional carving of Adam and Eve having sex in the Garden of Eden.

Hot Jobs: The No-Holds Barred, Tell-It-Like-It-Is Guide to Getting the Jobs That Everybody Wants (HarperCollins), by Charlie Drozdyk: It's a jungle out there when it comes to job hunting in the Nineties. A cross between *What Color Is Your Parachute?* and *Jobs in Paradise*, this career-information book is a collection of interviews with copywriters, filmmakers, fashion designers, music-video producers and other high-profile people whose advice could land you a hot job.

Aloha (Simon & Schuster), by Mark Christensen: A hypercool 21st century caper that takes place in a world in which nobody ventures outdoors without heavy-duty sunblock, doors unlock with the recitation of haiku and Korea has been transformed into a corporation. Postmillennial high-jinks.

Fairways and Greens: The Best Golf Writing of Dan Jenkins (Doubleday): This witty collection takes its title from golfers for whom the phrase "Fairways and greens" means "Have a good time."

Nine Scorpions in a Bottle: Great Judges and Cases of the Supreme Court (Arcade Publishing), by Max Lerner, edited by Richard Cummings: The dean of Supreme Court watchers demystifies the Court for a new generation. With passion and fire, Max Lerner shook the foundations of the legal left and right, as demonstrated in this posthumous collection of commentaries.

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THE GREAT VITAMIN FLAP

By JON KRAKAUER

To the vitamin-gobbling faithful it was as if the Pope had been revealed as an atheist: On April 14, a front page *New York Times* headline read VITAMIN SUPPLEMENTS ARE SEEN AS NO GUARD AGAINST DISEASES: STUDY UPSETS VIEW CONCERNING HEART AND CANCER.

The study, conducted under the aegis of the National Cancer Institute and the National Public Health Institute in Finland, examined 29,000 Finnish men, aged 50 and older, all of whom were heavy smokers. One group of subjects took vitamin A in the form of beta carotene (a supplement that converts to vitamin A in the body), a second group took vitamin E, a third group took both A and E and a fourth group was given a placebo. After more than five years there was no evidence that the vitamin supplements prevented lung cancer or heart disease to any meaningful degree.

Furthermore, the findings suggested that vitamins might in fact be a menace. Subjects who took vitamin A suffered an 18 percent higher rate of lung cancer than subjects who took the placebo, and those who took vitamin E had 50 percent more fatal strokes.

Health authorities were caught by surprise because the report contradicted two decades of vitamin research. Researchers are particularly troubled, says Dr. Philip Taylor, chief of the Cancer Prevention Studies branch of the National Cancer Institute, "because the Finnish study was an enormous, randomized, double-blind, placebo-controlled clinical trial. This kind of randomized trial is considered the gold standard of clinical research."

•

The vitamin craze began back in 1970, when Nobel Prize–winning chemist Linus Pauling trumpeted vitamin C as a wonder drug, claiming that massive doses could prevent every ailment from cancer to the common cold. At first the medical establishment dismissed Pauling as an old codger who had gone off the deep end. But in the ensuing decades, evidence began to suggest not only that Pauling was right about vitamin C but also that other so-called antioxidant vitamins—most notably vitamins E and A—were even more effective than C at preventing a host of deadly cancers and significantly lessened the risk of death from heart attacks.

By late last year the argument for swallowing megadoses of vitamin supplements had been supported by more than 100 published studies. Harvard researchers reported that test subjects who took at least 100 milligrams of vitamin E daily experienced 40 percent less heart disease than people who took little or no supplemental vitamin E. A five-year experiment involving 30,000 people in northern China—a region with the world's highest rate of esophageal cancer—found that a daily cocktail of vitamin A, vitamin E and the mineral selenium reduced deaths from stomach cancer by 21 percent and reduced overall mortality by nine percent.

Then the outcome of the Finnish study was released, and suddenly it seemed that all bets were off. Before you toss out your vitamin supplements, however, a brief tutorial on antioxidant theory is in order.

Thanks to the stress of daily life, a number of oxygen molecules in your bloodstream are short electrons, which transforms them into unstable entities called free radicals. These rogue molecules seek to restore their missing electrons by scavenging replacements from adjacent cells, a process known as oxidation—the same process by which iron oxidizes into rust. Oxidation does just as much damage to human cells as rust does to metal, eroding DNA in the cells' nuclei. The result can be cancer, heart disease or other serious trouble. According to the theory, antioxidants latch on to and neutralize free radicals before they can damage the cells in their path.

Nobody disputes that foods rich in natural antioxidants help guard against cancer, which is why the Food and Drug Administration urges you to eat five servings of fruits and vegetables a day. The problem is, vegetables such as broccoli and tomatoes contain hundreds of nutrients, and it's difficult to know which particular vitamins or minerals are responsible for the good deeds.

Identifying and synthesizing the beneficial vitamins allows people to ingest them in greater quantities than they would get from food alone. Vitamin E, for instance, has been shown to be vastly more effective when the daily dosage is at least 1000 milligrams, which is a level virtually impossible to achieve without supplements.

Does the Finnish study discourage the use of supplements? Not necessarily. For one thing, the Finnish subjects' daily intake of vitamin E was quite small, only 50 milligrams. And in the case of vitamin A, the designers of the study might simply have isolated the wrong substance. Perhaps if they had chosen, say, alpha carotene instead of beta carotene, the results would have been different.

There is yet another reason to take the study cautiously. "It involved 29,000 individuals who were heavy smokers for at least 35 years," explains John Cordaro, president of the Council for Responsible Nutrition. "And you have to wonder: Were the lung cancers the vitamins were supposed to prevent present before the study began? It could well be that these vitamins do in fact help reduce the risk of cancer but are unable to cure cancers that are already underway."

So, should you take supplements or not? "Everybody wants to read the final chapter on vitamins," says Dr. Taylor. "Unfortunately, researchers are still working on the middle of the book." In the meantime, I'll continue to swallow vitamins E, C and B by the bucketload—and choke down as much broccoli as I can stand.

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MEN

By ASA BABER

It is almost autumn and, whether you are 15 or 50, you can sense that the summer of 1994 is nearly over. School will soon be back in session, and that prospect brings a certain chill to the average male's psyche. Don't worry, gentlemen, it's genetic. Guys of all ages get nervous as September approaches. What boy of summer ever wants to be imprisoned for the upcoming fall, winter and spring?

Remember how you felt as a kid when you walked by your grade school in August and realized that its doors would open soon? Probably like a doomed calf about to be herded into the stockyard. Nine out of ten boys see the end of summer as the end of freedom.

We don't talk much about our grade school years, but we should, because those times shaped our attitudes—especially our attitudes toward women. Several recent studies were said to prove that girls have a tougher time than boys do in grade school. I don't buy it. For boys, grades one through eight usually are dominated by a powerful female presence, and we are frequently targeted for extra admonishment by women teachers. It is in grade school that the specter of the omnipotent female gains its hold on us.

If you want a laugh, ask any man about his grade school teachers. Ask him who drove him the craziest and he will probably describe a female teacher. There is an inevitable collision between grade school boys and the women who staff the system. The teachers want order and discipline, the boys want anarchy and fun, and a power struggle ensues.

All fathers should sit down for a talk with their sons before the first day of school. "OK, kid," the fathers might say, "this is it. Be careful out there, because school is not easy for boys. Some of your teachers will go after you like the feds went after Capone. What do teachers want from boys? That's simple, son: They want to turn all of you into nice girls. Understand that these women love men like Barry Manilow and Alan Alda. You'll never be able to please them. So stay cool, son. Because you are now facing your first skirmish in the battle of the sexes."

Elementary school, day one: You walk into your first grade class and find yourself in a room full of perpetual female

DAN MCCARMO

SCHOOL CRAZE

scolds. You sense that for eight long and boring years of so-called education, the hits will keep on coming: "Don't run, don't talk, don't tease the girls, don't put mud on your desk, don't scratch yourself, don't pick your nose, don't wipe it on your pants, don't fight, don't argue, don't joke, don't play hardball at recess, don't forget to do your homework, don't lie about why you didn't do your homework, don't get to school late, don't leave early, don't squirt water in the bathroom, don't flush lighted cherry bombs down the toilet, don't throw erasers, don't blow chalk dust on your classmates, don't cross your eyes and stick out your tongue when the teacher's back is turned, don't play with yourself, don't fart in assembly just to get some laughs and, for the last time, don't tease the girls!" What man cannot recite this negative litany from his boyhood years? School days, school craze.

I polled some of my friends about this subject. They are grown men, but they remember their time in grade school as if it were yesterday.

Ken: "My eighth grade teacher wore her hair in a bun, and she was always on my case. She could hear a Q-Tip drop in the back of the classroom. When I would start to answer a question she had asked me, she would interrupt: 'Speak up, Ken. I can't hear you, Ken. Don't stutter, Ken. Don't mumble.' The more she interrupted me, the more I screwed up. To this day I have a problem dealing with women who wear their hair in a bun. I have flashbacks and start to stutter when I talk to them. My wife tried it once. She put her hair in a bun and I freaked out. 'T-t-take it d-d-down!' I yelled. 'I c-c-can't handle it!'"

Marty: "My sixth grade teacher was an alcoholic, and she assigned me to malted milk duty. Every morning at ten I was supposed to go to a drugstore down the street and get her a chocolate malted milk. When I brought it back, I was supposed to stand in front of her desk and cover her while she poured a few ounces of scotch into the cup. One day I asked her for a sip of scotch in front of the class. It was a wiseass thing to do, I admit. But she nuked me for it. Then and there she kicked me off the student council and fired me as a patrol boy. She flunked me in social studies."

Sam: "My gym teacher made me her assistant. I was supposed to carry all the athletic gear from the storeroom to the gym before class. One day I brought all the boxes in from the storeroom like I was supposed to—including a large blue and white box that happened to contain her supply of Kotex. I mean, I didn't know what they were. Bandages? Armbands? A new game? I didn't know. Boy, was she pissed. The girls giggled and blushed and some of the boys laughed. She sent me to the principal's office and said I should be suspended for being a troublemaker. The principal lectured me and then sent me home for the day. I went to the drugstore and stared at the Kotex boxes and wondered if I would ever understand girls."

Joe: "One of my teachers in junior high had great breasts. She also wore tight sweaters. I stared at her all day, and she often scolded me for it. But right after she scolded me, she would smile and push out her chest. Double signals? You bet. They make me nuts. And it started there."

The next time you think about how easy boys have it in grade school, think again. It is not our natural environment. No sugar and spice for us. Snips and snails and puppy dogs' tails: That's what we'll always be made of.

DAUGHTERS AND DADS: A POP QUIZ

By CYNTHIA HEIMEL

KURT VARGO

Four of my close friends are pregnant. All of them are having girls. Extrapolating, this clearly means that 30 percent of women of childbearing age are at this very moment pregnant with girls. And the burning question is: Will these innocent, tiny fetuses grow up to be young women every bit as confused and fucked up as my friends and I are?

I do not want to see our future women awash in neuroses, low self-esteem and double standards. To curtail this, I have prepared a little quiz you can take to see if you'd make a good dad.

(1) Every time I turn on a talk show or read a book or newspaper, the topics of incest and child abuse smack me in the face. Although I had no idea that incest and child abuse are our new national pastimes, my own feelings about them are:

(a) A man feeds and clothes and cares for his children, and they owe him something. They owe him everything. They are his children, and whatever he chooses to do with them is his business.

(b) I was beat up and abused regularly by my father and I hate him for it. I am a cauldron of boiling rage. I hope to God I don't do anything like that to my children. I'm kind of pretty sure I won't.

(c) Some kids are always flaunting themselves in front of you. They're just asking for it.

(d) It's not so bad if it's a niece or second cousin or something.

Yup, that was a trick question designed to weed out the psychos among you. If you even contemplated (a), (b), (c) or (d), you are never allowed to be a father. Immediately begin ten years of intensive psychotherapy or shoot yourself.

(2) I have heard that a child's self-image is initially (and usually indelibly) shaped by her parents' feedback. My daughter is pretty, good in math, afraid to ride her bike, always climbing trees and obsessed with weird, punk clothing. To give her a positive self-image. . .

(a) I tell her she is beautiful, gorgeous, a real knockout, a heartbreaker.

(b) I work with her every day to help her learn to ride her bike.

(c) Every time she gets an A in math I give her a special treat.

(d) I tell her she cannot climb trees unless she's with a grown-up, I play math games with her, I let the bike rust and I give her a clothing allowance and let her wear whatever the hell she wants.

If you answered (a), you're doing what countless fathers before you have done: You're focusing on your daughter's appearance instead of her self-worth. She will become crazed about her looks and let her inner self atrophy. If she grows up to be plain, she will feel worthless. If she grows up to be pretty, she will constantly need reassurance and she'll still feel worthless. If she grows up to be Brigitte Bardot, she will become an arrogant, spoiled man-teaser who will revel in her beauty until her looks start to fade, then she will try to kill herself.

If you answered (b), you're ignoring all her positive aspects and rubbing her nose in her weakness. She will grow up lacking confidence, always sure that whatever she does well is not nearly as important as her failures. Plan on plenty of therapy bills.

If you answered (c), you're a party pooper. Before you know it, she'll stop having fun with math and start feeling pressured to please you. Let her have her successes and enjoy them with her; let her have her failures and commiserate with her.

If you answered (d), you'll be a fab parent. You know that children need reasonable limits to feel safe and loved. You know that if you let her climb trees unsupervised she'd think Geez, they really want to get rid of me. Letting her wear whatever she wants tells her that no matter how weird she is, you love her anyway. And trust me, children usually think they are incredibly weird.

(3) My daughter is leaving for summer camp tomorrow. I want her to go out to dinner with the family. She wants to spend her last night with her friends. My response is:

(a) "You'll have dinner with us, young lady, and like it."

(b) "I can't believe, after all your mother and I have done for you, that you don't want to be with us."

(c) "Honey, are you sure I can't guilt-trip you into being with us?"

(d) "Who cares what the hell you do?"

If you answered (a), you're doing a perfectly fine parent thing. She'll be miserable and hate you all through dinner, and then be really thrilled to get away from you the next day.

If you answered (b), you're causing more trouble than you can imagine. One of the most difficult parts of childhood is separating from one's parents. By guilt-tripping her, she'll not only be afraid of leaving you for her own sake, but now you've also given her the added burden of your unhappiness. She'll feel she is destroying you by leaving and will end up a bitter and twisted human, either running away when she is 16 or living at home until she is 50.

If you answered (c), you'll be a great parent. You not only acknowledge that you are in a position to misuse your power over your child, you are also showing that you have weaknesses and therefore are not God. You're making a joke about the serious problem of separation and becoming your kid's ally instead of her enemy. Someday she'll hope to be just like you.

If you answered (d), your kid, with every kid's fragile ego, will believe you. Is that what you want?

Some final words: Don't ever use the word ladylike. Don't ever say, "Only boys can do that." Don't encourage your son to be strong and assertive and your daughter to be meek and submissive. And whatever you do, do not take your child to cocktail parties and force everyone to make a great big fuss.

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THE PLAYBOY ADVISOR

In a recent *Advisor* answer, you told a woman who is bisexual to tell her husband about her girlfriend before springing a ménage à trois. Some time ago, I had something similar happen. I went to the local tavern to drown my sorrows after my fiancée told me that she had been sleeping with women. As I sat there drinking, a tall, voluptuous lady sat next to me and started talking. I was shocked that she was so supportive. Things got deep and we decided to continue our conversation at her place. Once there, as we sat on the couch, I recall accidentally touching her breasts with my arm. That's all it took to set her off. She smothered me with kisses and began to give me head. Wow, could she lick and suck. We found our way to the bedroom, and there, sitting on the bed naked, was my fiancée. She said, "Come and get me." Her friend jumped right in. Needless to say, so did I. Our engagement is still on and we experiment a lot. It's fun, but is it healthy?—H. C., Jackson, Wyoming.

As the old calypso song notes: "Let us put man and woman together/See which one is smarter/Some say man/But I say no/The women got the man like a puppet show." The point of our original response was to suggest that there's more than meets the eye in any ménage à trois. There is always a conversation that one person hasn't heard. You handled this well.

How much does a porn movie cost to make, and how much profit does it generate? Just asking; I don't have any interest in making one except with my wife.—G. S., New York, New York.

The adult-video industry works in hours, not days or weeks, and production costs typically don't rise higher than $12,000. (A video that makes $35,000 nowadays is a hit; by comparison, the 1972 film "Deep Throat" has earned more than $100 million.) Of the films produced last year by America's 80 or so adult-video companies—which bring in an estimated $400 million annually—only a handful took more than a day to shoot (we're not talking major plot twists here). The top female performers might earn up to $5000 for their work, and possibly another $1200 to $1500 if their photo appears on the video box cover. Male performers make considerably less, despite the fact that they can't fake the finale.

In the May *Advisor*, A. K. in Ocala, Florida complained that her husband wouldn't agree to a ménage à trois with two men or act out a rape fantasy. Your advice—that she respect his anxieties—is an affront to sexually adventurous women. It implies that women should indulge men's fantasies, but that men are under no obligation to reciprocate. In a balanced relationship both people give and receive equally to fulfill their needs. A man who gets to act out his fantasy and then refuses to engage in the woman's is selfish. Also, just to set the record straight, a woman's fantasy centered around two men has nothing to do with enjoying male homosexual behavior. She wants the attention of both men focused on her. A woman has the right to want two mouths and two hard-ons to pleasure her as much as a man has the right to want four breasts and two pussies to pleasure him. Next time, just state the facts and don't cater to a psychologically immature man at the expense of a secure woman's right to satisfy her sexual desires.—D. T., Middletown, Connecticut.

You must be a new reader. We would have given the same advice if the roles were reversed. We have never insisted that someone perform a sexual act that makes him or her uncomfortable just to satisfy some notion of quid pro quo (e.g., "I'll scratch your back if you put on this French maid outfit"). Our attitude toward adventure is fairly forgiving: Try everything. You might like it, and at the very least, you'll learn from it. But if someone is reluctant, don't serve up a bill for past services. Discuss what the act would mean to you, maybe edge up to it through shared fantasies and toys. If the other person isn't interested in your view, find someone who is.

While planning a trip through Europe, I mentioned a certain hotel to a coworker. He said that it was too much hotel for my needs, that I wouldn't know how to use the staff. Perhaps because that seemed insulting, I chose not to pursue the topic. Any idea what he was talking about?—A. K., Chicago, Illinois.

Americans who are uncomfortable when the bellhop takes their luggage to their room are at a complete loss in some of Europe and Asia's most-acclaimed hotels. The Old World elevates service to a calling. These hotels won't let you do anything for yourself, except perhaps make love to your companion. At the Regent in Hong Kong, for example, the hall boy will unpack and hang your clothes on arrival, then fold and pack them before departure. At top hotels in Italy, the breakfast staff will pour cereal and milk into the bowl for you. Perhaps they assume that the rich have other things on their minds. Some American hotels have concierges who will make exceptional efforts to satisfy a guest's needs—such as obtaining Rolling Stones tickets, or sending the shuttle from Washington to Boston to retrieve a favorite pair of shoes. Have you ever used such services? If not, your friend may be right.

I use the Internet and Telnet frequently. I have had cybersex several times, and each time I got very embarrassed. For my first adventure, I looked for a woman who would do anything I asked. To my surprise, one appeared. The first thing she said was, "So, what would you like to do?" A big grin came over my face, and we immediately started doing the nasty, and I mean nasty. After we had finished, I asked her questions about real-life stuff. She told me that she was from North Carolina and that she worked for the government. I told her a few things about myself and then asked her what she looked like. She answered, "You'd be disappointed." I wasn't sure what to say or do. The first thing that popped into my mind was, Is this a man or a woman? I asked her, and she turned out to be a guy. I was furious. I immediately started fighting with this sicko. But this just got me into trouble. After all, this was cyber, not real life, so I couldn't really say anything. Now I talk to them first and find out what gender they are. Was I wrong to get angry?—Z. T., Houston, Texas.

How do you know we're not a woman? We just saw a cartoon of a beagle sitting at a computer keyboard, with the caption: "On the Internet, no one knows you're a dog." Cyberspace is filled with guys, some of whom gender-bend. ("Boardwatch" magazine estimates that only one in ten players on the Internet is a woman.) Here are a few observations. If a call name is overtly sexy (e.g., Sindy Luvtolick) or if a c-sex partner refers to her vagina as a cunt, you're talking to a guy. If she gives her cup size, you're talking to a guy. If she says she's 18, you're talking

ILLUSTRATION BY PATER SATO

to a teenage guy or a postal inspector. If she won't switch to phone sex, it's a guy or a married woman. But don't let one bad experience stop your c-sex escapades. You can learn a lot. We all have sexual scripts, and saying them out loud or to a keyboard is really an eye-opener. Bold lovers who would never think of stopping real sex for a mid-course correction can stop the momentum of a phone call or cybersex session to say something like, "You always do that. You don't have to be so gentle. Does the phrase 'Suck the chrome off a trailer hitch' mean anything to you?" Our point: Cybersex is just sexual information. The thrill comes from the anticipation, waiting to see how another person reacts to the baldest, nastiest script you can come up with. Of course, you don't need a computer to capture that interactive mood. A dinner date works fine. Plus you get to see with whom you are playing, and if it works, you get to go to her place.

Why is it that we never see a penis in Hollywood films?—L. R., Omaha, Nebraska.

Because we're out buying popcorn? The Motion Picture Association of America says its ratings board has no firm guidelines about penile projections. It's difficult to believe, however, that a glimpse of an erection would garner anything less than NC-17. One reason for this, as explained by Melody Davis in "The Male Nude in Contemporary Photography," is that a penis has a greater risk of being declared obscene in court than a vagina or breasts. Apparently, some people who haven't owned or shared a penis consider them unartistic when limp and threatening when erect. Craig Hosoda, who watched hundreds of movie nude scenes to compile "Bare Facts Video Guide," has a simpler explanation: "Male actors are chicken to appear nude because they're afraid they'll be judged on their size."

For years my friends and I have patronized owner-operated neighborhood bars. We always tip the bartenders but usually don't tip the owner when he or she is tending bar alone. I've always thought it was considered rude to tip the owner of a bar or restaurant. What do you say?—M. E., Milwaukee, Wisconsin.

Not tipping the owner is an old code that distinguished between host and servant. Nowadays, it's not unusual for a bar owner to tend bar himself or herself in order to avoid hiring extra staff. If you don't know whether it is the owner who is serving you, err on the safe side by tipping.

I don't want to be a rolling advertisement. How can I remove the dealership badge from the deck lid of my new car?—T. C., Las Vegas, Nevada.

Tell the salesperson that you are a professional driver and that it will cost the dealership $100,000 to carry its logo. Seriously, the best way to avoid the practice is to note in writing, on your sales contract, that no dealer advertising or badging is to appear on your new car. If you have dealer-logo license-plate frames, simply remove them. Most decals can be lifted by using a hair drier on the offending label (this melts the adhesive). Then carefully peel it off. If you have to remove a plastic or metal badge, get a few feet of fishing line and work it back and forth under the entire badge until it's free. The plastic line will cut through the adhesive but won't scratch the paint. Remove any residue with a rubbing compound.

Just when I thought I was up to speed on VCR technology, I find out that there are now models with six heads. The picture I get with my four-head VCR is good, so I'm wondering, What's the point of adding two more?—W. L., Chicago, Illinois.

When you tape in extended-play mode on a standard four-head VCR, you sacrifice a certain amount of picture quality to save tape. A six-head VCR adds two extra heads to the EP function to make extended-play recordings indistinguishable from those done in standard play. What will the crispness cost you? About $50 more than the cost of a four-head VCR. Worth it!

I am a 22-year-old college guy with an incredible sex drive. What else is new? My girlfriend can live with sex maybe once every ten days. We are in love, so the sex we do have is great. But she is relatively inexperienced, whereas my background is one of fast times and fast women. I hate to seem greedy, but it's hard for me to accept minimal sex. Can I increase her sex drive, or slow down mine a bit?—C. J., Irvine, California.

You can't do either. All you have to do is initiate sex when you want—and when she responds, make it interesting. Good sex tends to beget desire, not the other way around.

You know those condoms with ridges? They promise women fabulous sensations, but my girlfriend says they don't do much for her. On a whim, we turned one inside out, and I have to say, it added a little something extra for me. If your readers haven't checked this out, they should.—J. J., Teaneck, New Jersey.

We appreciate the suggestion. Just be careful when you turn condoms inside out. Unroll them, then reroll them before you put them on. Don't pull them on like socks. That increases the risk of breakage.

I have a healthy sex drive and no trouble coming, but my come just dribbles out. It doesn't spurt like I've seen in X-rated videos. Is there anything wrong with me? Can I do anything about this?—R. W., Biloxi, Mississippi.

There's nothing wrong with you, according to San Francisco urologist Lawrence Werboff, who says that many men dribble rather than spurt. We've seen quite a few men in your situation in X-rated movies. Dr. Werboff says he's unaware of any way to turn you into a spurter, but San Francisco sex therapist Louanne Cole says it couldn't hurt to strengthen your pubococcygeus muscle. It's the muscle you contract to squeeze out those last few drops of urine. To strengthen your PC muscle, contract it in sets of ten, holding for a count of five, three or four times a day. That should add intensity and pleasure to your orgasms.

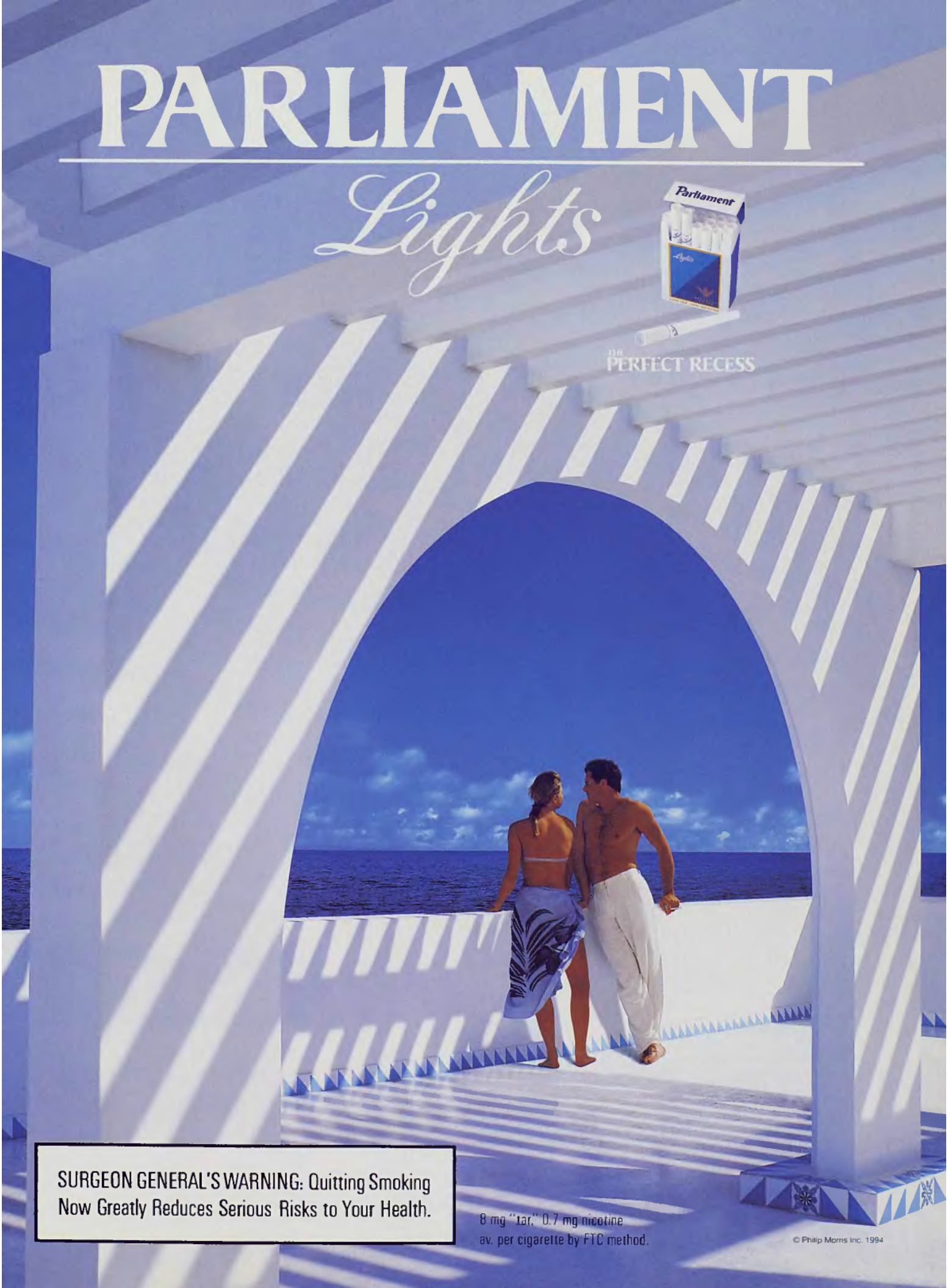
After six years of using condoms once or twice a week, my wife and I recently had one break on us. Luckily, she didn't get pregnant. But she did get nervous. She's in a demanding graduate program and doesn't want to get pregnant until she graduates two years from now. What are the odds that another broken condom will result in a pregnancy?—A. M., Flagstaff, Arizona.

"Contraceptive Technology," the bible of birth control, cites three studies of condom breakage and subsequent pregnancies. Participants used condoms 46,657 times and experienced 443 broken rubbers and 19 pregnancies. That's one break for every 105 rubberized rolls in the hay, and one pregnancy for every 23 broken condoms. You and your wife have a much lower breakage rate, just once in six years. Assuming that your pattern continues, you won't break another rubber while your wife is still in school. But if you do, based on these three studies, your pregnancy risk would be about four percent—pretty long odds. Use a spermicide for additional protection.

I plan to purchase a CD-ROM drive for my computer and have come across all kinds of techie lingo that I'm not familiar with. Basically, all I care about is getting in and out of the discs quickly. Can you advise?—B. K., Worth, Illinois.

So, you're one of those in-and-out guys. We'll make it easy for you. Simply compare the access time and data transfer rate of individual CD-ROM hardware. Measured in milliseconds and kilobytes per second, respectively, these two factors determine how quickly you can open and close the CD software as well as how fast you can explore a disc once you're inside. You'll want to go with a low access time (195 milliseconds, for example, is better than 300) and a high transfer rate (300 kilobytes per second or more will do the trick). Happy hunting.

All reasonable questions—from fashion, food and drink, stereo and sports cars to dating problems, taste and etiquette—will be personally answered if the writer includes a stamped, self-addressed envelope. Send all letters to The Playboy Advisor, PLAYBOY, *680 North Lake Shore Drive, Chicago, Illinois 60611. The most provocative, pertinent queries will be presented in these pages each month.*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PRIVACY FROM WHOM?

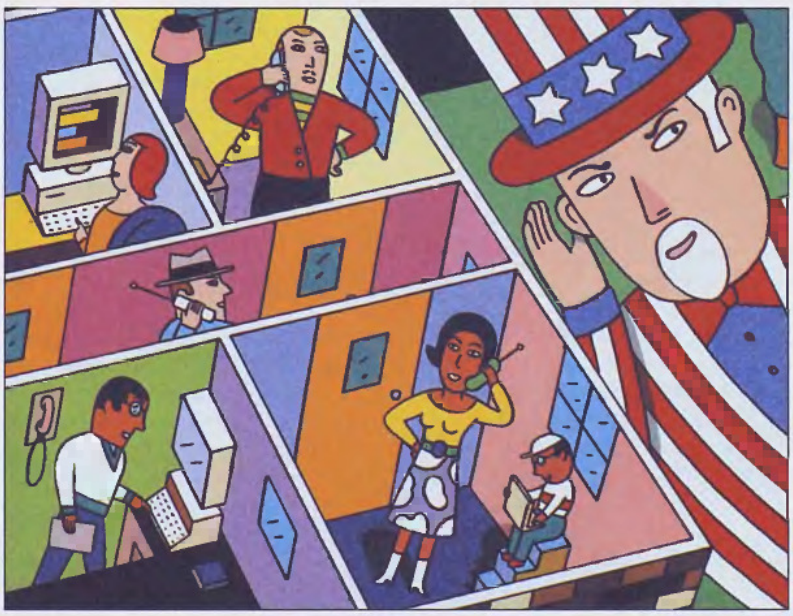
computer chips, secret codes and your government

By MIKE GODWIN

You may be intimidated by your personal computer now and then. But your government is even more scared by it, and that has led to a recent initiative that threatens your First Amendment rights.

The government is nervous because the average personal computer, equipped with inexpensive software, can code communications and data so well that even the National Security Agency's supercomputers would find it difficult or impossible to decode them. If this technology, called encryption, becomes widely used, the government worries that wiretapping, an important law enforcement and intelligence tool, will record only indecipherable code. The NSA and the FBI are trying to limit the public's use of encryption.

The preliminary steps have already been announced: The administration called for the entire federal government to adopt the Clipper Chip, a computer chip that automatically encrypts communications and data, for use in all its phones and computers. The catch is, the chip has a "back door" available to all law enforcement agencies.



In its campaign to promote the Clipper Chip, the government points out that if you, a private citizen, choose to put the chip in your phone or computer, you have the power to keep your information private from crooks and industrial spies and anyone else who wants to pry. This privacy does not, of course, extend to those agencies that have access to the back-door keys, which are held "in escrow" by the government. Law enforcement and intelligence agents would be barred from seeking those escrowed keys without legal authorization, normally a court order. "And you needn't worry about us," say government officials. "We're here to protect you."

But there's a problem with the government's rosy picture. It's well established in First Amendment law that free speech may require privacy—including privacy from the government. And if a law-abiding citizen wants to keep his or her communications secret—including from the government—who is the NSA to say otherwise?

There are many in government who would like to ban powerful encryption altogether. After all, they argue, the governments of France, Italy and Singapore have taken steps to limit the availability of unbreakable encryption to private individuals. But this country was founded on a system of restrictions on government. A system in which the privacy of our communications is contingent on the good faith of the government flies in the face of what we have been taught to believe about the importance of individual liberty.

In a recent debate, NSA general counsel Stewart Baker asked me where in the Constitution Americans can find a right to unbreakable encryption. "Nowhere," I said. "But there's no constitutional right to use the telephone, either. Yet the First Amendment clearly protects freedom of speech, freedom of association and privacy—interests that don't mean much if you're not allowed to use the telephone, or if you're not allowed to keep your communications private."

Pro–Clipper Chip forces say they need the chip to apprehend terrorists and drug smugglers.

As yet, the feds haven't provided any evidence that their nightmare scenarios about unrestrained encryption are anything other than science fiction. FBI and NSA officials have conceded that the chip "will not catch smart criminals." And no one has been able to name investigations that have been hindered by encryption. Unfortunately, a lack of evidence hasn't stopped the Clinton administration. Neither have reports that techies have already found ways to disarm the chip in certain computer-to-computer exchanges.

So there may be evidence that encryption could be a boon to privacy. A century of technological development has eroded our ability to keep our lives private. Finally, technology offers us the opportunity, thanks to cheap computing power and advances in cryptography, to take some privacy back.

Mike Godwin is on-line counsel for the Electronic Frontier Foundation, a group devoted to preserving rights in cyberspace.

READER

COMBAT DUTY

I was delighted that you finally created a true forum on gun control rather than one that simply supported your editorial position ("The Combat Zone," *The Playboy Forum*, May). It was informative to hear what the real players in the game have to say. And as always when there is a balanced debate, the liberal platform of more restrictive gun laws rings hollow. I think my point is best illustrated by your own choice of cartoons. The antigun cartoons are outright ludicrous, whereas the others depict events that happen much too often. Ask my liberal friends in Los Angeles how they felt after the riots.

Michael Pinner
Ventura, California

Congratulations to Sarah Brady, Franklin Zimring and Michael Beard for their contributions to the May gun-control debate. My words would not have been so reasoned. The opposing arguments, built from ignorant criminology and racist innuendos, would insult the intelligence of a turnip. But their proponents have enough pull in this country to keep our murder rate the amazement of the developed world. Joe Tartaro provided the article's low point when he stated that we should find it reassuring that "65 to 75 percent of domestic murder victims also had criminal records." This makes it OK?

Linus Niksa
State College, Pennsylvania

In the introduction to your May gun-control forum, you wonder what caused a former subscriber to determine that PLAYBOY advocates gun control. It could well have been, as you hypothesized, the antigun mural on your Los Angeles building, added to the free full-page ad given to Handgun Control, Inc. in October 1981. But times change: Compare that HCI ad with a similar one in the July 1993 issue. The number of handgun-related homicides in various countries changed during the period, going up 175 percent in the U.K., 81 percent in Japan and 31 percent in Canada—three of HCI's most popular gun-control nations—while falling two percent in the U.S. One other statistic has changed dramatically since I was interviewed for May's gun-control debate: Criminologist Gary Kleck's estimate on protective gun uses, based on recent research data, has risen from about 1 million per year to more than 2 million.

Paul Blackman
Research Coordinator
National Rifle Association
Fairfax, Virginia

Louis L'Amour said that one of the great myths of the West was the idea that a gang of desperadoes could ride into a town and commandeer its resources with little or no resistance from the townsfolk. He pointed out that even a shopkeeper was likely to have been a Civil War combat veteran who knew the breech from the muzzle of his rifle. It was this, for the most part, that kept the "lawless" West from chaos and anarchy. This dovetails with an established principle of psychology known as Thorndike's Law of Effect. Simply put, why do individuals commit crimes? Because they know they can get away with them. If the average robber, rapist or drive-by shooter knew in advance that it was likely that his intended victim was armed and would effectively return fire, the incidence of such crimes would plummet. Do we need Uzis and assault rifles? Probably not. Should we license people to carry handguns only after they have shown proficiency? Of course—but this is quite different from gun registration. Without question, all of the deep-rooted causes of violence desperately need to be addressed. However, to refuse to address the immediate cause, that one can shoot with little worry of return fire, erodes individual freedom a little bit more.

Douglas Mould
Wichita, Kansas

The logic of the antigunners in "The Combat Zone" still eludes me. Sarah Brady, I sympathize with you and your husband, but gun control is not the answer. If the elite government bodyguards, who outnumber those they are protecting, could not stop what happened to Jim Brady, how can the police possibly protect law-abiding citizens? Michael Beard's theory about the "backfiring" of gun-control laws in major cities because of lax gun laws in surrounding areas suggests that criminals will have guns regardless of the law and will find more vulnerable victims where gun laws are tough. Regardless of one's philosophy on gun control, the fact remains that 70 percent of violent crime is committed by seven percent of the criminal population. It is much easier to take these people off the streets than it would be to remove the guns.

Robert Brenneman
Muskogee, Oklahoma

"Limp-wristed liberals who would disarm law-abiding citizens," and "bloodthirsty yahoos who would shoot Bambi's mother": This is how PLAYBOY draws the sides in the gun-control

FOR THE RECORD

JUDY, JUDY, JUDY

Dr. Judith Reisman, a former songwriter for *Captain Kangaroo*, got a grant to hunt for kidporn images in PLAYBOY. Failing at that, she has now come up with a new charge, which she delivered to a crowd of 300 American Family Association of Michigan members:

"How many of you realize that PLAYBOY is a homosexual magazine? PLAYBOY has been a homosexual magazine since its inception."

RESPONSE

debate? While I understand you may have intentionally sensationalized the terminology, you failed to mention another side. I, for one, am not a yahoo or bloodthirsty. I am simply against gun control because I believe in my constitutional right to own a firearm. I enjoy having this right so that I can protect my home and family against criminals who would possess firearms even if they were illegal. There are a lot of people like me who are tired of being put into the category of fanatic just because they own a gun.

Marc Panter
San Diego, California

There are more than 200 million guns in this country—that's more guns than there are cars. And only one to two percent of them are used in crimes. The overwhelming majority of the 60 million to 65 million gun owners in the U.S. are responsible citizens. They're not the ones to worry about—unless you're a criminal. We know that the criminal misuse of firearms is only a part of the larger problem of criminal violence, and there are several ways to address the problem. The long-term solution must address moral, cultural and social issues. The short-term answer can be effected relatively quickly without further fettering and harassing legitimate gun owners. Short-term, the solution is simply to keep violent criminals in prison. Until that happens, the worst thing we could do would be to take the guns out of the hands of law-abiding citizens. Finally, the immediate response is to assume responsibility for our own personal safety by endorsing the sentiments of the bumper-sticker aphorism FIGHT CRIME—SHOOT BACK.

Charles Esposito
Dunwoody, Georgia

As an officer working the maximum security unit at Montana State Prison, I am in daily contact with convicted killers. Most used guns to murder their victims, but they show remarkable initiative in doing without: In September 1990 an inmate had his head dismantled in the prison yard by two fellow inmates using baseball bats. In 1991 those two and a dozen others killed five more inmates during a riot. They used sharpened objects, lamp cords and fire extinguishers; guns were not available at the time. If you wanted to stop people from hammering nails and outlawed hammers, would people use rocks? Maybe, if they had to. More likely, they'd buy a hammer from a criminal who stole one, and hammer all the nails they want. One of my own handguns is a marvelous example of American craftsmanship. I just treated it to a new pair of grips. And it has never coerced me to shoot up a school or rob a convenience store. Some people ought not to have guns. But testing to see if I know how to use mine, making me wait for it, making me pay more for it or restricting how many or what type I can have will not prevent guns from getting into the wrong hands. If that were truly the case I'd compromise. It isn't. I won't. Leave guns and responsible citizens alone.

Tony Robles
Deer Lodge, Montana

I have to respond to the silly letter from B. Howard ("Reader Response," *The Playboy Forum*, April). His idea for the creation of a gun bureau in which all guns and their owners would be registered is one of the most frightening things I have read outside George Orwell's *1984*. Howard seems to believe that his idea is a sensible alternative to an all-out ban, but doesn't he realize that his type of registration is exactly what's required before a ban could be enforced? The reason we don't register guns as we do bicycles, as he suggests, is that the government is not going to kick your door down in the middle of the night to confiscate your bicycle. The gun-control debate long ago ceased to be a debate about crime. It has become a struggle for the freedom guaranteed under the Second Amendment. No one denies that crime is a major problem in this country. But until we deal with criminals instead of attacking the rights of honest citizens, no progress will be made.

Kevin Hugill
Columbia, Illinois

We would like to hear your point of view. Send questions, information, opinions and quirky stuff to: The Playboy Forum Reader Response, PLAYBOY, *680 North Lake Shore Drive, Chicago, Illinois 60611. Fax number: 312-951-2939. E-mail: forum@playboy.com.*

NEWS FLASH

ONE FOR THE GOOD GUYS

Of the 2400 firefighters in the Los Angeles County Fire Department, 11 are women. To protect their frail sensibilities, the city came up with a broad sexual harassment policy that banned sexual material—specifically PLAYBOY—from all work locations, including dormitories, rest rooms and lockers.

Steven Johnson, a 27-year department veteran, decided to challenge the ban. No woman had ever complained about his reading habits, for the simple reason that he works in an all-male station. With the help of Playboy lawyers and the ACLU, he went to court.

Patricia Kaye Vaughan, one of the fire department employees who drafted the policy, said she was worried that PLAYBOY might arouse the reader. She also noted that magazines such as *Rolling Stone*, *Vanity Fair* and the *Sports Illustrated* swimsuit issue should not be allowed in the workplace.

"This is not a case of pinups or posters on the wall," said Paul Hoffman of the ACLU. "A firefighter has the right to read."

On June 9, 1994, U.S. District Judge Stephen Wilson struck down the ban, saying that the fire department had failed to prove that "quiet reading and possession of PLAYBOY contributes to a sexually harassing environment."

Way to go, guys.

COMPUTER

where to find uncensored

We thought it was time you explored the computer sex phenomenon for yourselves. To help you on your way, we culled this list of sexually oriented computer bulletin boards from *Joy of Cybersex*, *Online Access* and *Eidos*, a journal of free expression. Most of these boards have pictures (GIFS), stories and online chat areas, and all require credit cards. Users must be at least 18 years old and, of course, must have a computer with a modem. Call us if you find any PLAYBOY images; they're unauthorized. Don't call us to find out how to connect. For that, ask a buddy, call your local computer store or buy a book. Enjoy.

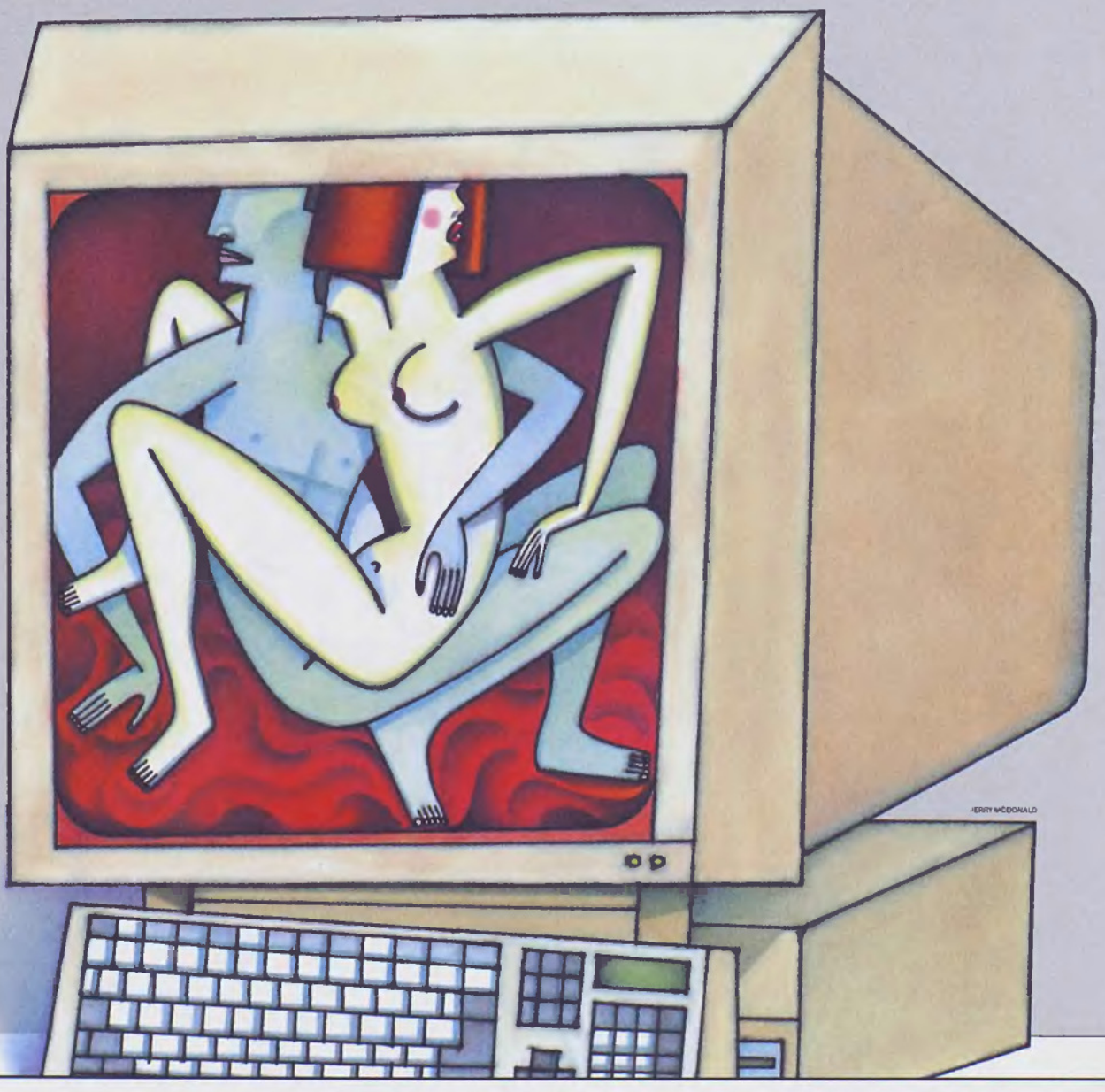
STATE	MODEM NUMBER
Arizona	
Boardwalk Hotel	602-955-9338
Duke's Doghouse	602-458-8206
Rusty's Wild Kat BBS	602-936-3892
Arkansas	
Moonman BBS	501-562-7399
Shadowrun	501-932-4712
California	
Black Pines	714-539-9374
For Adults Only	916-962-3964
Odyssey	818-358-6968
Colorado	
Alternet Lifestyles	303-935-7283
Cat's Dog House	303-341-5933
Nix Pix	303-375-1263
Connecticut	
Adults 'R' Us	203-583-0715
Gurps Connection	203-236-7359
Florida	
Adults Only Mansion	305-594-4526
Honey Dripper	305-220-0369
Godfather	813-289-3314
Georgia	
Intimate Visions	404-244-7059
Illinois	
Archimedes' Screw	312-761-4480
Intimate Mansion	708-934-3045
Indiana	
Adult BBS	317-784-6975
Digicom BBS	812-479-1310
Iowa	
Heat in the Night	515-386-6227

STATE	MODEM NUMBER
Kansas	
3-Times-7	913-599-6206
Cosmix Station	913-422-7345
Maryland	
Crow's Nest BBS	301-843-5247
Martin's Domain	301-369-4657
Final Frontier	410-674-9307
Massachusetts	
Auto Exec	508-833-0508
Channel One	617-354-5776
Shangrila	413-527-7360
Missouri	
Laura's Lair	417-683-5534
Nevada	
Nighthawk	702-644-1537
New York	
Dirty Hacker	914-794-5306
Paradise Network	718-241-9007
Taste BBS	718-252-4531
Ohio	
CCC	513-752-8248
Swingles	216-749-1020
Oregon	
Club Portland	503-238-5943
Lost in the Ozone	503-461-4634
T&E Verbal Abuse Network	503-386-2903
Pennsylvania	
Forum	215-722-1482
Tennessee	
Cheyenne Social Club	615-361-5956
Third Eye	615-227-6155

MATING

sex talk in cyberspace

STATE	MODEM NUMBER
Texas	
After Hours	713-937-0504
Necronomicon	210-675-4787
X-Factor	210-648-3874
Virginia	
Pleasure Dome	804-490-5878
Wade's World	703-694-5460
Washington	
Bangkok Express	206-838-7908
Wisconsin	
Phantom Tollbooth	414-377-8462



WARNING:

an open letter to the attorney general from

"Brother, you can't go to jail for what you're thinking."—FRANK LOESSER IN *Standing on the Corner*, 1956

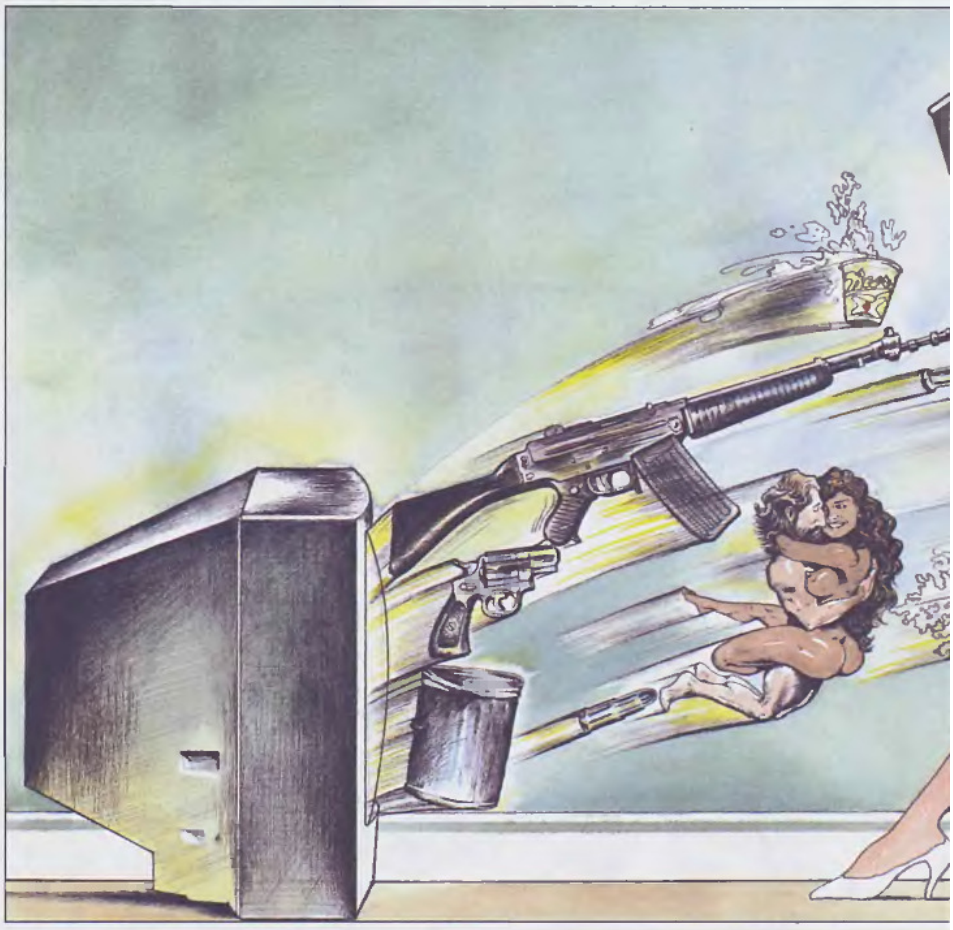
I have a goofy job. Part of it is to make it look like I'm killing my partner, Teller, while also making sure he's safe. Teller is in a tank of water—helpless, drowning, banging against the Plexiglas, struggling for a gasp of air, flailing, dying—and the crowd is dying laughing. This is a wonderful thing. It's a trick. Intellectually, the audience knows that Teller is OK. (If we actually snuffed people, the punters would know it before they called for tickets, and we would be a lot more famous.) But it really looks like Teller can't breathe.

In our little ant brains, we all know that art is fake, but viscerally we empathize—and it makes us want to scream. And laugh. It's the kind of scream you scream when your intellect and your viscera hit head-on at 100 miles per hour. You know you're alive. In other words, art can say, "Ha, Mr. Death—you didn't get to kill the little creep in the water tank. It looked that way, but we cheated you, you black-sack-wearing scythe-toting motherfucker. Fuck you, Death."

But here's the point: After you get the excitement from a piece of phony violence or death, you don't go out and try to re-create it in the real world. You weren't celebrating the horror, you were celebrating the fake horror, and there's a big difference. A vast number of people see art that includes the representation of violence, yet only a small percentage of people actually hurt other people. Folks don't get off roller coasters, get into their cars and try to relive the ride by driving like lunatics. Some people drive badly, no doubt about it, but we can't blame roller coasters for that.

Same thing for rape. Some men and women fantasize about being raped, but how many of them go out and do it? Sure, you might occasionally want a fellow sex freak to tie you up to get the endorphins rocking—to have the shit scared and/or fucked out of you—but there's nothing good about the real thing. How can we force people to be responsible for their fantasies? Do people who think about being raped deserve to be raped? Of course not. Do people who pretend to be rapists deserve to be punished? No.

Our government paid good money for the Meese Commission to investigate pornography and see if the representation of sex and violence in art makes people dangerous. They were predisposed to find evil, they threw away thousands of dollars on bad science, they wrote a report that was 1960 pages long and they proved nothing—except that some films really suck.



I'm the only human being I know who read the entire Meese Commission report. (The government sold it dirt cheap; we had already paid for it with our taxes.) It has lots of dirty words in it, descriptions of filthy stuff—and a great filmography. And you can get it without being 18. Now, how nutty is that? These Meese guys and gals watched more junk porno and violence than all of my dirtbag friends put together (well, maybe not all of my dirtbag friends, but most of them), and not one of them got busted for rape or murder. (They had other problems with the law, of course, but not the kind they all seemed to find in *Debbie Duz Dishes*.)

As Tony Fitzpatrick, serious artist and more serious gorehound, said: "The family that watches gory videos together sure ain't out killing people." Does anyone really think that drive-by shooters are home watching television

THIS IS A VIOLENT ARTICLE

america's foremost illusionist By PENN JILLETTE

during "family hour"? Feminists say that women aren't portrayed accurately in porno. What the hell are they thinking? Of course they're not. That's why it's called a goddamn movie and not life! Get it? Robert De Niro was not playing a typical taxi driver in *Taxi Driver*, nor did he really kill Harvey Keitel. Lucy and Roseanne aren't really

ROBERT MYERS

housewives, Alan Alda isn't a medic and Homer Simpson doesn't really work at a nuclear plant. (Homer Simpson is just an actor—everyone knows that.) Even five-year-olds who know I'm a magician talk with me about the special effects in *T2*. But the great part is, they still get scared. That's how we know it's good.

A mind-set has rooted in our culture that is sure to fuck us up for some time to come. It's not unique for a religion to bust the sheep for what's going on in their heads, but when evil thinking about evil thoughts bleeds into legal action, well, we got trouble, my friends—right here in River City. With a capital T and that rhymes with Re and that stands for Reno.

Thought, word and deed are three different things. Sin and felony are two different things. Thought, word, deed, sin and felony are five different things. And, Ms. Reno: Your fat ass, third base, a hole in the ground, shit, shinola and whatever time it is might be six different things—but you'll never know it.

It's a shame that the word voodoo was put in front of the word economics and then used to describe Republican Party politics. It's a shame because what the guilt-ridden, antifantasy liberals now in power are preaching is literally voodoo. After all, what is voodoo? It's changing the map to change the territory. If you take the little doll with the real hair and stick pins in it, the real person will feel pain. Well, that's what the antifantasy, antiviolence nuts are trying to do. They think if they take violence off TV, it'll disappear in the real world. Hell, if that's the case, why build roads? Let's just draw freeways on all our maps and wait for the real roads to appear. Or why teach kids to read? Let's just show kid actors pretending to read on TV. Let's have the goddamn Reading Channel! It's one thing when a goofball like the Reverend Donald Wildmon talks about boycotting shows he doesn't like. That's great. If enough people don't like shows, they deserve to go off the air, and that's the way the game should be played. But Janet Reno is hinting kind of strongly that if she doesn't like shows, then the government is going to do something about it. Excuse me? And what makes it worse is that she's the motherfucking attorney general. It's her job to help keep us safe, and all she can think of is muzzling artists.

Of course, the wack thing is that Janet Reno doesn't watch TV, and neither do I. Neither one of us knows what the fuck we're talking about. We both think TV sucks. We can agree on that. The difference is, I think if I can turn it off, so can everyone else. But Reno thinks that her family was the only family smart enough not to watch TV. She thinks her mom was the only one who knew what the ON–OFF knob was for. And what she wants to put on TV is more news footage of real violence, like burning babies near Waco. As Bobcat Goldthwait pointed out, doesn't she think some kids saw that?

OK, while we're still allowed, let's fantasize. How about Janet Reno tied up with barbed wire, gagged with Brillo, being forced to watch the unreleased, uncut *Texas Chainsaw Massacre Part 3*. Repeatedly.

And just to really fuck her up—we won't really do it.

NEWSFRONT

what's happening in the sexual and social arenas

THE FAX OF GOD

THE VATICAN—*Pope John Paul II used to be an unpublished fax number away, until a group of Dutch homosexuals pub-*

lished it in a gay magazine called "Trash." A papal representative said the number had to be changed to stem the flood of wrathful messages expressing displeasure with Vatican policy.

HEAR YE, HEAR YE

SEATTLE—*Washington's supreme court unanimously ruled that the state's erotic-music law, which prohibits the sale, distribution or exhibition of sexy songs to minors, is unconstitutional. In 1992 music was appended to a preexisting law which held that other materials designated as erotic had to be sold in an adults-only area. The court held that the erotic-music law violates free speech and due process and said it would not tolerate a law that put a chill on constitutionally protected speech.*

BLUFF CALLED

PHOENIX—*A jury was unimpressed with the 32-year-old male defendant's wig, skirt and stockings. And it didn't buy his multiple-personality defense that one of his other entities—not the transvestite before it—was responsible for a string of rapes and other offenses. Now that he is convicted and faces 83 years in prison, the accused has finally admitted he made the whole thing up. "I'm a manipulator and a liar, and I guess I'm good at it," he said. Not good enough, evidently.*

FREE SPEECH?

WASHINGTON, D.C.—*Maryland will decide if taking free newspapers by the bundle is censorship or another form of free speech. According to the Student Press Law Center, the number of complaints about the bulk removal of student papers quadrupled between 1990 and 1993. Because many alternative papers are free, it is difficult to press theft charges against those who oppose their editorial content and seize them by the stack as an act of protest. The Maryland legislature is expected to codify the practice as censorship and make it a misdemeanor subject to a $500 fine or up to 60 days in jail.*

TRUTH BE TOLD

SAN DIEGO—*A judge has ordered an anti-abortion center to stop masquerading as an abortion clinic. The superior court's decision bars the Center for Unplanned Pregnancy from listing itself in the Yellow Pages as a "clinic" or "abortion service provider," prohibits it from offering pregnancy tests of any kind and requires it to inform callers that the only counseling it offers is "from a biblical, anti-abortion perspective."*

FRONTIER INJUSTICE

KALISPELL, MONTANA—*Library aide Debbie Denzer loaned a couple of her own books to two seventh-grade girls who were doing a report on witchcraft. One of the girl's parents complained that the books were inappropriate because they were too graphic, discussed sexual matters and included nude drawings. The school superintendent agreed and Denzer was fired. The 40-year-old aide admitted that she hadn't used the books since her college days and had chosen them based on index entries. The parents said the girls were very upset—not by the books but by the woman's firing. They ended up writing papers about bison.*

DEAD-EYE DICK

CINCINNATI—*Under the misapprehension that her husband was having an affair, a 58-year-old woman fired a .25 caliber pistol at his penis, striking and wounding it. Noting that the timing of the crime coincided with the newspaper and TV coverage of the Lorena Bobbitt trial, the judge ruled that she'd been unduly influenced. Her husband's anatomy is in recovery.*

WET AND WILD ON WHEELS

LOS ANGELES—*The city has ordered an adult nightclub to remove a shower enclosure in which nude dancers prance for customers. Their reasoning: The shower lacks handicapped access and prevents dancers in wheelchairs from performing for customers. No disabled dancers had applied and no complaints against the club were on record.*

CONTEMPT OF CUT

CHICAGO—*Talk about a bad hair day. The First District Appellate Court reversed a 1992 contempt-of-court conviction involving a variation on a popular urban hairstyle. At issue was the well-known phrase "fuck u" carved into a young man's hair the night before his court appearance. The judge was not amused, though the de-*

fendant's attorney protested that it had been a prank played on—not by—the boy. The appellate court found that the boy had not been given the opportunity to "correct his conduct" and remove the offending letters, so the conviction was invalid.

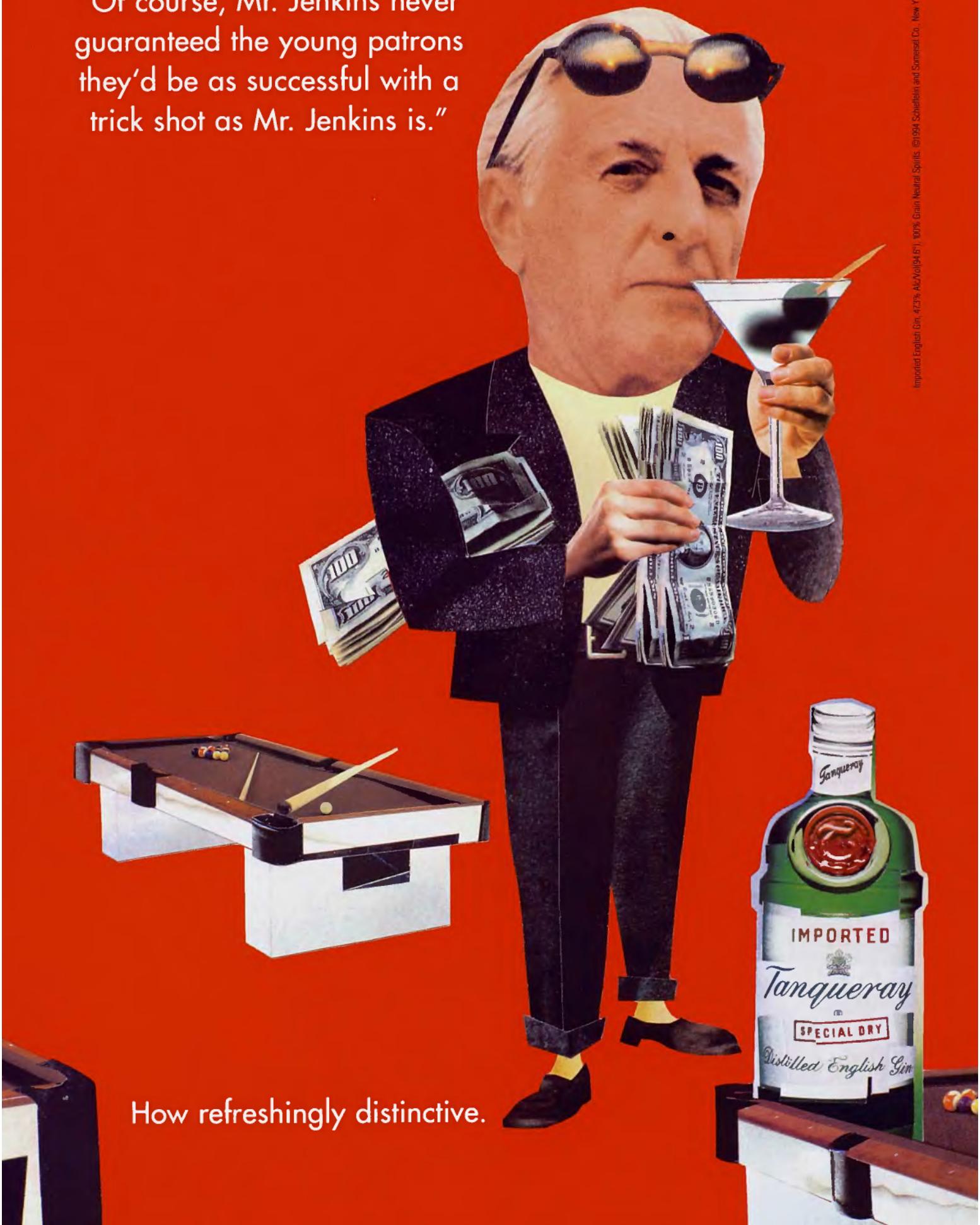
ILLUSTRATIONS BY JOE CIARDIELLO

COOL
8

IMPORTED
Tanqueray
SPECIAL DRY
Distilled English Gin

"Mr. Jenkins enlightened the patrons by demonstrating that a trick shot is more successfully executed when one sips Tanqueray martinis as opposed to pounding kamikazes."

"Of course, Mr. Jenkins never guaranteed the young patrons they'd be as successful with a trick shot as Mr. Jenkins is."



How refreshingly distinctive.

Imported English Gin, 47.3% Alc/Vol(94.6°). 100% Grain Neutral Spirits. ©1994 Schieffelin and Somerset Co., New York, N.Y.

THREE STRIKES AND WE'RE BROKE

the new crime bill spells disaster

opinion **By ROBERT SCHEER**

Why is everyone so squeamish about killing criminals? The death penalty for habitual offenders is preferable to the "three strikes and you're out" fad that is now federal policy and is about to become the law in almost every state.

The $28 billion crime bill that Congress recently passed mandates new and longer sentences, but that is just another way of coddling criminals by supporting them into old age, when they are no longer much of a threat to anyone. If the idea is to prevent these criminals from ever getting out or to exact harsh retribution, then the gas chamber will do the job nicely. The alternative—keeping them in jail until they croak naturally—will, like so many other well-intentioned social programs, surely bankrupt us.

The three-strikes policy guarantees the criminal class something many law-abiding citizens don't have—the assurance of a secure and warm place to live, three meals a day, leisure time, daily exercise and full medical coverage into the last hours of their lives.

Take the case of S.M. Cohen, reported recently in the *Los Angeles Times*. One of an ever-larger group of geriatric inmates, Cohen, 67, who has both cancer and diabetes, costs California taxpayers more than $125,000 in annual medical costs alone. That's in a good year. Last year Cohen needed a heart bypass, which added another $76,000.

Everyone knows that the big costs in medical care come at the end of a person's life, and prisoners are no exception. It is morally perverse as well as fiscally irresponsible to keep them alive when we are determined never to set them free. But when it comes to crime, we are completely irrational. We are convinced that crime is rising rapidly when the statistics indicate otherwise. We go through each day expecting to be murdered even though murder victims make up one one-thousandth of a percent of the population. Talk radio nuts and politicians persuade us to spend huge sums on crime-fighting programs that sound tough but don't work.

The three-strikes policy is counterproductive. Most crimes are committed by young people. Indeed, after a century of experimenting with ways to rehabilitate criminals—from isolation cells to conjugal visits—the evidence is overwhelming that getting older is the only thing that really works. Bureau of Justice statistics show that whereas 22 percent of prisoners aged 18 to 24 are back in prison within a year of their release, less than 2 percent of those over 55 return.

Jonathan Turley, a law professor at George Washington University, is a leading expert on older prisoners. As he told the *Los Angeles Times*, "Politicians are now running the prison system by sound bite. The truth of the matter is, by the time we interview inmates who are in their 60s, 70s and 80s, most of them are statistically less dangerous than the law students I drive to the prison with."

The lesson is clear: Be firmer in punishing younger offenders and don't clog up the prisons with older ones. A three-strikes law will have the reverse effect and cause the older prison population to mushroom, meaning that younger, more aggressive prisoners will be given shorter sentences.

That's the evidence from Texas, which already has a three-strikes policy and lots of long mandatory-sentence requirements. Texas politicians sound as if they're being tough on crime, but the opposite is true. Thanks to overcrowded prisons, Texas inmates serve only 11 percent of their sentences as compared with prisoners in California, who serve 50 percent of their allotted time. That figure will go down for California this year because the state also passed a three-strikes law and, like Texas, is unwilling to come up with the money for enough new jails to house the additional prisoners. The nonpartisan Office of Legislative Services in New Jersey analyzed the impact of three-strikes laws and concluded that "for every inmate who is not paroled as a result of this bill, an additional $80,000 in construction costs and $1 million in operating costs would be incurred over the lifetime of that inmate."

For political reasons, the new federal crime bill spreads the money evenly around the country rather than targeting it to crime-ridden areas. But money isn't the answer; ending the crazy war against drugs is. Every serious study of crime in this country points to drug profits as the main cause of criminal behavior. The so-called war on drugs has done nothing to curb the use of drugs and everything to raise their price and provide work for criminals.

The big lie in all this is that we have been soft on crime by giving criminals slap-on-the-wrist sentences or not sending them to jail at all. Garbage. We have the largest per capita jail population in the world, with almost 1 million people behind bars. We have been tough on crime for 15 years and it hasn't calmed anyone's fears. During the Eighties, the prison population increased 168 percent, a huge prison-building program was undertaken and long mandatory sentences became the rage for hundreds of crimes. Still we have the highest crime rate in the world.

The fallacy lies in the assumption that there is a given number of criminals, and if you just lock them up, crime will go down. However, the gap between the poverty of ghettos and the riches afforded by the drug trade is such that there is no shortage of new candidates willing to take the place of those drug dealers sent off to prison. Although 60 percent of federal inmates are in jail for drug-related crimes, there has been no noticeable decline in drug dealing.

The result of the crackdown on drugs has been carnage in the ghetto. African Americans are the main victims of crime, being three times more likely to be robbed than white people and seven times more likely to be murdered. As *The Economist* points out, "The average American murder victim is a 12-to-15-year-old black boy."

Clearly, the death penalty is alive and well in the streets without any of the nagging limitations placed by the courts on official executions. Yet thousands of fresh recruits show up for the drug trade because it's the only profitable game on their side of town. That's the equation that must be changed, not the amount of time these hapless souls serve in prison.

If we're not ready for the enlightened drug policies of the Netherlands and Germany, let's give up the pretense of civilized society and try an across-the-board death penalty—or at least caning.

SURGEON GENERAL'S WARNING: Smoking Causes Lung Cancer, Heart Disease, Emphysema, And May Complicate Pregnancy.

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Kings: 17 mg. "tar", 1.2 mg. nicotine;
Lights Kings: 9 mg. "tar", 0.7 mg. nicotine av. per cigarette by FTC Method.

PLAYBOY INTERVIEW: DAVID GEFFEN

a candid conversation with the billionaire showbiz mogul about real power, false gossip, dating cher and how he became the most powerful gay man in america

His office on Sunset Boulevard in West Hollywood is tastefully furnished with white couches, a vase filled with tulips and, appropriately, many telephones. Using one, David Geffen tells a secretary to hold his calls, "except," he says, "anybody calling back about tomorrow night."

During the next three hours, he hears from a number of the most powerful people in the entertainment industry: Michael Ovitz, Lew Wasserman, Steven Spielberg, Barry Diller, Jeffrey Katzenberg, Ted Field, Mo Ostin.

After talking business or chatting about families, Geffen informs each caller of a meeting the following night. "The president will be passing through," he says. "He would like to get together with a small group of us."

It's no surprise that Geffen is Bill Clinton's point man for the evening. In the past three decades, Geffen has become one of the entertainment world's most influential—and wealthiest—men, a Hollywood business genius who has created and run two highly profitable record companies, has made a series of successful films and has backed a host of hit Broadway plays. He is also a political heavyweight and perhaps the most powerful openly gay man in America.

Geffen has never written a song or a screenplay, but he has an unerring ability to spot talent in others, and he helps them use their talents to the fullest. Few agents have forged creative partnerships the way Geffen has, and fewer still have moved from agent to mogul with such ease.

As a movie producer, Geffen is behind such films as "Risky Business," "Beetlejuice," "The Last Boy Scout," "Defending Your Life," "After Hours," "Lost in America," "Little Shop of Horrors" and "Personal Best." The plays he has helped produce include "Cats," "Dreamgirls," "Miss Saigon" and "M. Butterfly," which was also made into a Geffen film.

But Geffen's influence has been most felt in the music business. In 1970 he formed Asylum Records, which quickly became one of the most successful record labels in the industry. The California rock sound of that era featured such Asylum artists as Linda Ronstadt, Jackson Browne, J.D. Souther and the Eagles (the top-selling band for several years). Geffen now runs Geffen Records, which has turned out to be even more successful. With an artist roster that includes Guns n' Roses, Nirvana, Don Henley, Peter Gabriel and Aerosmith, Geffen Records had sales last year of $400 million.

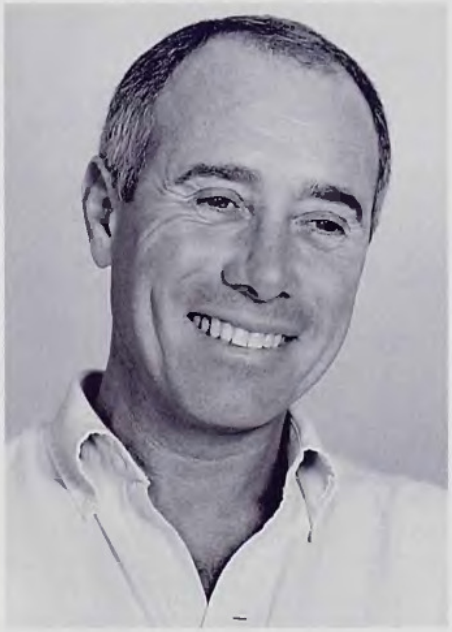
At the age of 18, Geffen worked as an usher at CBS Studios. He landed a job in the mailroom at the William Morris Agency two years later, earning $55 a week. Within five years he was an agent making $2 million.

From initial clients such as the Association and Joni Mitchell, he came to represent many of the stars who would define a generation of music: Crosby, Stills, Nash & Young, Janis Joplin, James Taylor, Bob Dylan. But Geffen was more than an agent and manager—he became a driving force in his own right within the music world. Joni Mitchell based her song "Free Man in Paris" on Geffen and his life.

In 1990 he sold his company to MCA, the entertainment conglomerate that owns Universal Pictures. His take was 10 million shares of MCA stock. When MCA was acquired by Matsushita, Geffen's stock was suddenly worth more than $700 million. The year he cashed it in, he reportedly paid more taxes than any other American. He still serves as his company's chairman and earns a salary of $600,000 a year, which he donates to his foundation, a charitable organization that gives away millions annually.

As his bank accounts grew (he is now reportedly worth more than $1.2 billion), Geffen was nearly as visible as the stars he backed. He had a torrid romance with Cher—which began while she was still doing "The Sonny and Cher Comedy Hour"—and he later dated Marlo Thomas. By 1980, however, he had come to terms with his

"I get letters from people in Anne Rice's fan clubs who are unhappy about Cruise playing Lestat. They wanted Julian Sands. But the director casts the movie, not the fans. I don't give a shit that some people don't like it."



"I went from making $55 a week in the mailroom to making $2 million in just five years. It was a quick ride. It gave me what people refer to as 'fuck you' money. I could genuinely be fearless about the future."

PHOTOGRAPHY BY MIZUNO

"Right now, I'm completely gay. But I'd be lying if I said that it's inconceivable to me that I might meet a woman and fall in love. I'm not looking to and I don't hope that I will, but I might. Because that's real life."

homosexuality, and by 1992 he had become one of the most important forces in the gay rights movement. At an AIDS Project benefit in Los Angeles, he and Barbra Streisand were honored for their contributions. "The Advocate," the nation's leading gay publication, named him Man of the Year. When President Clinton was forming a policy regarding gays in the military, Geffen was a strong voice against a ban. He lobbied Washington and took out full-page ads in newspapers.

Geffen is known to be a tough but generous boss. A loyal secretary retired and reportedly received a check for $5 million. Geffen treats himself well, too. He purchased, for $47.5 million, the Beverly Hills Georgian mansion that once belonged to Jack Warner of Warner Bros. He flies around the world in a $20 million Gulfstream IV jet that is decked out like a hotel suite, and he owns a beach house in Malibu and an apartment in New York. He also has a museum-worthy collection of paintings by such artists as David Hockney, Willem de Kooning, Jasper Johns, Jackson Pollock, Roy Lichtenstein and Andy Warhol.

In a city known for its rich and powerful people, Geffen is about the richest and most powerful person in town. Contributing Editor **David Sheff**, *who last interviewed the Who's Pete Townshend, met with Geffen. He reports:*

"There was a lot going on around Geffen when we met up at Geffen Records in Hollywood. His label had just launched the latest Guns n' Roses LP, and there was a controversy because the album included a song written by Charles Manson. More Geffen records were coming from such heavyweights as Nirvana, the reunited Eagles and Peter Gabriel. His movie company, meanwhile, had announced 'Beavis & Butt-head' and 'Barney' movies. It had begun 'Interview With the Vampire,' directed by Neil Jordan. Fans of Anne Rice's novels were protesting the choice of Tom Cruise to play the main character, the vampire Lestat. And the death of River Phoenix had caused a last-minute cast change, with Christian Slater taking over Phoenix' role as the interviewer. There was also disarray because of a renovation in progress, and movers were attempting to force a large desk around a tight stairway corner.

"Nonetheless, Geffen was affable and relaxed. In his blue shirt, khaki pants and sneakers, he comes across as youthful and mischievous. A reporter once described him 'in cap and T-shirt, padding around his mansion like some mid-life version of Kevin in "Home Alone."'

"Despite his laid-back demeanor, I found Geffen to be candid, direct and fearless. Of course, anyone who makes $700 million in one business deal cannot be easily intimidated, even by the toughest questions."

PLAYBOY: Is it true that one must be extremely tough, even ruthless, to make it in Hollywood?

GEFFEN: People who are fools don't get to be successful, and they don't get to be successful if they are worried about their popularity.

PLAYBOY: A Hollywood executive said that you will do anything for your friends but, as he put it, "If you are his enemy you might as well kill yourself." True?

GEFFEN: If you're successful, people talk about you. There's nothing you can do about it. People make up stories. At the end of *Liberty Valance*, it says something like, "When the legend is bigger than the man, print the legend." The bullshit is more interesting than the truth.

PLAYBOY: But do you go after people? The executive who said that claims he lost his job because of you.

GEFFEN: I had nothing to do with his losing his job. The fact is I got him that job.

PLAYBOY: The implication is that you get revenge.

GEFFEN: My mother used to tell me when I was a kid, "You never have to get revenge. All you have to do is live long enough."

PLAYBOY: So is show business just another business?

GEFFEN: It's more interesting—to me.

"The gossip columnists print lies, misinformation, innuendos, untruths and half-truths that are irresponsible and meanspirited."

But somebody else might think it's just another business.

PLAYBOY: Isn't there more of a microscope on show business than on others?

GEFFEN: There has always been a tremendous obsession with television and movie stars, and with the people involved with the business.

PLAYBOY: Is that attention a burden?

GEFFEN: I don't view it as good or bad. To complain about it would be silly.

PLAYBOY: How accurate is media coverage of Hollywood?

GEFFEN: The reporters who cover this business for the big papers and magazines are often inaccurate. The gossip columnists print lies, misinformation, innuendos, untruths and half-truths that are irresponsible and meanspirited.

PLAYBOY: Recently it was reported that you tried to stop the publication of *Obsession*, the tell-all biography of your friend Calvin Klein, by offering the publisher $5 million. Is that accurate?

GEFFEN: They said I did it because I am such a loyal friend. Well, I'm not that good a friend. [*Laughs*]

PLAYBOY: So it's untrue?

GEFFEN: It's such a hilarious charge. I wouldn't offer $5 million to stop a book about *me*! It's absurd. People will do anything for attention.

PLAYBOY: Who exactly?

GEFFEN: The writer, Steven Gaines, spread that rumor to get publicity for the book, which is an utter and complete piece of shit. The fact that anyone would take it seriously is astounding to me. I was accused by this jerk of getting Putnam not to publish the book. Well, Putnam likely dropped the book because a high-class publisher would not want to market this kind of crap. For the record, however, I have never met or spoken to the publisher and I have never made any effort to influence her one way or another—and could not have if I had tried.

PLAYBOY: The press also had a field day with your latest movie, *Interview With the Vampire*. What drew you to this project?

GEFFEN: I loved the book, and I thought a wonderful movie could be made from it. I got Neil Jordan, director of *The Crying Game*, to write a script, which is absolutely extraordinary. I'm very excited about this one.

PLAYBOY: Do you agree that Tom Cruise is an odd choice to play the vampire Lestat?

GEFFEN: It's a different kind of character than he's chosen to play in the past, but he's an extraordinary actor and is capable of playing all kinds of parts. And I don't give a shit that some people don't like the idea.

PLAYBOY: The people who are most upset are the diehard fans of the Lestat books—and Anne Rice.

GEFFEN: I get all these letters from people in Anne Rice's fan clubs who are unhappy about Cruise playing Lestat. They wanted Julian Sands. But the director casts the movie, not the fans.

PLAYBOY: Rice wanted Sands, too. Do you feel bad that the creator of a work is unhappy with what you are doing?

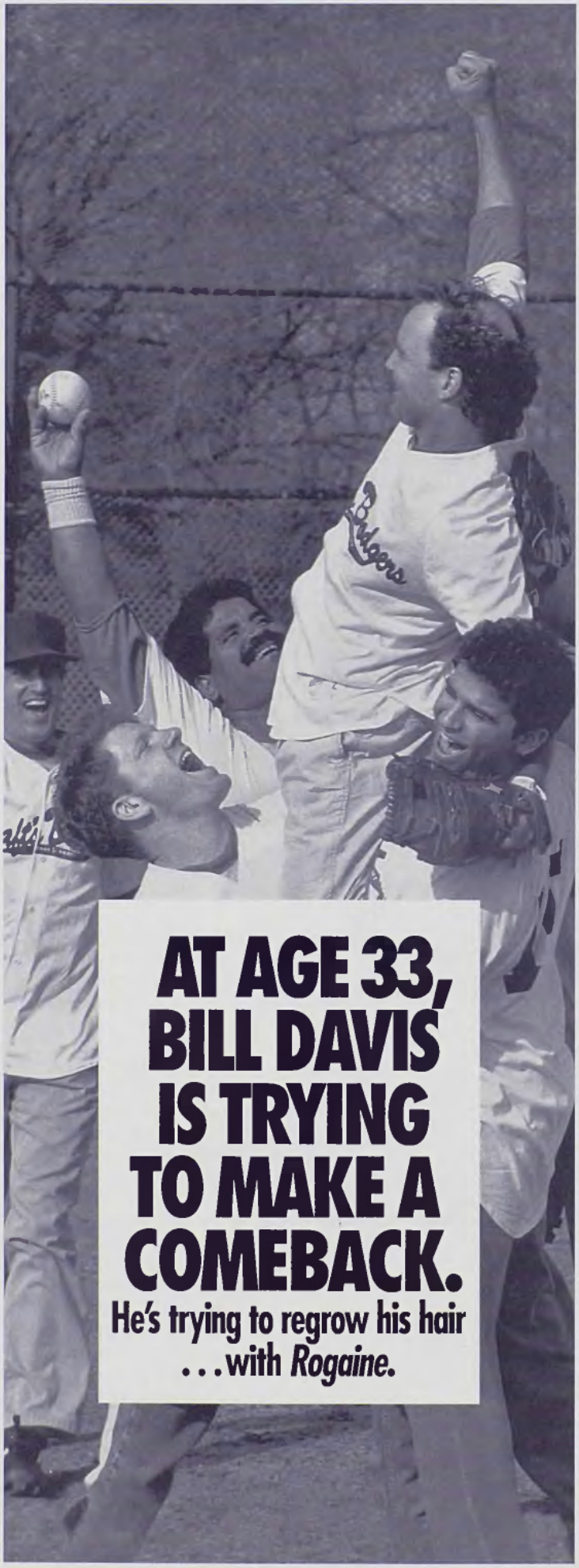
GEFFEN: I don't feel bad about it at all. People were outraged when Vivien Leigh was cast in the role of Scarlett O'Hara. Today it is unthinkable that anybody else could have played it. The fact that someone writes a good book doesn't mean their ideas for the movie are good. Margaret Mitchell had nothing to do with the movie version of *Gone With the Wind*, or Hemingway with that of *For Whom the Bell Tolls*. They sold the rights. That's the way it works. And all the worry about Tom in this part will disappear when people see the movie. He is astounding. I guess all the criticism inspired him to do his best work.

PLAYBOY: When you hired David Cronenberg to direct *M. Butterfly*, you said you would leave him alone until the film was completed——

GEFFEN: And I did.

PLAYBOY: Isn't that risky?

GEFFEN: Very. However, I'm a great



AT AGE 33, BILL DAVIS IS TRYING TO MAKE A COMEBACK.

He's trying to regrow his hair . . . with *Rogaine*.

Accepting loss on or off the field was never Bill's style. So when he saw he was losing his hair, Bill couldn't just accept it. He had to do something about it. But toupees and weaves, hair transplants and scalp reductions weren't for him. That's why Bill was pleased when he found out about *Rogaine*® Topical Solution (minoxidil topical solution 2%). For male pattern baldness, only *Rogaine* has been medically proven to regrow hair.

How *Rogaine* works.

The exact mechanism by which minoxidil stimulates hair growth is unknown. But many scientists believe that *Rogaine* works, in part, by taking advantage of the existing hair's growth cycle. Prolong the growth cycle so that more hairs grow longer and thicker at the same time, and you may see improved scalp coverage. Bill liked that. He wasn't looking for miracles. Just having even a little more hair could make a difference in how he wore and styled his hair.

He also liked the idea that if he responded to treatment with *Rogaine*, the change would be gradual. Since natural hair grows slowly, over time, the change in his appearance wouldn't be instantaneous the way a toupee or a hair weave can be.

Will *Rogaine* work for you?

Dermatologists conducted 12-month clinical tests. After 4 months, 26% of patients using *Rogaine* reported moderate to dense hair regrowth, compared with 11% of those using a placebo (a similar solution without the active ingredient in *Rogaine*).

After 1 year of use, almost half of the men who continued using *Rogaine* rated their regrowth as moderate (40%) to dense (8%). Thirty-six percent reported minimal regrowth. The rest (16%) had no regrowth.

Rogaine should only be applied to a normal, healthy scalp (not sunburned or irritated). *Side effects?* About 7% of those who used *Rogaine* had some itching of the scalp. (Roughly 5% of those using a placebo reported the same minor irritations.)

Make a commitment to see results.

Studies indicate it usually takes *at least 4 months of twice-daily treatment before there is evidence of regrowth.* If you're younger, have been losing your hair for a shorter period of time, and have less initial hair loss, you're more likely to have a better response.

Keep in mind that *Rogaine* is a treatment, not a cure. So further progress is only possible by using it continuously. If you stop using it, you will probably shed your newly regrown hair within a few months. If you respond to *Rogaine*, you'll find it's easy to make it a part of your daily routine.

The facts are free.

Want to try making your own comeback? Call **1-800-262-6767** right now and we'll send you a free, confidential Information Kit to help get you into the game. **And since you need a prescription to get *Rogaine***, we'll also include a list of local dermatologists and other doctors who may be able to offer you a free, private hair-loss consultation.*

Why not make the call today? Call 1-800-262-6767 today for a free Information Kit on

Rogaine® TOPICAL SOLUTION minoxidil 2%

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*Not available in all areas.

See next page for important additional information.

Rogaine®
TOPICAL SOLUTION minoxidil 2%

The only product ever proven to regrow hair.

What is ROGAINE?
ROGAINE Topical Solution is a prescription medicine for use on the scalp that is used to treat a type of hair loss in men and women known as androgenetic alopecia: hair loss of the scalp vertex (top or crown of the head) in men and diffuse hair loss or thinning of the front and top of the scalp in women. ROGAINE is a topical form of minoxidil, for use on the scalp.

How effective is ROGAINE?
In men: Clinical studies with ROGAINE of over 2,300 men with male pattern baldness involving the top (vertex) of the head were conducted by physicians in 27 US medical centers. Based on patient evaluations of regrowth at the end of 4 months, 26% of the patients using ROGAINE had moderate to dense hair regrowth compared with 11% who used a placebo treatment (no active ingredient). No regrowth was reported by 41% of those using ROGAINE and 58% of those using a placebo. By the end of 1 year, 48% of those who continued to use ROGAINE rated their hair growth as moderate or better.

In women: A clinical study of women with hair loss was conducted by doctors in 11 US medical centers. Based on patients' self-ratings of regrowth after 32 weeks, 59% of the women using ROGAINE rated their hair regrowth as moderate (19%) or minimal (40%). For comparison, 40% of the women using placebo (no active ingredient) rated their hair regrowth as moderate (7%) or minimal (33%). No regrowth was reported by 41% of the group using ROGAINE and 60% of the group using placebo.

How soon can I expect results from using ROGAINE?
Studies show that the response time to ROGAINE may differ greatly from one person to another. Some people using ROGAINE may see results faster than others; others may respond with a slower rate of hair regrowth. You should not expect visible regrowth in less than 4 months.

How long do I need to use ROGAINE?
ROGAINE is a hair-loss treatment, not a cure. If you have new hair growth, you will need to continue using ROGAINE to keep or increase hair regrowth. If you do not begin to show new hair growth with ROGAINE after a reasonable period of time (at least 4 months), your doctor may advise you to discontinue using ROGAINE.

What happens if I stop using ROGAINE? Will I keep the new hair?
Probably not. People have reported that new hair growth was shed after they stopped using ROGAINE.

How much ROGAINE should I use?
You should apply a 1-mL dose of ROGAINE twice a day to your clean dry scalp, once in the morning and once at night before bedtime. Wash your hands after use if your fingers are used to apply ROGAINE. ROGAINE must remain on the scalp for at least 4 hours to ensure penetration into the scalp. Do not wash your hair for at least 4 hours after applying it. If you wash your hair before applying ROGAINE, be sure your scalp and hair are dry when you apply it. *Please refer to the Instructions for Use* in the package.

What if I miss a dose or forget to use ROGAINE?
Do not try to make up for missed applications of ROGAINE. You should restart your twice-daily doses and return to your usual schedule.

What are the most common side effects reported in clinical studies with ROGAINE?
Itching and other skin irritations of the treated scalp area were the most common side effects directly linked to ROGAINE in clinical studies. About 7 of every 100 people who used ROGAINE (7%) had these complaints.

Other side effects, including light-headedness, dizziness, and headaches, were reported both by people using ROGAINE and by those using the placebo solution with no minoxidil. You should ask your doctor to discuss side effects of ROGAINE with you.

People who are extra sensitive or allergic to minoxidil, propylene glycol, or ethanol should not use ROGAINE.

ROGAINE Topical Solution contains alcohol, which could cause burning or irritation of the eyes or sensitive skin areas. If ROGAINE accidentally gets into these areas, rinse the area with large amounts of cool tap water. Contact your doctor if the irritation does not go away.

What are some of the side effects people have reported?
ROGAINE was used by 3,857 patients (347 females) in placebo-controlled clinical trials. Except for dermatologic events (involving the skin), no individual reaction or reactions grouped by body systems appeared to be more common in the minoxidil-treated patients than in placebo-treated patients.

Dermatologic: irritant or allergic contact dermatitis—7.36%; **Respiratory:** bronchitis, upper respiratory infection, sinusitis—7.16%; **Gastrointestinal:** diarrhea, nausea, vomiting—4.33%; **Neurologic:** headache, dizziness, faintness, light-headedness—3.42%; **Musculoskeletal:** fractures, neck pain, tendinitis, aches and pains—2.59%; **Cardiovascular:** edema, chest pain, blood pressure increases/decreases, palpitations, pulse rate increases/decreases—1.53%; **Allergic:** nonspecific allergic reactions, hives, allergic rhinitis, facial swelling, and sensitivity—1.27%; **Matabolic-Nutritional:** edema, weight gain—1.24%; **Special Senses:** conjunctivitis, ear infections, vertigo—1.17%; **Genital Tract:** prostatitis, epididymitis, vaginitis, vulvitis, vaginal discharge/itching—0.91%; **Urinary Tract:** urinary tract infections, renal calculi, urethritis—0.93%; **Endocrine:** menstrual changes, breast symptoms—0.47%; **Psychiatric:** anxiety, depression, fatigue—0.36%; **Hematologic:** lymphadenopathy, thrombocytopenia, anemia—0.31%.

ROGAINE use has been monitored for up to 5 years, and there has been no change in incidence or severity of reported adverse reactions. Additional adverse events have been reported since marketing ROGAINE and include eczema; hypertrichosis (excessive hair growth); local erythema (redness); pruritus (itching); dry skin/scalp flaking; sexual dysfunction; visual disturbances, including decreased visual acuity (clarity); increase in hair loss; and alopecia (hair loss).

What are the possible side effects that could affect the heart and circulation when using ROGAINE?
Serious side effects have not been linked to ROGAINE in clinical studies. However, it is possible that they could occur if more than the recommended dose of ROGAINE were applied, because the active ingredient in ROGAINE is the same as that in minoxidil tablets. These effects appear to be dose related; that is, more effects are seen with higher doses.

Because very small amounts of minoxidil reach the blood when the recommended dose of ROGAINE is applied to the scalp, you should know about certain effects that may occur when the tablet form of minoxidil is used to treat high blood pressure. Minoxidil tablets lower blood pressure by relaxing the arteries, an effect called vasodilation. Vasodilation leads to fluid retention and faster heart rate. The following effects have occurred in some patients taking minoxidil tablets for high blood pressure:

Increased heart rate: some patients have reported that their resting heart rate increased by more than 20 beats per minute.
Salt and water retention: weight gain of more than 5 pounds in a short period of time or swelling of the face, hands, ankles, or stomach area.
Problems breathing: especially when lying down; a result of a buildup of body fluids or fluid around the heart.
Worsening or new attack of angina pectoris: brief, sudden chest pain.

When you apply ROGAINE to normal skin, very little minoxidil is absorbed. You probably will not have the possible effects caused by minoxidil tablets when you use ROGAINE. If, however, you experience any of the possible side effects listed above, stop using ROGAINE and consult your doctor. Any such effects would be most likely if ROGAINE was used on damaged or inflamed skin or in greater than recommended amounts.

In animal studies, minoxidil, in much larger amounts than would be absorbed from topical use (on skin) in people, has caused important heart-structure damage. This kind of damage has not been seen in humans given minoxidil tablets for high blood pressure at effective doses.

What factors may increase the risk of serious side effects with ROGAINE?
People with a known or suspected heart condition or a tendency for heart failure would be at particular risk if increased heart rate or fluid retention were to occur. People with these kinds of heart problems should discuss the possible risks of treatment with their doctor if they choose to use ROGAINE.

ROGAINE should be used only on the balding scalp. Using ROGAINE on other parts of the body may increase minoxidil absorption, which may increase the chances of having side effects. You should not use ROGAINE if your scalp is irritated or sunburned, and you should not use it if you are using other skin treatments on your scalp.

Can people with high blood pressure use ROGAINE?
Most people with high blood pressure, including those taking high blood pressure medicine, can use ROGAINE but should be monitored closely by their doctor. Patients taking a blood pressure medicine called guanethidine should not use ROGAINE.

Should any precautions be followed?
People who use ROGAINE should see their doctor 1 month after starting ROGAINE and at least every 6 months thereafter. Stop using ROGAINE if any of the following occur: salt and water retention, problems breathing, faster heart rate, or chest pains.

Do not use ROGAINE if you are using other drugs applied to the scalp such as corticosteroids, retinoids, petrolatum, or agents that might increase absorption through the skin. ROGAINE is for use on the scalp only. Each 1 mL of solution contains 20 mg minoxidil, and accidental ingestion could cause unwanted effects.

Are there special precautions for women?
Pregnant women and nursing mothers should not use ROGAINE. Also, its effects on women during labor and delivery are not known. Efficacy in postmenopausel women has not been studied. Studies show the use of ROGAINE will not affect menstrual cycle length, amount of flow, or duration of the menstrual period. Discontinue using ROGAINE and consult your doctor as soon as possible if your menstrual period does not occur at the expected time.

Can ROGAINE be used by children?
No, the safety and effectiveness of ROGAINE has not been tested in people under age 18.

Caution: Federal law prohibits dispensing without a prescription. You must see a doctor to receive a prescription.

Upjohn | DERMATOLOGY DIVISION

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believer in David Cronenberg, and I was happy with the movie. I would have made different choices, particularly in casting John Lone as Song Liling. He was not believable as a woman, and the audience had difficulty believing that Jeremy Irons' character could be fooled. But I had faith in Cronenberg—win, lose or draw.

PLAYBOY: If you disagreed with a director, would you override his decision?

GEFFEN: It depends on the circumstances. I would actively campaign for my view, but in the end I would prefer to let a director make the movie that he wanted to make.

PLAYBOY: Didn't you fire the director of *Personal Best*, Bob Towne, because you didn't like the way the movie was going?

GEFFEN: No. I closed down the movie because it was going wildly over budget, and he was out of control at that time. In the end, though, he finished the movie. There have been times when I've become more involved in the content of movies. I changed the end of *Risky Business*. In the original script, Tom Cruise's character, Joel Goodson, did not get into Princeton. I made them change that. I believed that if you got Princeton's admissions director laid, you'd get into Princeton. Also, I thought the audience would want that, so we changed it. It's a process. Sometimes you disagree and sometimes you find yourself unable not to get involved. But I don't aspire to be involved in the process other than when I put it together and then, perhaps, at the end, during editing.

PLAYBOY: Have you become better about knowing which of your movies will be hits?

GEFFEN: I'm always amazed. When we made *Risky Business*, Warner Bros. didn't think much of the film and decided not even to open it at some of the best theaters. *Cujo*, which it released the same day, got all the best theaters because it was thought it had a better chance of being successful. And *Risky Business* ended up being a classic of the Eighties and made Tom Cruise a star. *Beetlejuice* was also enormously successful, but we had no idea it would be. The movie was completed, and the director, Tim Burton, and I sat in the screening room and looked at each other and shook our heads. We thought that we had gotten away with something we liked very much but which was pretty wild. We were working on the movie right until the end. We had to invent a whole new beginning and a whole new end.

PLAYBOY: What was the problem?

GEFFEN: Nothing much, other than the fact that the story didn't make sense. So we fixed it up and held our breaths and put it out. I didn't even stick around for the opening. It opened on Easter weekend, and I took off—I went on a boat trip with Steve Ross [former chairman of

Time Warner] to the Caribbean. We called in and were told it was the biggest Easter opening in the history of the movie business. We were stunned. It went on to gross an enormous amount of money.

PLAYBOY: Do your movies reflect your taste?

GEFFEN: In a way. I try to choose things that will make interesting movies that won't lose money. I don't even say that a movie has to make money, but the bottom line is that it has to at least break even. I don't want to be responsible for failure.

PLAYBOY: Do you have to believe in a movie to make it?

GEFFEN: Yes.

PLAYBOY: Are there exceptions?

GEFFEN: *The Last Boy Scout*. I'm kind of embarrassed to have my name on that one because of the violence and bad taste. It's not the type of movie I want to make.

PLAYBOY: Then why did you make it?

GEFFEN: Someone who once worked here believed in it. And, although it's not my kind of movie, it did make money. Because of it, I was able to give away about $2 million to charities, which is probably the best thing about *The Last Boy Scout*.

PLAYBOY: Would you make a movie that would probably lose money if you felt strongly about it?

GEFFEN: No, because it doesn't affect just me. I don't want the people at Warner Bros., who finance my movies, to be in trouble because of some decision I've made. So far I've given them excellent films, and even the ones that haven't been very successful haven't lost a lot of money.

PLAYBOY: How did you get into the theater business?

GEFFEN: At the invitation of Michael Bennett, who was a close friend. At the time he was putting together a workshop of a show that he called *Big Dreams*, which we changed to *Dreamgirls*. That got me started. I had a lot of fun and I loved working with Michael, who was one of the most talented people I've ever met.

PLAYBOY: What are the major differences between the theater, record and movie businesses?

GEFFEN: There are a zillion differences. There's very little that's similar. The music business is by far the most progressive because it costs less money to make a record.

PLAYBOY: Why does that make it more progressive?

GEFFEN: Because artists who are just starting their careers get to make records, and there's much more room for experimentation. Movies cost millions of dollars to make and to market, so fewer people get a chance to do them. As many records get put out by the industry in a month or a week as movies get made in a year. If we put out a record and it doesn't do well, no one gets fired. But if you make a movie for $40 million or more and it fails, people lose their jobs.

"Chicken wings"
-Dan Marino

"Blackened salmon"
- Payne Stewart

"Chili"
-Randy Travis

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So What Do You Put It On?

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PLAYBOY: Is the record company your greatest passion?

GEFFEN: It takes up most of my time, but at any given moment I'm passionate about whatever project I'm working on. My mother taught me to love my work.

PLAYBOY: Was she the one who trained you for business?

GEFFEN: I learned everything about business from her. I watched her sell, work with suppliers, do the books, pay the bills, make the deals. She enabled me to have a successful life because of it. She started a business sewing undergarments in our house and then moved it into a small shop. We used to go there to eat lunch and dinner, because she was working all the time—we almost lived at the shop.

PLAYBOY: Did you always have enough money?

GEFFEN: We had enough to eat and be clothed, but we didn't have much money. I was never able to have clothes that fit me. They were always bigger, so I could grow into them. Since I was quite small and thin, I often looked ridiculous.

PLAYBOY: What did your father do?

GEFFEN: He almost never worked, which is why my mother took the responsibility of supporting the family. She didn't want to be on welfare.

PLAYBOY: Why didn't he work?

GEFFEN: It's not that he didn't want to work; he wasn't successful at it. He couldn't seem to keep a job, and he wasn't highly motivated. He liked to read, and he read in many languages. He was kind of an intellectual and eccentric, maybe a little lazy. He died when I was 18.

PLAYBOY: Were your mother and father immigrants?

GEFFEN: She was from Russia and he was from Poland, but they met in Palestine. When he was young my father worked as a telegraph operator, saved money and went on a world tour. He met my mother, who had made her way to Palestine after the Russian Revolution. She had fled and never again saw her family except for a sister who, years later, wrote to my mother about what had happened to the rest of her family. It gave my mother a nervous breakdown and she was institutionalized for about six months.

PLAYBOY: Was her family killed in the Holocaust?

GEFFEN: Not exactly. They lived in the Ukraine, and as the Nazis were crossing into Russia from Europe, the Ukrainians went on a rampage in the town where my mother's family lived. They killed all the Jews they could get their hands on before the Nazis arrived. My mother's sister survived because she wasn't home, and my mother because she had already left for America.

PLAYBOY: How old were you when your mother had the nervous breakdown?

GEFFEN: I was six, and the whole episode was confusing and terrifying for me. We went from having a mother who ran her own business to having a mother who was in a hospital where we visited her. It

was embarrassing because all my friends thought she was crazy. It was frightening because her business shut down, but when she got out six months later, she went to work and eventually everything got back to normal.

PLAYBOY: Did she resent your father?

GEFFEN: I'm not sure. But my brother and I were disappointed in him. We blamed him for all the things we couldn't have and all the things we thought he should be doing. But in the end he did the best he could, I'm sure.

PLAYBOY: Were there fun times, too?

GEFFEN: I went to the movies a lot, which was magic for me. I remember seeing *Singin' in the Rain* over and over again one day. My mother called the police because I didn't come home, but I was mesmerized by it. I guess it was a sign of what was to come.

PLAYBOY: According to your yearbook, you were going to be a dentist.

GEFFEN: You had to say you were going to be something, and my mother would have liked me to be a dentist, a doctor or a lawyer. But there was no chance. I was a lousy student. I went on to flunk out of two colleges before I got my first job in show business, as an usher at CBS. I began ushering for *The Judy Garland Show*, *The Danny Kaye Show* and *The Red Skelton Show*. I loved it. I thought, I would pay them to be able to watch this stuff.

PLAYBOY: So you decided that show business was for you?

GEFFEN: Well, I was a poor kid from Brooklyn with no talent. It never occurred to me that I could be in show business. But I looked for other jobs on the periphery of show business. I worked as a receptionist at a production company and then got a job in the mailroom at the William Morris Agency. Instantly I knew I was in the right place.

PLAYBOY: How did you know?

GEFFEN: As I delivered the mail, I listened to the people in the offices talking on the phone, making deals. I thought, like that song in *A Chorus Line*, "I can do that." They just bullshitted on the phone. When I went to the doctor or the dentist, it never occurred to me that I could be a doctor or a dentist. I knew I couldn't. I knew I wasn't smart or studious or dedicated enough. But I could be an agent. I knew it in a day. And getting there became the most important thing in my life.

PLAYBOY: Is the story that you lied on your application to William Morris true?

GEFFEN: Yeah. Thirty-one years ago I lied. I said I had graduated from UCLA, because a college degree was a requirement for the job. I'd been there a week and was excited about the possibilities for my life for the first time, and another guy in the mailroom was fired. When I asked him what happened, he said that he had lied on his application about going to college. I got sick to my stomach. From that day on, I got in early every morning and went through every single piece of mail that came into the agency, looking for the letter from UCLA saying they had never heard of me. I told that story to *The New York Times* for the 87th time, and all these people wrote letters to the editor that said my career is based on a fraud. Some people just don't get it. If a lie alone would make a career, everyone would do it.

PLAYBOY: It's odd that you need a college degree to work in the mailroom in the first place.

GEFFEN: It's obviously silly. Here I am, one of the most successful graduates of the William Morris Agency.

PLAYBOY: How does one climb from mailroom clerk to agent at William Morris?

GEFFEN: You do just that; you climb the ladder. A job opened and I went for it. I was a secretary to one of the agents, typing and taking dictation. Then I became an assistant to another agent. I quickly figured out that the way to be most successful was to be a signer, a person who brought talent into the agency. So, almost immediately, I went out and started signing people.

PLAYBOY: How do you do that if you're not yet an agent?

GEFFEN: You recognize the talent, then try to convince them that they want you, and then you have to convince the

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people at the agency that they want the artists. You have to be realistic. You're certainly not going to be able to go after a major star when you're 21 years old. I went after people who were brand-new and who I thought were talented.

PLAYBOY: Did you find anyone who became a major star?

GEFFEN: By the time I became an agent, I had signed Jesse Colin Young, Joni Mitchell and the Association, which was big at that time because of *Windy*. It was the biggest act I brought to the agency at that point. We used to go to clubs every night, the Cafe a Go-Go and the Bitter End. In those days, you could find the Lovin' Spoonful at one club and Bill Cosby at another, Bob Dylan hanging out in the Village and Joni Mitchell at a coffeehouse.

PLAYBOY: Were you blown away by these artists?

GEFFEN: Completely. When I look back on that period, from 1965 to 1975, I was working with the people I mentioned, plus Crosby, Stills, Nash & Young, the Eagles, Laura Nyro, Jackson Browne, Linda Ronstadt, Janis Joplin, James Taylor—so many. It was very exciting. I couldn't believe the life I had. I couldn't believe the people I was talking with on the telephone.

PLAYBOY: As those artists emerged, did you have a sense you were involved in a completely new kind of entertainment?

GEFFEN: Not at the time. I was just working, frankly. But I can remember when I had Jimi Hendrix and Buddy Miles and Stephen Stills in my apartment in the Sixties. In *my* apartment. I couldn't believe it. Another time Jackson Browne, Jimmy Webb, Laura Nyro and Joni Mitchell were in my living room. The day Martin Luther King was killed, I was in a limousine with Leonard Cohen, Joni Mitchell and Laura Nyro, going to Joni's concert at Bryn Mawr. She was the opening act. People were spitting at the limousine and there was rioting in the streets. It was scary.

PLAYBOY: You were the free man in Paris Joni Mitchell wrote about. How do you feel about that song?

GEFFEN: It's a great song, but at the time she wrote it, I was embarrassed by it. I didn't want her to record it because it seemed like an invasion of privacy. It was so personal and revealing.

PLAYBOY: Were you a free man in Paris? What did that mean?

GEFFEN: Joni and I went to Paris with Robbie Robertson [of the Band] and his wife. Joni saw something that I didn't see. She heard me saying that I'd had enough of all this. I was getting to the point where I had had it with all the deals and the people. I was ODing on the music business. I was ODing on pop stars. I just couldn't take much more of it. Now, when I listen to the song, I realize how prescient she was. I didn't see it until much later.

PLAYBOY: When some of the artists that you discovered became stars, were you proud?

GEFFEN: Oh, God, yeah. I remember when I went to see Crosby, Stills and Nash do their first concert. It was at the Greek Theater. Joni Mitchell was their opening act. From there they were flying to Woodstock, which was going to be their third gig. Yeah, it was incredible that I was part of it in some way. Joni Mitchell wrote *Woodstock* in my apartment. I was there when she wrote it.

PLAYBOY: Did you go to Woodstock?

GEFFEN: No. When we got to La Guardia Airport and read in the *Times* that 400,000 people were there, sitting in mud, I said to Joni, "Forget it. Let's not go." We went to my apartment, and while we were there she wrote *Woodstock*.

PLAYBOY: Had you made your first million dollars by then?

GEFFEN: I'd made $2 million. As Laura Nyro's manager, I owned half of her publishing rights and I sold her catalog for $4 million, which gave me $2 million.

PLAYBOY: Did you tell your mother about that deal?

GEFFEN: Sure. She asked me how I did it, and I told her I advised people on their careers. She looked at me, puzzled, and said, "You?" A million dollars was more money than anyone in my family had ever even dreamed existed.

PLAYBOY: How did it affect you?

GEFFEN: In just five years I'd gone from making $55 a week in the mailroom to making $2 million. It was a quick ride. It gave me a lot of confidence and it gave me what people refer to as "fuck you" money. It wasn't as if I'd never have to work again, but I felt sure I would never be poor again. I could do what I wanted, and I could genuinely be fearless about the future. That's when I started Asylum Records.

PLAYBOY: What inspired you to start the company?

GEFFEN: I was managing Jackson Browne and couldn't get anyone to sign him; nobody thought he could sing. [Atlantic Records chief] Ahmet Ertegun suggested that if I really believed in Jackson as much as I said I did, I should start a record company and record him myself. So I started the label, and within a short time I'd also signed Joni Mitchell, the Eagles, Linda Ronstadt, J. D. Souther, Ned Doheny and Judy Sill. It became successful almost immediately.

PLAYBOY: Did Asylum appeal to artists because it was an alternative to the major labels?

GEFFEN: That appealed to them, but the main thing was that we were excited about them when other record companies simply weren't.

PLAYBOY: A lot of people are probably kicking themselves now.

GEFFEN: Everybody kicks themselves when they turn down something that turns out to be successful. We've all done

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it. But the problem isn't what you've passed on, it's what you haven't passed on. Well, at Asylum we had everybody. It was unbelievably successful. I sold Asylum in 1972 for $7 million. Seven million plus the money I had in the bank gave me $10 million. I thought I would be secure forever. Selling it was a stupid mistake, by the way—a mind-boggling, idiotic decision.

PLAYBOY: Why?

GEFFEN: Because a year later, it was worth $50 million.

PLAYBOY: At the time, did you think you would never work again? That you'd retire?

GEFFEN: No. But I knew I would never have fear again.

PLAYBOY: Whereas $2 million didn't do that?

GEFFEN: Two million would have done it, but it didn't feel that way to me. I didn't feel rich until 1972. Two million wasn't enough—it had to be bigger than that. It's not about reality. It's about how you feel. But when I had more than $10 million, I no longer could tell myself it was about money, which was a blow, by the way. It was difficult because as long as I believed money was the answer, I could work harder and make more, and I'd get to the answer. So when I had all this money and still didn't feel quite right, I crashed. I thought, Oh shit. Money isn't the answer. This, of course, is a revelation when you grow up poor and assume that money will solve everything.

PLAYBOY: Is that what Joni Mitchell had seen, this revelation?

GEFFEN: Yes. I was staying at the Inn on the Park Hotel in London. I'd smoked a joint and was lying on my bed, looking at the ceiling. That was when it hit me, and it was an enormous shock.

PLAYBOY: Money wasn't the answer to what?

GEFFEN: To being happy. It's not that I was miserable, but something was missing, and so I went into analysis. I was 29 years old and I had about $12 million, and I wasn't happy.

PLAYBOY: What was your life like outside the record company?

GEFFEN: I was alone. My life was work. It wasn't fulfilling enough.

PLAYBOY: What kind of therapy did you begin?

GEFFEN: Five-day-a-week analysis. It helped me tremendously.

PLAYBOY: Without trivializing it, what did you discover?

GEFFEN: Well, I began to realize that I had to take care of me. It wasn't enough to take care of Jackson Browne, Joni Mitchell, CSN&Y and the others, and it wasn't enough to amass a great fortune. There was little David, whom I had been ignoring completely, to take care of. I realized I had not dealt with a lot of my demons, the shit that you acquire growing up. So I started dealing with that, and I had to deal with my sexuality. I genuinely wasn't certain if I was straight or gay. In therapy I decided that I wanted to be straight, and I seriously began to date women.

PLAYBOY: Until then——

GEFFEN: I was sort of not doing anything. I was working. I had dates, but that was not a priority.

PLAYBOY: Many gay men say they knew about their sexuality when they were very young. You didn't?

GEFFEN: I knew I was interested in men, but I never had made the connection in my own head that I was gay.

PLAYBOY: Was the idea too threatening?

GEFFEN: It was a different time. I never allowed myself to consider it seriously. Obviously I thought it was a possibility, but it was a frightening possibility.

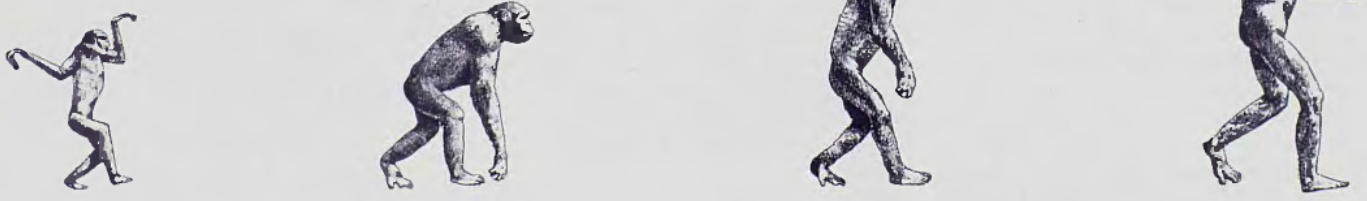
PLAYBOY: Was it frightening enough to repress?

GEFFEN: Absolutely. I did not want to be gay, or, I should say, I did not want to be what I had been conditioned to believe a gay man was. I had had sexual experiences with men early in my life, but I never thought or acknowledged to myself that I was homosexual. Then I decided I was straight, which is not the same thing as being straight.

PLAYBOY: Did you begin dating women?

GEFFEN: In 1973 Lou Adler and I started the Roxy. It was opening night for my

It took four million years of evolution



client Neil Young. I was sitting at a table with Bob Dylan when Lou came over and asked, "Is it all right if Cher sits with you?"

PLAYBOY: So Cher comes over and joins you and Dylan. Only in Hollywood.

GEFFEN: It gets better. Cher sat down next to me, and we talked all night. After, I invited her to have dinner at my house. And within three days we were living together.

PLAYBOY: Was this after Sonny and Cher were over?

GEFFEN: She was married to Sonny, and we fell in love—genuinely.

PLAYBOY: Was this your first time in love?

GEFFEN: Yes. She moved in with me, two blocks away from her house where she was living with Sonny, who was living with another woman in the same house he was living in with Cher. Their relationship as a legitimate married couple was over, but they were keeping the scam together for the public because they had the biggest television show in America—as a happily married couple.

PLAYBOY: And you're gay!

GEFFEN: I hadn't figured that out, so not only am I in love with a woman, but I'm in love with Cher. And she's in love with me. And it's all secret. You can't imagine how romantic it was. We couldn't be seen in public.

PLAYBOY: Was that part of the romance?

GEFFEN: Oh my God. Sure.

PLAYBOY: And it was Cher. Could it have been Jane Doe?

GEFFEN: It wasn't Jane Doe. It was Cher. Cher. And it was the most exciting year and a half of my life. Every morning I woke up and pinched myself. I could not believe that this was my life. Asylum Records, I'm living with Cher. I'm one of the richest men in town. It was just too much. And as it turned out, it really was too much. Because one day I discovered that Cher, my beloved, was screwing somebody behind my back—the bass player in the Average White Band. It was extremely painful for me, one of the most painful experiences I've had in my life. I never knew that that level of pain was possible.

PLAYBOY: Did you think you had a monogamous relationship?

GEFFEN: Cher had never been dishonest with me. She wanted me to allow her to have whatever experiences she needed. She had been in the relationship with Sonny from the time she was quite young. But for me it was like scraping a can opener over my brain. I became scared, mistrustful, paranoid.

PLAYBOY: Was that the end of your relationship?

GEFFEN: No. The end of our relationship was when I took her to the Troubadour to see Gregg Allman. In the middle of the show, a note was delivered to her, which wasn't unusual; people were always passing her notes. She said she was going to the bathroom. She was gone for a while. The show ended, and as we were leaving the club, Gregg Allman walked by and said to her, "I'll see you later."

I said, "What was that?" Cher told me the truth, which was that she had gone back to see him and she was interested in him. Once again I felt as though my heart had been ripped out.

PLAYBOY: Why did you let it happen again?

GEFFEN: I didn't. I knew that going through that experience again would be too detrimental.

PLAYBOY: She had had this other relationship, ended it and you were back together?

GEFFEN: We had never really come apart. I let her go through it the first time, and that relationship came to an end naturally. But when she told me she was interested in being with Gregg Allman, I left. I couldn't take it. She didn't want me to leave. She wanted me to let her have these experiences, but it was too much for me, so I moved out. I moved into Warren Beatty's house. He helped me get through that period. It was the worst decline of my life.

PLAYBOY: We don't think of Warren Beatty as the most sensitive guy to hang out with after a devastating breakup.

GEFFEN: Warren was incredibly kind and

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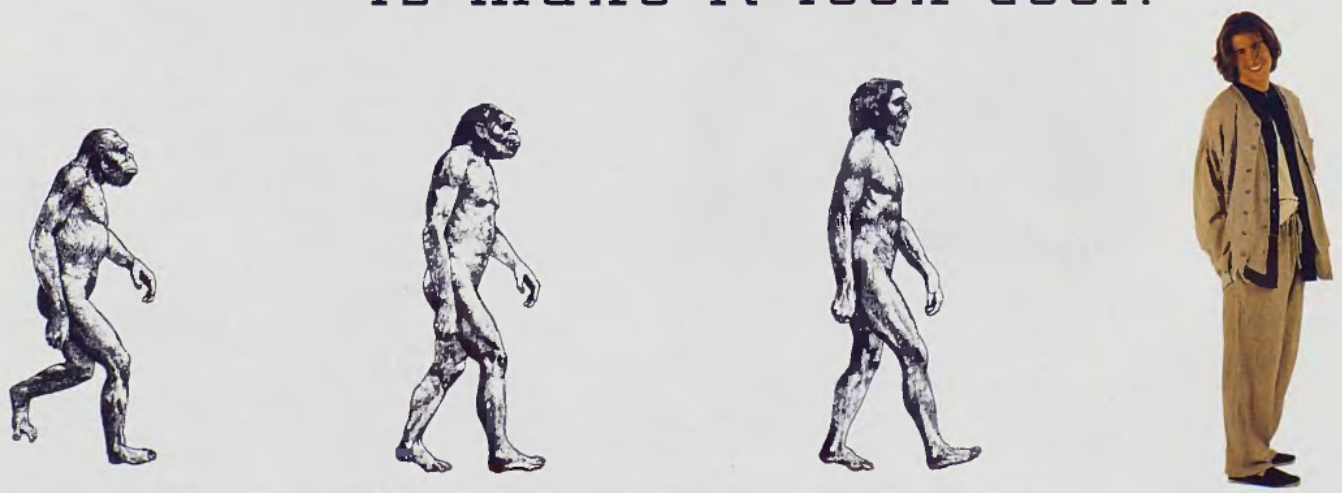

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supportive. We've been close friends for more than 25 years.

PLAYBOY: Then what happened?

GEFFEN: To make it worse, the newest issue of *Esquire* appeared with Cher on the cover. The cover line was, WHO'S MAN ENOUGH FOR THIS WOMAN? The story was about my relationship with Cher, but it was over! Who is man enough for this woman? Clearly I wasn't. It was the most embarrassing, humiliating thing that could possibly happen to anybody, right? I was crazy, nauseated, and I left the country. I went to Brazil. I returned and I was still crazy. I was seeing my therapist every day and speaking to him by telephone on weekends. I lived at the Beverly Hills Hotel in a bungalow. By then I was responsible for Cher beginning her solo career with the *Cher* show. I had put together the first three episodes, which were going to air, and she was with Allman. I had to watch the shows. And every time I picked up a magazine, she was on the cover, and I'd feel sick. I picked up an issue of *Time* and, in it, responding to a question about going from Sonny to me, she says, quote: "I traded one short ugly man for another."

PLAYBOY: Ouch.

GEFFEN: Yeah. You can't imagine how painful that was for me. That was her idea of humor; she wasn't sensitive enough to understand how painful it would be for me. We're friends now, but it was hell.

PLAYBOY: Did your therapy help?

GEFFEN: Of course. My therapist kept me from going insane. I was in so much anguish that a friend of mine suggested I go to est. A year earlier, [movie executive] Peter Guber had suggested that I go to est, and I looked at him like he was nuts. But, during that period, if somebody had suggested that my pain would go away if I became a Catholic, I would have become a Catholic. I would have done anything to get rid of the pain.

PLAYBOY: What did est do for you?

GEFFEN: It was an amazing experience. I realized, for the first time in my life, that I was responsible for everything that had happened to me. I was responsible for my life. I wasn't a victim, and I had no one to blame. It sounds trite, but it is an incredibly important lesson.

PLAYBOY: You have also been involved in other New Age self-help programs, such as Course in Miracles and Lifespring. How are they similar or different?

GEFFEN: They're completely different, but they both involve ways of dealing with your stuff, whatever it is.

PLAYBOY: How did you get involved with Marianne Williamson and her Course in Miracles?

GEFFEN: I went to a lecture and found it quite compelling. I returned a number of times and listened to her tapes and found some value in what she was saying. If someone says to me, "I tried this and it was valuable to me," I'll try it.

PLAYBOY: What does that say about you?
GEFFEN: I'm looking to get better, not to be right.
PLAYBOY: Many people view all that stuff as flaky.
GEFFEN: People who are cynical about those kinds of things are cynical in general. Well, they get to have their cynicism. I aspire to be better. It's hard to judge the value of things you have not tried yourself. I might try something and decide it's a waste of time. But more often I think I get something valuable out of these experiences.
PLAYBOY: All toward being happy?
GEFFEN: No, toward getting somewhat better. You die unhealed. If you work on yourself your whole life you will still die unhealed, but you'll have a better life if you continue to work on it. If you can heal some of the damage that comes from life, I think that's good. If you don't see it as valuable, then it won't be.
PLAYBOY: How did it help you get over things when Cher went off with Gregg Allman?
GEFFEN: All this work I did changed my life from that point forward. I was able to unburden myself of my pain over Cher. It still hurt, but I was able to move on. Soon after that I got fixed up with Marlo Thomas on a blind date, and within days we were in love with each other, and soon we were living together.
PLAYBOY: So you were still trying to be straight?
GEFFEN: It took until the end of that relationship for me to realize that I couldn't be straight.
PLAYBOY: Why did it take so long?
GEFFEN: It was a mind-boggling realization that came at the same time I was diagnosed as having a tumor. I was in the hospital waiting to find out whether it had spread, whether I was going to have to be mutilated or whether I would die. It all sank in then. I realized there is no time to waste in life. You have to live your life one day at a time. But I had been living a lie. Trust me, when someone tells you that you have cancer, it changes your life in a profound way.
PLAYBOY: How did it change your life?
GEFFEN: I thought, I'm going to live my life and see who I really am and what I really like, because I don't know. I had been trying to be something else, but from that point on I had to be who I was. Cancer made it imperative not to waste any more time.
PLAYBOY: What happened with your cancer?
GEFFEN: After four years I was told that I had been misdiagnosed. I had spent four years believing I could die, and so I understood that the future is an illusion.
PLAYBOY: Were you working during those four years?
GEFFEN: I had sold Asylum to Warner Bros. and tried working in movies at Warner Studio. My contract with Warner went through 1979, but I didn't like the movie business. They told me I could leave the studio but that they held me to my contract, which meant that they were paying me not to work. Basically, they didn't want me to work for a competitor. It was horrible, but I made the best of it. I went to New York, hung out at Studio 54 a lot during its heyday and had a good time. Then finally my contract was over, and at the same time I found out I had been misdiagnosed.
PLAYBOY: How did that feel?
GEFFEN: I was relieved, of course. I had sort of lived my life with one thing in my head, and all of a sudden there was a new piece of information. It was like a second chance. So I quickly decided to go back to work. I founded Geffen Records.
PLAYBOY: Why the record business again, given all the other choices?
GEFFEN: I love the record business. It is the thing I do best, and I wanted to work. There was something Paul Simon had said to me. He said, "Begin with what you know. You never know where it will take you." So I went back into the record business by starting a record company. The film company came next, then the theater company.
PLAYBOY: Who were your first acts on Geffen Records?
GEFFEN: The first three acts I signed were Donna Summer, John Lennon and Elton John. Donna had left Casablanca Records at the peak of her career. When I got her, she had just become a born-again Christian, and her music changed radically. Her career went steadily downhill. But with Donna and then Lennon and Elton John, it was a good start.
PLAYBOY: Since then, Geffen Records has become one of the most successful record companies. Do you still personally sign artists?
GEFFEN: No, I have other people at the label do that now.
PLAYBOY: Who signed Guns n' Roses?
GEFFEN: Tom Zutaut, who works at my company, heard them and signed them. It was a very good move.
PLAYBOY: How do you feel about some of their controversial lyrics, particularly the homophobic lyrics in *One in a Million*?
GEFFEN: I spoke with Axl Rose about the song before he put the record out. I told him I thought it would cause him a lot of trouble, but he wanted it released. It ended up getting a lot of negative reaction, which was certainly deserved.
PLAYBOY: Does the fact that the song is homophobic bother you?
GEFFEN: I don't believe Axl Rose is homophobic. I know him.
PLAYBOY: But he has said that he was homophobic. He attributed it to abuse when he was a child.
GEFFEN: But he wasn't when he made the record. He was writing about an experience early in his life.
PLAYBOY: Some Guns n' Roses songs are misogynistic. Don't you consider that objectionable?

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GEFFEN: Yes, of course I find misogyny objectionable.

PLAYBOY: It was reported that you were shocked when you heard that Axl Rose put a Charles Manson song on the latest Guns n' Roses LP. Didn't you know about it in advance?

GEFFEN: No. I heard about it when I was on vacation in Barbados. I was watching CNN with the TV on mute. I saw a picture of Charles Manson on the screen, and then I saw these lyrics. Under them it said, "From Geffen Records." I went crazy.

PLAYBOY: Did you consider removing the song from future copies of the album?

GEFFEN: We don't have the right to remove it. The band has, among the many rights in the members' contracts, complete control of its material. It's one of the biggest bands in the world. People at my company, as well as the other members of the band, had urged Axl to eliminate the song from the record, but he wouldn't. It related in a meaningful way to a relationship that was important to him.

PLAYBOY: Would you have stopped the record from being put out with that song had you known about it in advance?

GEFFEN: No, but I would have made arrangements regarding the song's royalties prior to its release. Our concern was that it should not enrich or reward Manson in any way, so we arranged for all of the money to go to the child of one of the people who was killed by Manson's family. Axl made the decision to do that afterward. But it would have made much more sense to have arranged this prior to the release of the album.

On the other hand, I dropped Def American Records, a label we distributed, because it was consistently putting out records I found offensive, such as Andrew Dice Clay, Slayer and the Geto Boys. It reached a point where I could not continue to put out offensive material that was recorded by artists we hadn't even signed, and so I dropped the label. I'm not interested in making records about murdering women and fucking their dead bodies, cutting off their breasts—shit like that. That was actually on a Geto Boys record. So even though dropping the label meant losing artists I didn't want to lose, like the Black Crowes, it was a choice I had to make. I've read interviews with Rick Rubin, who runs Def American, in which he talks about how he left Geffen Records. He didn't leave, I threw him out. I couldn't stand being associated with a lot of the records he was putting out.

PLAYBOY: How do you feel about the violence in rap music?

GEFFEN: We don't put out rap records. Look—you can make money all kinds of ways. Some people make money selling drugs. I find some rap records extraordinarily offensive, and I don't want to profit from them.

PLAYBOY: Do the sentiments expressed in the music trouble you?

GEFFEN: It troubles me that there's as much violence in the streets as there is, that so many people are being killed and that there's poverty and a lack of hope. All these things trouble me, and I realize rap music is a reflection of that. But these records aren't going to help. They hurt. Some are inflammatory, and I won't be part of it.

PLAYBOY: But since the music reflects something that's going on in the culture, shouldn't those bands have a forum to express it?

GEFFEN: Absolutely. I didn't say they shouldn't be able to make records.

PLAYBOY: But if all the record company executives used your criteria, many people wouldn't have a voice.

GEFFEN: But other record company executives don't feel that way. They put the stuff out.

PLAYBOY: How well did you know Kurt Cobain?

GEFFEN: I knew him, though not well. He was a lovely, gentle guy.

PLAYBOY: Was it a shock to hear that he killed himself?

GEFFEN: Of course. Life was obviously extremely painful for him. He wasn't the first person I've known who has killed himself. I'm not sure if there's any way you can intervene when people are determined to die, and that's sad.

PLAYBOY: Recently, it was reported that Aerosmith is leaving your label for Columbia. Does that upset you?

GEFFEN: Not at all. When artists leave, it's not personal. It used to take an enormous toll on me, but now it's like a mosquito bite that you can't quite scratch. Aerosmith is leaving because it was offered much more money than I thought made sense. I don't blame them.

PLAYBOY: What do you think of the high-stakes deal in which Viacom bought out Paramount, and all the other big acquisitions of studios over the past few years?

GEFFEN: These are management-intensive businesses that have to be run as such. They cannot be run in the same manner as manufacturing businesses. And often the prices are ridiculous. When Sony bought Columbia and Matsushita bought MCA, both overpaid tremendously. But the prices in the Paramount deal now make those prices seems like bargains. It's all madness. And the chickens may come home to roost one day.

PLAYBOY: Sony and Matsushita bought American movie studios because they felt they needed to have access to software, not only hardware, in the future.

GEFFEN: You don't have to buy companies to have access to software. Software is and always has been available. And the truth is, if Sony sold its software companies, Matsushita would probably sell its software companies, because the return on the investment in the movie and television business hasn't been great. They all talk about the synergy of owning it all, but the only synergy that has come out of these deals is a huge amount of debt and

elephantine companies that are hard to manage.

PLAYBOY: With some much ballyhooed new entertainment forms—new kinds of CDs, expanded cable, interactive media—it's apparent that the entertainment industry is changing. Where do you see it going?

GEFFEN: The people who are telling us what the future is going to be are completely full of shit. I don't think anyone can see the future better than you or I.

PLAYBOY: So are the people who are betting on the future going to lose their investments?

GEFFEN: Some might be right about it. More likely, they're not. All this investment in cable television, for instance, may turn out terribly because cable may soon be obsolete. The signals may be broadcast digitally. Who knows? I surely don't. But I know that everybody who's saying they know where things are going is doing so based on self-interest. They have no better crystal ball than anybody else.

PLAYBOY: How will Al Gore's information superhighway affect your businesses—when there are 500 TV channels?

GEFFEN: It won't affect them at all. If there are new ways to deliver movies, Broadway shows and albums, great! It doesn't matter to me whether I deliver them on CD, record, videocassette or by some cable system with 500 channels. Everybody claims to have a crystal ball about this stuff in the future. I don't have a crystal ball.

PLAYBOY: How about when it comes to the country? In what direction do you see things going, particularly since you worked so hard to get President Clinton elected?

GEFFEN: I think it's wonderful to have a Democrat in the White House. It's good that there is a group of people who are concerned about health care, crime, unemployment, a woman's right to have an abortion and many other serious issues. It isn't a cure-all, but there is someone who will listen.

PLAYBOY: Have you ever been disappointed that things aren't changing faster?

GEFFEN: An ocean liner doesn't turn on a dime. But I think the president and Mrs. Clinton care about issues that affect most Americans. They are concerned about the environment, about poor, disadvantaged people—the least powerful people in America. They are concerned about making a fairer and safer America.

PLAYBOY: How does it feel to have a direct line to the White House?

GEFFEN: It's great to feel that there's someone you could conceivably talk with, that there's an intelligent person at the other end of the conversation who's going to listen to what you have to say. But that's not to say that I have any influence.

PLAYBOY: You don't think so?

GEFFEN: No. And I don't want to present myself as a person who has influence. I neither have it nor seek it.

PLAYBOY: But you do lobby for things you care about. You have campaigned to allow gays in the military, for example. You have worked hard to make AIDS a national priority. There are other issues——

GEFFEN: I care about a lot of the things that this administration is at least willing to listen to.

PLAYBOY: Were you disappointed with the don't-ask-don't-tell compromise on gays in the military?

GEFFEN: Of course I was. But I think they did the best that could be done, unfortunately.

PLAYBOY: Do you believe that? Do you view it as a broken promise?

GEFFEN: I know there are very strong forces in America against the advancement of civil rights for anybody, let alone gay people. There is a very strong conservative Christian right wing in this country that would like to send us back to the Dark Ages. It takes a long time to change.

PLAYBOY: You are involved in gay politics beyond the military issue. How do you feel about the tactics of the radical gay groups such as Act Up, which has attempted to call attention to AIDS by disrupting the opera in San Francisco, and by throwing condoms in a church in New York?

GEFFEN: I have nothing to say about what they do. They do what they do, and I do what I do. I have no opinion about them. People with AIDS have a very different agenda than I do. They're dealing with a time bomb. I'm very concerned about it. If I were infected, it might be the only thing I would think about. I don't know what I would do. I do know that I want to make a difference.

PLAYBOY: When did you begin to be open about being gay?

GEFFEN: It was never a secret. Years ago people didn't talk publicly about being gay, and I didn't. But there was nobody who knew me who didn't know my story. It wasn't like I was lying about it. I just thought that making a public statement about my sexuality was kind of tacky and inappropriate.

PLAYBOY: Was it significant for you when, in 1992, you came out publicly at the Commitment to Life Awards ceremony honoring you and Barbra Streisand for your work on behalf of people with AIDS?

GEFFEN: The idea that I decided to come out is wrong. At that event, a third of the tickets were given to people who were dealing with HIV or AIDS, and I felt that I couldn't get up in front of that audience and not acknowledge that I was gay. It didn't seem like a big deal to me. Other people made a big deal about it, but I sure didn't think it was a big deal.

PLAYBOY: But, for gay rights organizations, it was a big deal that such a prominent person was acknowledging his homosexuality.

GEFFEN: I was happy to do it. It was no problem for me.

PLAYBOY: What did it change in your life?

GEFFEN: Nothing. There wasn't one person who knew me who said, "Oh my God. David Geffen is gay."

PLAYBOY: But you were criticized by radical gay groups for waiting so long to come out.

GEFFEN: I don't care what they think.

PLAYBOY: You disapprove of outing.

GEFFEN: I think it is terrible. People's lives have been ruined, not because they are gay—being gay is not a ruinous condition—but because it was made to seem like a bad thing by those supposedly proud gays doing the outing. It has been used as a weapon. Look, all of us lead individual, singular lives. We all make our own choices. It might just be that a closeted gay person is keeping it a secret because of a career, a parent, his or her children. We do not live in a perfect, enlightened world—and until we do, none of us should sit in judgment. Empathy works both ways.

PLAYBOY: Did you ever fear that being gay would hurt you?

GEFFEN: No, because, as I said, I don't think there's a person who knows me or who has known me over the past 20 years who doesn't know my story. Whenever I was dating a guy, he was with me if I went to a premiere, or if I went to a dinner party. So no one was misled about me. It has never affected my business whatsoever, because people are interested in whether I'm good at what I do, not who I'm sleeping with. The people I worked with—Steve Ross, Mo Ostin, Ahmet Ertegun—always knew I was gay. In fact, they were surprised when I ended up going out with women. They couldn't figure out what all that was about, because people think you can only be one thing or another. But that's nonsense. People go through a world of discovery in their lives and try this or that to see whether it is something that works for them. I've gone out with men I didn't like and women I didn't like, and men I liked and women I liked.

PLAYBOY: So are you gay or bisexual?

GEFFEN: Right now I'm completely, 100 percent gay. But I'd be lying if I said that it's inconceivable to me that I might meet a woman and fall in love with her. I might. I'm not looking to, and I'm not planning on it and I don't hope that I will, but I might. Because that's real life.

PLAYBOY: But don't you know a lot of gay men who would say it's inconceivable to fall in love with a woman?

GEFFEN: Yes. It was inconceivable to me until it happened. So nothing is inconceivable to me today. Every time I see Demi Moore walk in front of my beach house—we're neighbors—I think, Whoa, she's really hot! I'm not saying that because I want to present myself as anything other than gay—it's the truth.

PLAYBOY: Let's talk about the impact of AIDS on your industry.

GEFFEN: It has impacted every industry—every American. An enormous number of people are dying, most of them young, who still have a lot to contribute. There's no aspect of it that's not tragic. I've lost a tremendous number of friends, acquaintances and associates—how could it not affect me? I would hope that it would affect everybody emotionally. Every person who has a conscience should care about AIDS.

PLAYBOY: When did you begin to see that AIDS was affecting the gay community?

GEFFEN: One of the first people who became infected was the best friend of a friend of mine. It was before any knowledge of this thing called AIDS. People were developing illnesses that usually affected old people. No one could figure out what was going on. Then we began to hear there was a disease that affected gay people. Naturally, I thought, Oh shit! Maybe I have it. Then in the early Eighties I thought maybe everybody had it. Who knew? It was very frightening. Eventually I took the test and found out I was negative. That was, of course, a relief. Lots of people were not so fortunate. A great many friends of mine are infected, and a great many friends have already died. I save all the Rolodex cards of friends of mine who have died, and now I have hundreds of cards with a rubber band around them.

PLAYBOY: You said that when you were a kid you couldn't imagine knowing a millionaire. Is it any different being a billionaire?

GEFFEN: I live my life pretty much the same way I've always lived my life.

PLAYBOY: If money is power, and a million dollars is a certain amount of power, is a billion dollars an unbelievable amount of power?

GEFFEN: No. It's an illusion. It's all an illusion.

PLAYBOY: What do you mean?

GEFFEN: I mean, powerful with whom, with what?

PLAYBOY: Obviously you can do what you want. You have enormous clout. You can buy what you want, do what you want, employ who you want, get people to do whatever you want, presumably.

GEFFEN: Well, I can do what I want, though I've been able to do pretty much what I want most of my life. But where am I? I'm still in my office. I'm at work every day. I'm no longer motivated to make money for myself, because I have enough money. So now the best part of the money is that I can do a lot of good with it. Our foundation has given away millions of dollars every year since 1990.

PLAYBOY: When you're not working, how do you spend your time? Do you go to rock shows?

GEFFEN: I've seen enough rock shows to last me for the rest of my life. Now I go as little as possible. I prefer listening to the albums.

PLAYBOY: Whose concert would you still go see?

GEFFEN: If you told me that Elvis Presley and Buddy Holly and the Beatles were all going to get together one more time, I'd say, "Let me hear the album." I went to *so* many concerts at the beginning of my career and sat there with my eardrums bursting, with all the agents and promoters, all the people backstage. Now I like albums.

PLAYBOY: Are you currently involved with someone?

GEFFEN: No, but I'm always looking. Know anybody?

PLAYBOY: You've talked about the women you have dated, but not the men.

GEFFEN: Because people are interested in Cher, or Marlo Thomas. They are not necessarily interested in the guys I go out with because nobody has ever heard of them. If I were going out with a famous man, you'd be asking me, "So, what about James Dean?"

PLAYBOY: Has the work you have done on yourself, through therapy and the rest, paved the way for a long-term relationship?

GEFFEN: Absolutely. Each time, you're better at it. I'd like to learn to be more loving, more compassionate, a better person in every regard, and I've come a long way.

PLAYBOY: Do you think your success has gotten in the way of your relationships?

GEFFEN: No. It's how hard I work and how much time I invest in my work.

PLAYBOY: Are you a workaholic?

GEFFEN: I have learned how not to be. I take weekends off. I don't encourage people to call me after work about business. I take vacations. I have good friends and lots of interests.

PLAYBOY: After all the searching, have you figured out the key to happiness?

GEFFEN: I don't think it's possible to be happy if you are not being yourself.

PLAYBOY: Are you?

GEFFEN: I'm a happy guy, if that's what you're asking. But I feel there's more you can do to make yourself better. You constantly have to work on issues in your life. That is what a healthy person does. It's a struggle, but it's very rewarding.

PLAYBOY: What do you still want to accomplish?

GEFFEN: When I see a movie like *Schindler's List*, it reminds me how much we, in this business, can do. I've always thought that movies and music and television have an extraordinary opportunity to educate people, to enlighten them, to elevate them. I have always wanted to make *the* great movie. I don't know that I've come close to making a great one, but I still hope to. People who do good work get to feel really good about it. It's like a high-water mark that you can shoot for. It's about striving to do good work and accomplishing something lasting and important, something that makes a difference. It's always worth striving to do more.

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article by GEORGE ANASTASIA

THE LAST CIVIL WAR

WITH ITS BOSSES ON THE RUN AND THE FEDS CLOSING IN, THE MAFIA FIGHTS A BLOODY GENERATIONAL BATTLE ON THE STREETS OF PHILADELPHIA

THE SUN was burning the dew off the lawn in front of John Stanfa's Medford, New Jersey home as the 53-year-old Mob boss left his house. He and his son, Joseph, 23, were on their way to work. It was early morning and their driver had just pulled his slightly beat-up 1976 Cadillac Seville up the driveway. Stanfa, balding, with thick, sloping shoulders and a broad chest, eased into the front passenger seat. Joe sat in the back. This was how they went to work every morning. They left the house at the same time, took the same route to work, rode in the same car. On August 31, 1993, the routine nearly killed them.

It takes about an hour, during the morning commuter rush, to drive from Medford to Continental Imported Food Distributors, a warehouse in the Grays Ferry section of South Philadelphia. Continental, which distributes imported Italian foods to restaurants and bars throughout the area, is owned by Joe Stanfa and his sister, Sara, 26. On most mornings the Stanfas, father and son, would be in the warehouse by eight A.M. Joe seemed to do most of the work around the place, supervising crews that loaded the trucks, even doing some of the bull work if deliveries were running behind schedule. John, on the other hand, would hole up in an office conducting business that investigators believed had little to do with the price of provolone.

The Cadillac Seville traveled west on Route 70 and then south on Interstate 295 toward the Walt Whitman Bridge, joining the flow of thousands of commuters heading over the Delaware River and into Philadelphia each morning.

At around 7:45 A.M., near the Vare Avenue/Mifflin Street exit on the Schuylkill Expressway, a

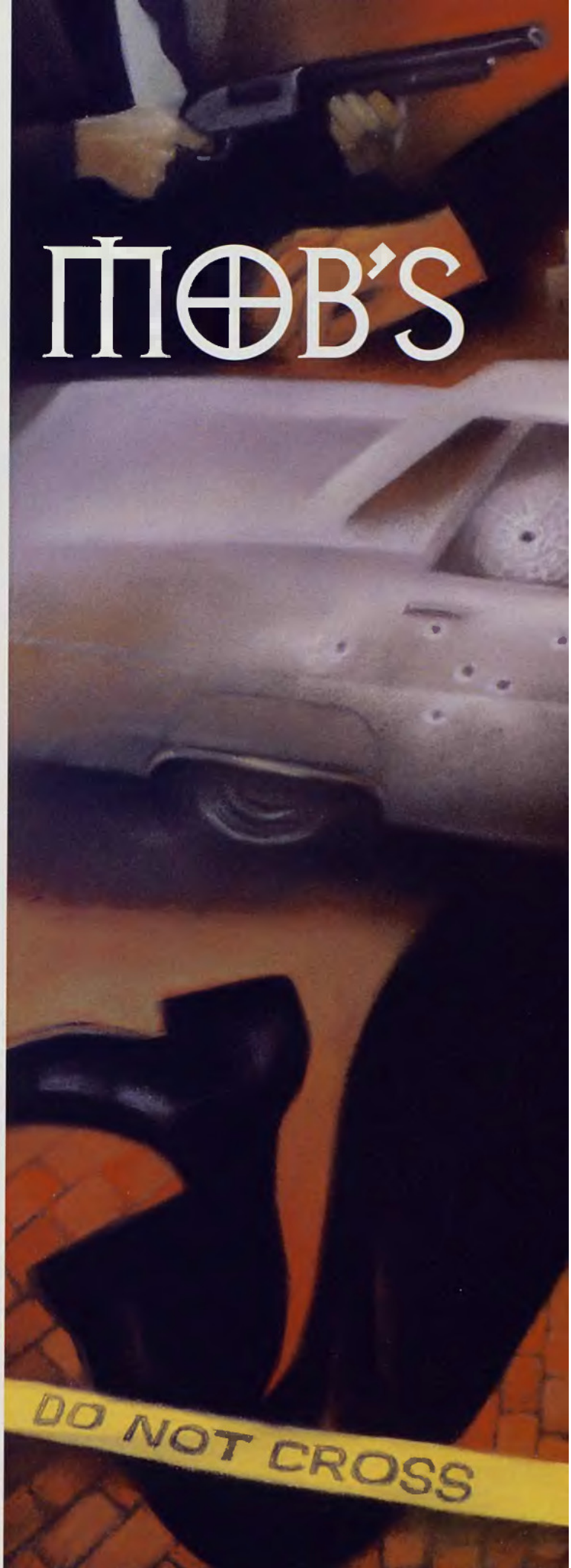


ILLUSTRATION BY GARY KELLEY

POLICE LINE

white Chevy van caught up with the Caddy. In a flash, two 9mm machine pistols popped out of portholes cut into the side of the van and began strafing the Cadillac. John Stanfa ducked down as the spray of bullets shattered the window. Joe, in the backseat, wasn't as quick as his father. One of the bullets caught him above his right cheekbone. He slid to the floor in agony. Stanfa screamed for the driver, Fred Aldrich, to stop the car, that Joe had been hit. Instead, Aldrich rammed the side of the van, forcing it onto the Vare Avenue exit ramp. Then he gunned the engine and continued west on the Schuylkill for another half mile, exiting at University Avenue.

Police would later credit the burly Vietnam war veteran with saving the lives of the Mob boss and his son. But the fact remained that if Stanfa had not been so arrogant, if he had listened to some of his people and left the house at different times, taken different routes, the ambush could have been avoided altogether. But Stanfa had always underestimated the kids—the younger generation of mobsters in Philadelphia.

With smoke and the smell of burning rubber trailing in its wake—the rear tire, punctured by a stray bullet, was now in shreds—the Cadillac lurched around the corner at 34th and Wharton streets and pulled up in front of the Continental warehouse. Joe Stanfa was hustled out of the car and into another vehicle. Rushed to the emergency room at the Hospital of the University of Pennsylvania, he was conscious, alert and, police said, uncooperative.

The hit took everyone by surprise. The victims, of course, but also the public, terrified by the wanton display of violence, and even the cops, who had never seen anything like it during 14 bloody years of Mafia turmoil in Philadelphia. They were used to finding wiseguys with bullet holes behind their ears, wrapped in blankets and cast aside. This was different, crazy. An ambush in the midst of rush-hour traffic, with total disregard for hundreds of innocent people who might have been caught in the crossfire or crushed in a mass pileup. It was out of character—it was more Sicily than South Philadelphia. But that was just the point.

Everyone suspected that the kids were behind it. They were sure that Joseph "Skinny Joey" Merlino, the 32-year-old son of a Philadelphia capo, was sending a message to Stanfa, a man born in an Italian village not far from Palermo and raised in the old-world ways of the Mafia. The message was: Get the fuck off our corner. Get out of our city. Go back where you belong. It didn't matter that the hit failed. The kids had pulled it off; they were not about to back down. Philadelphia's civil war was entering a bloody new phase.

•

If you want to know about the decline of the American Mafia, look at Philadelphia. The Mob war that is raging there now—the gun battles that have left a dozen mobsters dead or wounded, the turncoat testimony that has brought a series of sweeping Mob indictments, the pending trials and prosecutions that could leave Stanfa and most of his top associates in jail for the rest of their lives, the bloody generation and culture gaps that have continued to widen—is part of a saga that may signal the end of the American arm of La Cosa Nostra. Three of the Mob bosses in the city have been indicted. Two have been murdered. A once low-key and highly efficient crime family has turned on itself. Fueled by greed, treachery and by what appears to be an insatiable bloodlust, the organization is self-destructing.

To track its demise, look to John Stanfa and his misguided attempt to bring the kids under his control. "Stanfa was not CEO material," says Richard Zappile, chief inspector with the Philadelphia Police Department and one of the point men in law enforcement's war on the Mob. "He didn't have the strategic planning ability it takes to lead. He didn't exercise enough control and he allowed things to build up." *(continued on page 150)*

MOB SCENE

Who's Who in Philadelphia

THE BOSSES

ANGELO BRUNO—Philadelphia Mob boss whose March 21, 1980 shotgun murder set in motion the bloody internecine struggle that continues today.

PHILIP "CHICKEN MAN" TESTA—Bruno's underboss and successor, killed in a March 15, 1981 bomb blast.

NICODEMO "LITTLE NICKY" SCARFO—Testa's consigliere and successor. One of the most violent Mafia bosses in America. Many mobsters died during his ten-year reign of terror. Currently serving consecutive 14-year and 55-year prison terms following federal convictions on conspiracy and racketeering charges.

JOHN STANFA—Sicilian-born mobster who took over the Philadelphia crime family in 1991. Backed by the Gambino family in New York and by Mafia leaders in Palermo, but unable to control younger members of the local organization.

THE PLAYERS

JOSEPH "CHANG" CIANCAGLINI—Bruno enforcer who became capo, or captain, under Scarfo. Currently serving a 45-year sentence on federal racketeering charges.

SALVATORE MERLINO—Scarfo underboss. Currently serving a 45-year sentence on racketeering charges.

LAWRENCE MERLINO—Salvatore's brother. Became a cooperating witness after convictions on racketeering and murder charges. Now in the protective-custody wing of a federal prison.

NICHOLAS "NICKY CROW" CARAMANDI—In 1986 he became one of the first "made" members of the Philadelphia Mob to turn witness for the state by testifying against Scarfo and dozens of others. A series of trials based in part on his testimony brought down the Scarfo organization.

JOSEPH "SKINNY JOEY" MERLINO—Son of Salvatore Merlino and leader of a young, renegade faction of the Mob that is bucking Stanfa's rule. Survived an August 5, 1993 street-corner ambush.

JOSEPH "JOEY CHANG" CIANCAGLINI JR.—Son of Scarfo crime family capo Joe "Chang" Ciancaglini. Named underboss by Stanfa. Wounded in a March 2, 1993 ambush at a South Philadelphia luncheonette he operated.

MICHAEL "MIKE CHANG" CIANCAGLINI—Younger brother of Joey Chang. Aligned with Joey Merlino against Stanfa. Killed in an August 5, 1993 street-corner ambush.

JOSEPH STANFA—Son of Mob boss. Wounded in an August 31, 1993 highway ambush.

GAETON LUCIBELLO—A member of the Merlino faction, targeted for death by Stanfa.

SERGIO BATTAGLIA—Stanfa loyalist recorded on secret tapes discussing the right way to pop a bullet into an enemy's head.

FRANK BALDINO—Merlino associate killed in the parking lot of a South Philadelphia diner on September 17, 1993.

"We can't get away with much these days."

women who love
women, and the men
who love them

A Walk on the Bi Side

Say what you will about bisexuality," said Woody Allen. "You have a 50 percent better chance of finding a date on Saturday night." Indeed, as *Basic Instinct* showed us, the possibilities are endless. From curious college undergrads to gender-benders to icons such as Madonna and k.d. lang, it's a whole new ball game out there—with or without the balls—as women experiment with the changing rules and roles of sex play. At the front of the pack is the bisexual woman—a pleasure-seeker who shuns labels in pursuit of carnal attraction in all its forms. She is the ultimate rule breaker. There have always been bisexual women, of course. But until recently, they never quite fit in: Lesbians were wary of them because they like to sleep with men. Yet because they also slip between the sheets with women, many straight guys didn't know what to make of them. The media and gay activists, meanwhile, charged them with sitting on the fence. We say bisexual women enjoy the best of both worlds—and why not? Both have so much to offer. "If I

Above from left, Lené Hefner (no relation to our boss), Angela Cornell and British model Stephen Scott enjoy a cozy triangle. We'll meet them again later. Twenty-one-year-old Bridgette Lott (right) is an outdoor type who enjoys softball, track and writing poetry. Bridgette is a psychology major with smarts to match her ambisexual passions: "I received a perfect score on my college entrance exam," she boasts. Her ambition: to live in a French villa.

PHOTOGRAPHY BY STEPHEN WAYDA

Model-actress Lenė Hefner (left) finds dimples, shart hair and a sharp sense of humor attractive in both men and women. She's also a consummate cook who hopes to pursue a career as a chef.

Twenty-four-year-old Jessica Bryan (above and top right) studies business law in southern California. "I come from an ultraconservative family that accepts me for who I am," she explains. "I'm nat conservative, to say the least." Dutch fashion model Angeline Straatman (right) grew up on a farm in Zimbabwe. Now a New Yorker, Angeline is a feminist-activist known for her naked embrace with another woman in Steven Meisel's safe-sex poster campaign.

hadn't had sex with women, my sex life wouldn't have improved with men," explains Angeline Straatman, a bisexual New York fashion model and safe-sex advocate. "Many of the things that excite women also excite men. Why choose between them when I can have both?" Hugh Hefner, an emblem of the heterosexual lifestyle, has this to say about the bi bunch: "If you are sexually adventurous, then I don't think heterosexuality should preclude you from trying whatever is out there."

Angelika Bolliger, 23 (above left), who was born in Poland, comes to America via Paris and Rome. Melissa Regal, 24 (above right), is a cocktail waitress in Los Angeles. "I want to become a lawyer," says Melissa, who claims she's wild about "big Jeeps, Corvettes, dalmatians and horseback riding." At right, meet another equestrian: 21-year-old Renee Awakimiam, who was born in Moscaw but grew up in Glendale, California. When she's not in full gallop, the right man or woman might find Renee ice-skating, roller-skating or swimming. "I love meeting new people," says Renee, being careful not to draw a gender distinction. "I just want to be in a happy relationship."

At left and below, meet Angelo Dickson, 22, who owns a pest-control company in Arizona. Angie values open minds more than any other attribute and aspires "to be happy, healthy and wealthy."

Twenty-three-year-old model-actress Christine Mardis (left), a native of Dayton, Ohio and now a California resident, is a real down-home woman: "I'm very close to my grandfather and the rest of my family," she says, "and my little sister is one of my best friends." At right, we once again find our torrid trio (from left), Lené, Angela and Stephen. "I was brought up influenced by different ideas and values," says Angela, whose mother is from Thailand. "And that has made me what I am today: a combination of East and West." And, we might add, interesting combinations are what it's all about.

THE VILLAGE

WHAT DOES A MAN DO IN THE WOODS AFTER DARK? HE GETS LOST. AN EXCERPT FROM THE PULITZER PRIZE–WINNING PLAYWRIGHT'S FIRST NOVEL

FICTION BY

DAVID MAMET

THE FIRST TIME he'd heard it he didn't know what it was. He thought back to that time, those years ago. Was it a cannon? He had never heard a cannon, but he sensed that that was not what he'd heard, and it was not a gunshot, though it could have been, he thought, to someone who had never heard a gunshot, it was that sharp. Like a whip, he thought, the world's biggest bullwhip. And he remembered how he'd stopped, deep in the woods, and waited and heard it again.

It was the trees popping in the cold. Like something wrenched from your soul, he thought and smiled. Just like it was torn out of there. And you were free.

He pushed on through the snow. Uphill or downhill, he thought, it doesn't matter. The skis do the work. He smiled at his false humility. No, I'm doing the work, he thought. Especially uphill. Who else would do it but me? There's no one here but me. My wife is not here. Nothing in my life is here except me. In the woods. A man in the woods. And if I'm strong enough to navigate in this snow, then I am. And there's no further analysis you need.

Quite simple, he thought.

He was following a deer track through the deep snow back in the woods. Blowdown I couldn't get over in the spring, now I glide over it, he thought. Everything changes.

He saw a tree up ahead and debated whether to take it on *(continued on page 88)*

PAINTING BY KENT WILLIAMS

PLAYBOY'S FALL AND WINTER FASHION PREVIEW

a briefs-to-double-breasteds look at the latest trends in menswear

fashion by HOLLIS WAYNE

IN MATTERS of fashion, women like change while guys take comfort in consistency. That's why modifications in men's clothes are evolutionary, not revolutionary. Attention to detail is what separates the well dressed from the wannabes who are trying to get by with last year's looks. Keep these fashion fine points in mind as you check what's coming in the months ahead. *Suits and sports jackets*: According to designer Joseph Abboud, the three-button single-breasted is the top seller, and it accounts for about 35 percent of all of his company's suit and sports jacket sales. Consider a slimmed-down, slightly fitted style called *nuova forma* that Armani initiated in his line last spring. Also think comfort and try one of the new textured-tweed jackets that are lightweight enough to be worn over a sweater. The six-button, two-to-button double-breasted will replace the one-to-button look. The new "convertible" sports jacket that goes from a three-button to a five-button look with a banded-collar neckline is a style that works best on a trim man and when worn as an overjacket with sportswear. Colors for both tailored and casualwear will be earth tones (especially brown and rust shades), while midnight blues and speckled grays are mainly for suits. Fabrics will be more textured. Even your basic sincere suit—a conservative pinstripe—will have a textured weave rather than a flat surface. *Shirts and ties*: Moderate-spread collars are making a comeback, and for a good reason: The latest ties are being made of heavier fabrics, and the resulting thick knots fit a spread-collar shirt better. White is still right, but also pick up some plaids or checks in grays and tans to alleviate that Frosty the Snowman winter pallor. *Sportswear*: Bulky sweaters that hang straight at the waist are the hot look, especially when worn with no-pleat corduroys or jeans-cut pants. *Outerwear*: The classic peacoat has resurfaced in a variety of styles from bold plaids to distressed leather. Our favorite is the shearling model by Victor Victoria shown in this feature. Since the price is $2250, make sure that it fits.

Left: What's wrong with this picture? From the female model's viewpoint, absolutely nothing. She's looking dapper in our guy's wool six-button, two-to-button nuova forma double-breasted in a broken-stripe pattern, $1150, worn over a white textured-cotton shirt, $185, and a silk tie with a chenille overweave, $72, all by Giorgio Armani le Collezioni; plus a leather belt by Cole-Haan, $65. What's a nice guy like this doing in nothing but a pair of button-fly boxer briefs by Calvin Klein Underwear, $17; cotton socks by Tommy Hilfiger, $13.50; held up by Paul Stuart garters, $18.50; and split-toe shoes by Bally, $265? We'll never tell. Above: The clothes of day—an alpaca-wool bulky knit sweater with a raised diamond pattern, by John Bartlett, $460; charcoal boiled-wool jersey pants with a drawstring waist, by Reiss of London, $140; cotton socks by Tommy Hilfiger, $13.50; and black pebble-grain leather oxfords by Kenneth Cole, $128.

PHOTOGRAPHY BY CHUCK BAKER

Left: He's up close and personal in a wool tweed convertible jacket with two open-patch pockets, from Hugo by Hugo Boss, $290; worn open over a polyester-and-wool vintage-plaid shirt with tortoise buttons, by Reiss of London, $125. When buttoned to the neck the shirt forms a banded collar. Above: This guy's paying his date the kind of lip service we like. His outfit: a wool-and-cashmere six-button, two-to-button double-breasted suit with peaked lapels, two open-patch pockets and double-pleated pants, $899, worn with a cotton shadow-plaid shirt, about $185, and a plaid woven-silk tie, $68, all by Joseph Abboud Collection.

Town-and-country looks. Left: a wool windowpane-plaid three-button suit with a slightly shaped waist, $1325, combined with a tattersall-check cotton shirt, $175, and a silk tie, $71, all by Giorgio Armani le Collezioni; plus a pair of boar-hide ankle boots by Bally, $265. Right: A tipped shearling peacoat by Victor Victoria, $2250; wool-and-silk Fair Isle–pattern turtleneck sweater by DKNY Men's, $240; whipcord double-pleated trousers from KM by Krizia, $80; ribbed cotton socks by Tommy Hilfiger, $13.50; and oiled leather bucks by Adam Derrick for To-Boot, $155. (His metal-frame glasses are by Calvin Klein Eyewear, $225.)

Left: Calvin Klein's version of the classic three-button—a nubby wool single-breasted suit with notched lapels, flap pockets and double-pleated trousers, $1195 (vest not included), combined with a Calvin Klein striped cotton shirt with a point collar, $155, and a Calvin Klein silk tie featuring a Windsor knot, $85. (Our model's lightweight metal-frame glasses are by Matsuda, $335.) Below: Smart looks inspire a touch. His outfit: a wool pin-striped three-button single-breasted suit with double-pleated trousers, by Hugo Boss, $725; worn buttoned up and tieless with an antique-striped banded-collar shirt by Vestimenta, $195.

HAIR BY MARCELLO BARBA AND MAKEUP BY LIA VAN DE DDNK FDR TRILLISE
WDMEN'S STYLING BY BASIA ZAMORSKA FOR MAREK & ASSOCIATES
BACKGROUNDS COURTESY ABC CARPETS, NEW YORK

WHERE & HDW TO BUY DN PAGE 135.

THE VILLAGE

(continued from page 78)

"Hell, if I didn't have a compass I could wait till night and see the Dipper. Nothing to it."

the right or left. The left had thicker brush, and the right was somewhat steeper. As he came up to it he saw that the deer had hesitated, too. Its tracks started to the right and then veered left through the brush. He smiled.

Well, I guess we all got the same problem, he thought. And if you're taking your time, you've got the luxury of thought. He moved into the brush, going slowly, one ski, then the other, bending low sometimes. If the deer can do it, so can I, he thought.

Then he was through the brush, and it was a fairly clear run through a clearing, uphill for 50 or so yards. And the sun was making the shadows blue.

I could stop, he thought. Hell, I could stop and make tea. His body felt warm and good, powerful, all buttocks and shoulders. Warm, now, he thought. He looked up the hill and pushed off on his skis. They stuck a bit in the snow, as the wax was beginning to wear off. No wonder, the trash I've had them over today, he thought. No wonder at all. You can't ask equipment to do more than is in its nature. He pushed up the hill, not gliding now but using the poles, working with his arms. And the most useless tool, he thought, is an all-purpose tool. There's no such thing.

He continued up the hill and found himself getting winded. No point to stop *here*, he thought. You have to go in natural stages. And the natural stage, if you want to stop, is up top, at the top of the clearing. The snow was beginning again. He adjusted his belt and pulled his pants up. He took the red bandanna from his back pocket and mopped his brow and neck. Always the same, he thought. You go out, and however much you know that you aren't going to need it, you always dress too warm. He tied the sleeves of his hunting jacket tighter around his middle and pushed off, up the hill. I should have left it on a branch when I went into the woods, he thought. Pick it up on the way home.

Aren't humans funny? he thought. Make the same mistake once, twice, *every time* in our lives we are faced with the same dilemma. And then we make up rules about how, when faced with certain circumstances, we should act a certain way. And then, when those circumstances arise, we find that reason why the rules. . . . He got to the top of the rise, the top of the clearing, and stood panting. He maneuvered in a circle, to bring himself around, and looked back the way he had come . . . why the rules don't apply, he thought. He mopped his face and neck again. His arms and back were drenched in sweat and he found himself getting cold.

Of course it's cold, he thought. The sun is going down and I've been working. People in town wonder why they're out of shape. There is a use for everything, and our use. . . .

And the knife, too, he thought. No all-purpose tool, no extra-sharp knife "never needs sharpening." What is that but idolatry? And another part of his brain said, "Get home," and he turned his skis, again in a half circle, and said to himself, "I am not frightened. Why should I be frightened?"

The deer track veered to his left, back deeper through the woods. Well, that's fine, he thought. And I was following you awhile because I chose to. And if I had chosen differently. . . .

That is the problem, he thought. No, no. That's the problem. Situations change . . . isn't that just what I. . . .

"You have to go home," the voice said. Well, there's no shame in that, he thought. I'm cold. I'm cold, for God's sake. Why shouldn't I be? Hard as I've been working, and the sun. . . . He looked back over his shoulder, as the woods before him had gone quickly dark. He couldn't see the sun above the trees.

It doesn't matter if I *can*, he thought, I'm going home. And home is just to my right, he thought. Just on my right hand. He found the words comforting and old-fashioned. Well, that's where it is, he thought. And North Road is north-northeast, no better than half a mile, wherever I am in these woods. North-northeast, and I have to hit it. Hell, if I didn't have a compass I could wait till night and see the Dipper, pick out the polestar and walk straight north. Whatever is there to it? Nothing to it. Hell, I could follow my tracks back, he thought, though it's going dark. He untied his hunting coat and pulled it on. It didn't make him warm. He buttoned it to the neck and clapped his arms against his body several times, but he felt no warmer.

Then I had better get home, he thought. He turned away from the path the deer had taken and pushed off into the woods. There was a thicket before him. Well, he thought, if a man did not have an objective. . . . He went into it, vines whipping his face. But I do, he thought, which is to get home, which is only common sense, for the Lord's sake. The jacket hindered him, and his belt felt heavy. He pushed through the thicket.

Well, fine, he thought. Well, fine. He came out and found himself in deep woods that he did not recognize.

It makes no difference, he thought, and thought at the same time, Woods are woods, and, I have never seen this land before.

There was a small deer run or path that went through the woods down and to his left.

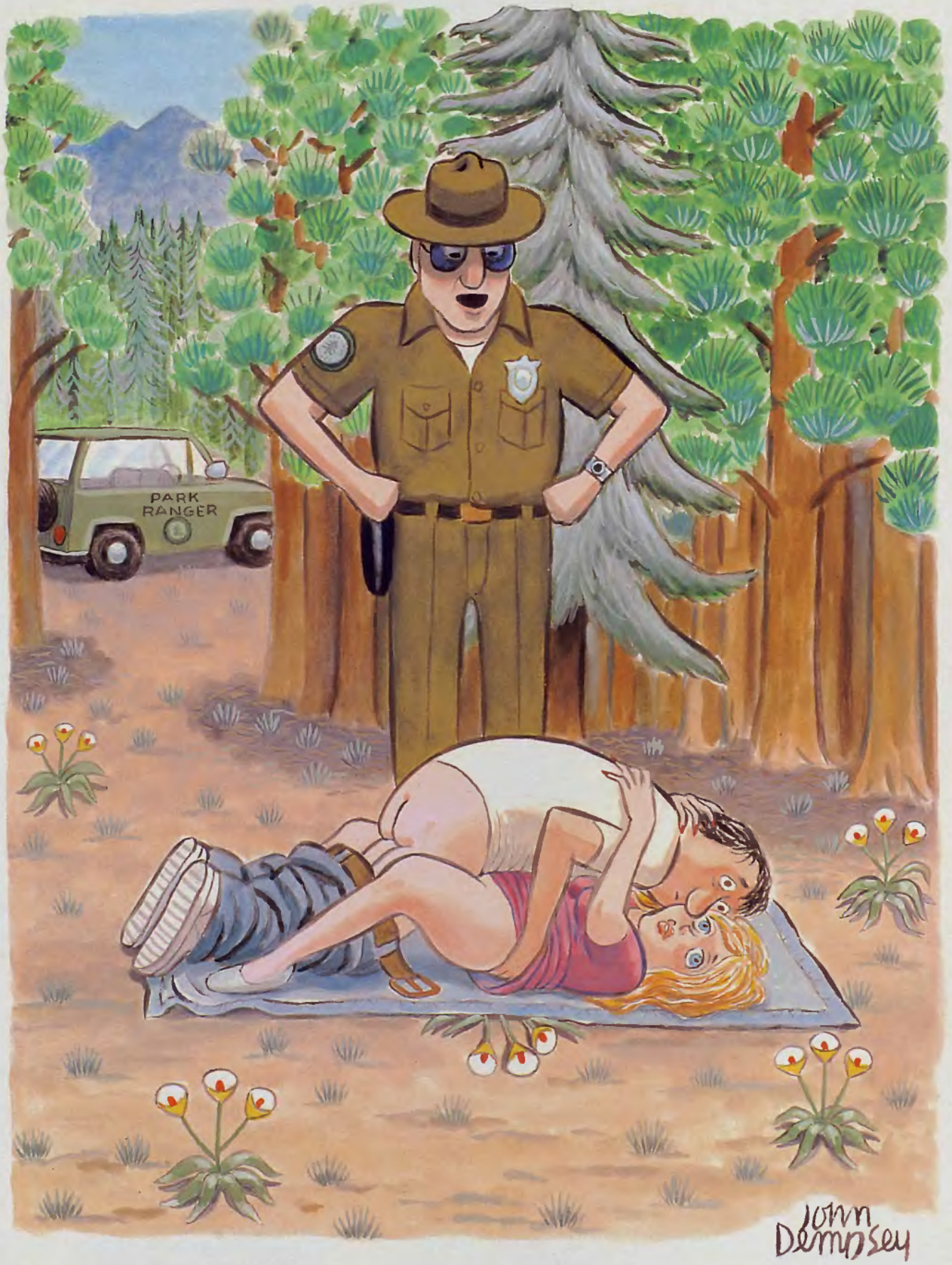
My way is straight ahead, he thought, but I can make better time down the hill. I should do it and correct afterward. Down the hill is east, he thought. East. And even *east* I'm getting back to the road. Certainly. He bit his right glove to get it off, and it came off his hand, lodged in the strap of the ski pole. He let the pole and glove drop to the snow and dug in his pants pocket for the compass.

Down the hill, he thought and looked up at the small path, which was darker now and difficult to distinguish. Down the hill. East. Ninety degrees. He held the compass in his palm, waiting for the needle to steady. Come on, he thought. He looked down at it. Yes. I'm supposed to put it down somewhere flat. Where could I put it down? he thought. You tell me. You tell me. What the hell, he thought, looking wide-eyed at the compass. And then he thought that it wouldn't steady, as he was holding it too close to metal. What metal? he thought, then remembered the gun on his belt and held the compass out at half arm's length. And then how can I see it? he thought. But where should I put it down? He stuck it back in his pocket and stopped to pick up the ski pole and glove. He tried to get his hand into the glove and was hindered by the strap. I've done this hundreds of times, he thought. But if there is some reason that I cannot get my hand into the glove while it is in the strap, then. . . . He tried to work the glove out of the strap, holding the ski pole in his hand and pulling the glove with his teeth.

This is . . . this is . . . he thought. He looked back at the woods behind him, which looked back.

Well, no. I'm going home, he

(continued on page 148)



"Excuse me, but you're copulating on an endangered plant."

PLAYBOY'S PRO FOOTBALL FORECAST

sports by danny sheridan

take away a coach and a bunch of key players from the cowboys and what do you have? new hope for the rest of the NFL

LAST SPRING the NFL owners decided that real men don't kick field goals. Point totals were down again in 1993. Everybody blamed those skinny Euro-style booters who split the uprights, put three on the board and high-five in the wrong language. NFL placekickers converted a record-setting 673 field goals last season, nearly a quarter of all points scored. Maybe they should do the World Cup every year, and keep those guys off the gridiron.

Meanwhile, touchdowns are becoming as rare as left-footed punters—especially if you're the Buffalo Bills and it's the second half of the Super Bowl. The owners couldn't flat-out give the Bills a point subsidy, so they went after the rule book instead. To discourage field-goal attempts, they've mandated that on a miss, the ball will be returned to the spot where the boot was attempted—seven yards behind the line of scrimmage. The number of long field-goal attempts will probably be lowered significantly, which may well wind up being translated into more punts. Just what the NFL needs: more punts.

In a further attempt to bolster excitement, the owners added the option of a college-style two-point conversion after a touchdown,

The NFL's most valuable player, Emmitt Smith, led the Dallas Cowboys' attack. With key members of his offensive line gone this year, defenses will be aiming to knock him off stride.

PAINTING BY ED PASCHKE

DANNY SHERIDAN'S PICKS

American Football Conference

EASTERN DIVISION ..... BUFFALO BILLS
CENTRAL DIVISION ..... PITTSBURGH STEELERS
WESTERN DIVISION ..... DENVER BRONCOS
WILD CARDS ..... MIAMI DOLPHINS/KANSAS CITY CHIEFS/LOS ANGELES RAIDERS
AFC CHAMPION ..... BUFFALO BILLS

National Football Conference

EASTERN DIVISION ..... DALLAS COWBOYS
CENTRAL DIVISION ..... MINNESOTA VIKINGS
WESTERN DIVISION ..... SAN FRANCISCO 49ERS
WILD CARDS ..... ARIZONA CARDINALS/GREEN BAY PACKERS/NEW ORLEANS SAINTS
NFC CHAMPION ..... SAN FRANCISCO 49ERS

SUPER BOWL CHAMPION:
SAN FRANCISCO 49ERS

PLAYBOY'S 1994 PRESEASON ALL-PRO TEAM

Offense

Troy Aikman, Dallas ..... Quarterback
Emmitt Smith, Dallas ..... Running Back
Barry Sanders, Detroit ..... Running Back
Michael Irvin, Dallas ..... Wide Receiver
Jerry Rice, San Francisco ..... Wide Receiver
Eric Green, Pittsburgh ..... Tight End
Harris Barton, San Francisco ..... Tackle
Erik Williams, Dallas ..... Tackle
Randall McDaniel, Minnesota ..... Guard
Steve Wisniewski, Los Angeles Raiders ..... Guard
Bruce Matthews, Houston ..... Center

Defense

Bruce Smith, Buffalo ..... End
Reggie White, Green Bay ..... End
Cortez Kennedy, Seattle ..... Tackle
Sean Gilbert, Los Angeles Rams ..... Tackle
Junior Seau, San Diego ..... Inside Linebacker
Seth Joyner, Arizona ..... Outside Linebacker
Greg Lloyd, Pittsburgh ..... Outside Linebacker
Rod Woodson, Pittsburgh ..... Cornerback
Eric Allen, Philadelphia ..... Cornerback
Tim McDonald, San Francisco ..... Safety
Marcus Robertson, Houston ..... Safety

Specialties

Rich Camarillo, Houston ..... Punter
Morten Andersen, New Orleans ..... Placekicker
Raghib Ismail, Los Angeles Raiders ..... Kick and Punt Returner
Steve Tasker, Buffalo ..... Special Teams
Mike Morris, Minnesota ..... Long Snapper

which none of the coaches seems to like, and they decided that kickoffs will be made from the 30-yard line (instead of the 35) to promote runbacks. Nice try, fellas, but coaches will probably minimize the effect of the rule by having their kickers squib the ball downfield. As for the conversion—they can just ignore it.

With all of these changes afoot, you have to wonder about unexpected consequences, especially in light of the latest returns on the salary cap. The limit this year is $34.2 million per team. This has been a mixed blessing for the teams and for the players who voted for it—and for free agency. Is free agency really free when everything revolves around a set payroll figure? The NFL's cap has caused a number of high-salaried veterans to take pay cuts, unlike the NBA's, which is a soft cap that allows teams to spend whatever it takes to re-sign their own players. It has also forced teams to drop players they would have liked to keep.

The combination of free agents and salary-cap victims set off an exodus. All of a sudden, Dallas' dynasty has been shared with the rest of the league. The Buffalo Bills, on the other hand, held most of their riches, which means they are primed to show up for their fifth straight humiliation at the big dance, which will be held this season in Miami. The NFC is simply a tougher league, and both San Francisco and Dallas look like winners. I'll go with the 49ers: At least they still have their coach.

EASTERN DIVISION
NATIONAL FOOTBALL CONFERENCE

Dallas 11–5
Arizona* 9–7
Philadelphia 7–9
New York Giants 7–9
Washington 6–10
*Wild-card team

Now that the Jerry Jones–Jimmy Johnson honeymoon is over, what will become of the **Cowboys**? No one knows how Johnson's absence will affect the team, but rival coaches in the NFC East feel his departure will allow them to close the gap on Dallas. Barry Switzer, Johnson's successor (and team owner Jones' freshman coach at Arkansas), has never presided over an NFL team and has been out of coaching since leaving the University of Oklahoma in 1988. But Switzer, who plays at being a good old boy, is very shrewd. In his 16 years at Oklahoma, his teams won three national championships, a dozen Big Eight Conference titles and 84 percent of their games. He knows exactly what he's inherited: On his first day at work, Switzer announced that

(continued on page 140)

"It's all right, dear. It's the plumber."

DESIGNING WOMAN

miss september decorates a room
just the way we like

PHOTOGRAPHY BY ARNY FREYTAG AND STEPHEN WAYDA

HER ROOMMATE calls her Dishevelina because she sometimes seems frazzled by life. OK, Kelly Gallagher may spend a half hour searching her apartment for keys she left in the door, but don't interpret that as a sign that she is losing it. Miss September knows precisely where she is headed. "My mother is a designer and she has her own business. That's my ultimate goal, to have my very own store."

And she will probably get it, along with a few other things she would like to have: a man to marry when she's in her early 30s and a farm in Montana or New Mexico where she can dote on animals. She might even find a new recipe to replace the salmon-on-corn-tortilla-with-black-beans-and-goat-cheese concoction that she whips up to impress friends who come to dinner.

Kelly is focused when she's pursuing her goals. An early sign of her passion for interior design came when, as a child in Myrtle Beach, South Carolina, she began rearranging the furniture in her home. She went on to attend the Massachusetts College of Art in Boston, where she also took architecture classes. Kelly worked in film production design, but gave that up for a more balanced life. "If I'm in a relationship, I don't want to have to go to Zimbabwe for six months. I like stability. That's important to me because life is crazy and hectic enough."

Now comfortably encamped in Los Angeles, Kelly has just finished decorating a home in the Hollywood hills and has

"I can't figure men out," says Kelly. "My theory is that men and women are completely different creatures. It's like trying to put a monkey and a pig together—they just don't belong." Still, "I like having a boyfriend. It's always nice to have somebody you can count on."

started another, two freelance jobs she landed as an aggressive self-starter. She is confident of getting others, though "I don't know if anyone is going to say, 'I want a Playmate to design my house,' except perhaps a single guy."

While waiting to amass the capital she'll need to start her design shop, Kelly goes to museums, browses in bookstores and enjoys yoga classes, hiking and in-line skating.

But she doesn't hang out in the trendy night spots. "By no means do I go to a club and drink and dance until two in the morning." Most nights she slips into an oversize T-shirt and boxer shorts and is in bed by midnight.

At this point, Kelly's roommate interrupts the interview to take a look at Miss September's photos. She stares in awe. "You are wondrous," she says admiringly.

"You can ask any of my friends," says Kelly. "I have no problem with my sexuality. I'm completely uninhibited. Everybody has a body, and I want to show mine. God blessed me."

Kelly takes a moment to examine the layout, but she's not seeing photos of herself. She is critiquing the design elements. The woman can't help it. For Kelly, it will always be about design.

Kelly dated a guy who had two dogs. She broke up with him, but maintained her relationship with his pets. "I still have visiting rights," she says.

Undergarments are not a big concern in Kelly's life. "I love lingerie, but I'd rather go out and spend my money on a pair of shoes. I have one lingerie piece that I wear to sleep. It's white, long and silky." Note to President Clinton: On the question of boxers or briefs for men, Kelly sides with boxers. "Or nothing at all. That's how I usually go. I hate panties. They just get in the way."

MISS SEPTEMBER
PLAYBOY'S PLAYMATE OF THE MONTH

PLAYMATE DATA SHEET

NAME: KELLY GALLAGHER

BUST: 34C WAIST: 24 HIPS: 35

HEIGHT: 5'6" WEIGHT: 105

BIRTH DATE: 11-21-67 BIRTHPLACE: MYRTLE BEACH, S.C.

AMBITIONS: TO OWN MY OWN MARVELOUS DESIGN AND FURNISHINGS BUSINESS.

TURN-ONS: FABULOUS, INTENSE MINDS, HONESTY, HUGE SMILES AND A MAN WITH A COLOSSAL?

TURNOFFS: LACK OF COMMUNICATION, CRUELTY TO ANIMALS, SLACKERS AND BAD DESIGN.

ROMANCING MY MAN: BREAKFAST IN THE BOUDOIR, A BIT OF PHYSICAL ACTIVITY, TRIP TO THE MUSEUM FOR SOME MENTAL AND VISUAL STIMULATION, A NIBBLE FOR TWO TO SATISFY THE PALATE AND A TRIP TO THE BEACH TO SEE THE SUN SET AND THE MOON RISE.

I CAN'T GET ENOUGH OF: SWAP MEETS, BLENDED COFFEES, NICHOLSON BAKER NOVELS & GOOD LOVING.

MARTHA'S VINEYARD WITH BIG SIR—

SCUBA DIVING MAUI

SUN AND FUN IN NANTUCKET

PLAYBOY'S PARTY JOKES

After trying unsuccessfully for months to collect an overdue bill, the town grocer sent an emotional letter to the deadbeat along with a picture of his young daughter. Underneath he had written, "Here's the reason I need the money."

A week later, the merchant received a photo of a voluptuous blonde wearing a string bikini. It was captioned, "Here's the reason I can't pay."

What's a typical Wasp ménage à trois? Two headaches and a hard-on.

How can I help you?" the psychiatrist asked.

"It's her," the man said, nodding toward his wife. "For the last six months, she has thought she is a lawn mower."

"This is very serious," the shrink advised. "Why didn't you bring her in sooner?"

"My neighbor just returned her."

A hiker was passing a farm when a horse spoke to him. "Hey buddy," it said, "I'm a Kentucky Derby winner and this hick farmer has me pulling a plow every day. Get me to a stud farm and I'll make you rich."

The astonished hiker ran to the house and roused the farmer. "I want to buy that tired old plow horse of yours," he said. "I'll give you $10,000 for him."

"He ain't worth it."

"But I'll buy him just the same."

"I can't take your money, son," the farmer said. "I don't care what he said, that horse ain't never even seen a Kentucky Derby."

Our Washington sources report President Clinton has found a way to slow down inflation: Turn it over to the Postal Service.

Charlie had been fishing on the riverbank for hours without any luck. He was about to pack it in when a man walked up and said, "What you need is a fishing mirror."

"What's that?" Charlie asked.

"It's a special mirror you hold over the water," he answered. "The fish look up, think they see another fish and jump out of the water. You just catch them and put them in a sack. I'll sell you one for ten bucks."

"OK, I'll take it," Charlie said, handing over the cash. "But tell me, have you ever caught any with this thing?"

"Counting you," the man said, grinning, "four today."

Harvey was in bed with a married woman when they heard the garage door open. "It's my husband!" the frantic woman cried. "Get dressed and start ironing these," she said, tossing a pile of shirts at him.

Her husband strode in and asked about the strange man. After the woman explained that he was the new housekeeper, Harvey stayed to finish the shirts.

When he left the house, Harvey walked to the corner to wait for a bus. He was so proud of his escape that he related the experience to another man at the bus stop.

The stranger smiled. "Are you talking about that red brick house over there? Hell, I'm the one who washed the shirts."

THIS MONTH'S MOST FREQUENT SUBMISSION:

Graffito spotted in Boston: NANCY KERRIGAN SHOULD GET BACK ON THE ICE. SHE IS BEGINNING TO SPOIL.

Two friends became philosophical as they left the funeral of a co-worker who had died after a sudden illness. "I'd like to go out in a blaze of glory," one decided.

"Not me," said the other. "I'd like to go like my grandfather—peacefully, in his sleep. Not screaming and yelling like his passengers."

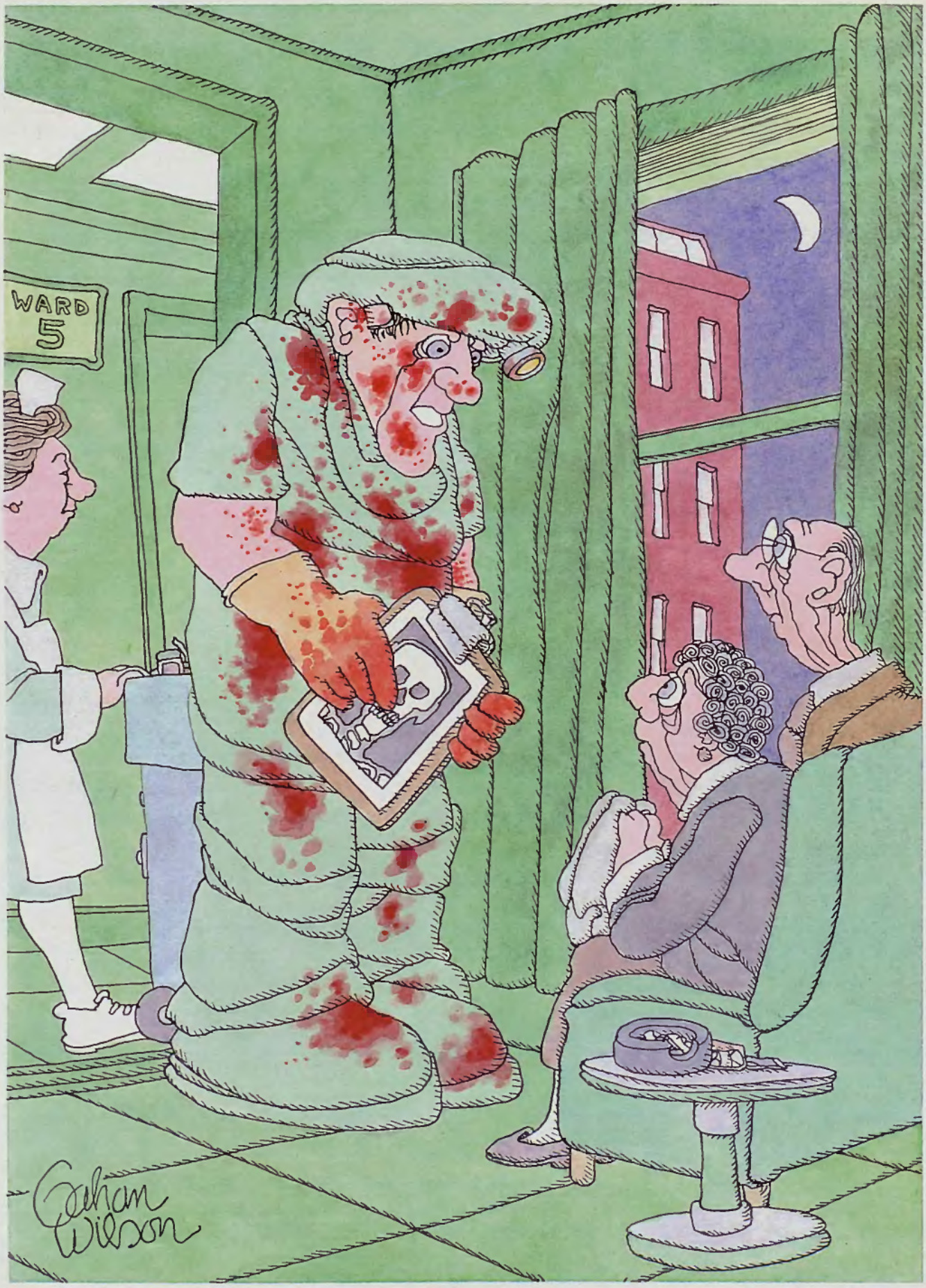
PARTY JOKE CLASSIC:

When a naive and inexperienced couple married, they were uncomfortable using the word sex, so they agreed to refer to the act as "doing the laundry." This practice went on for years, even after they had children.

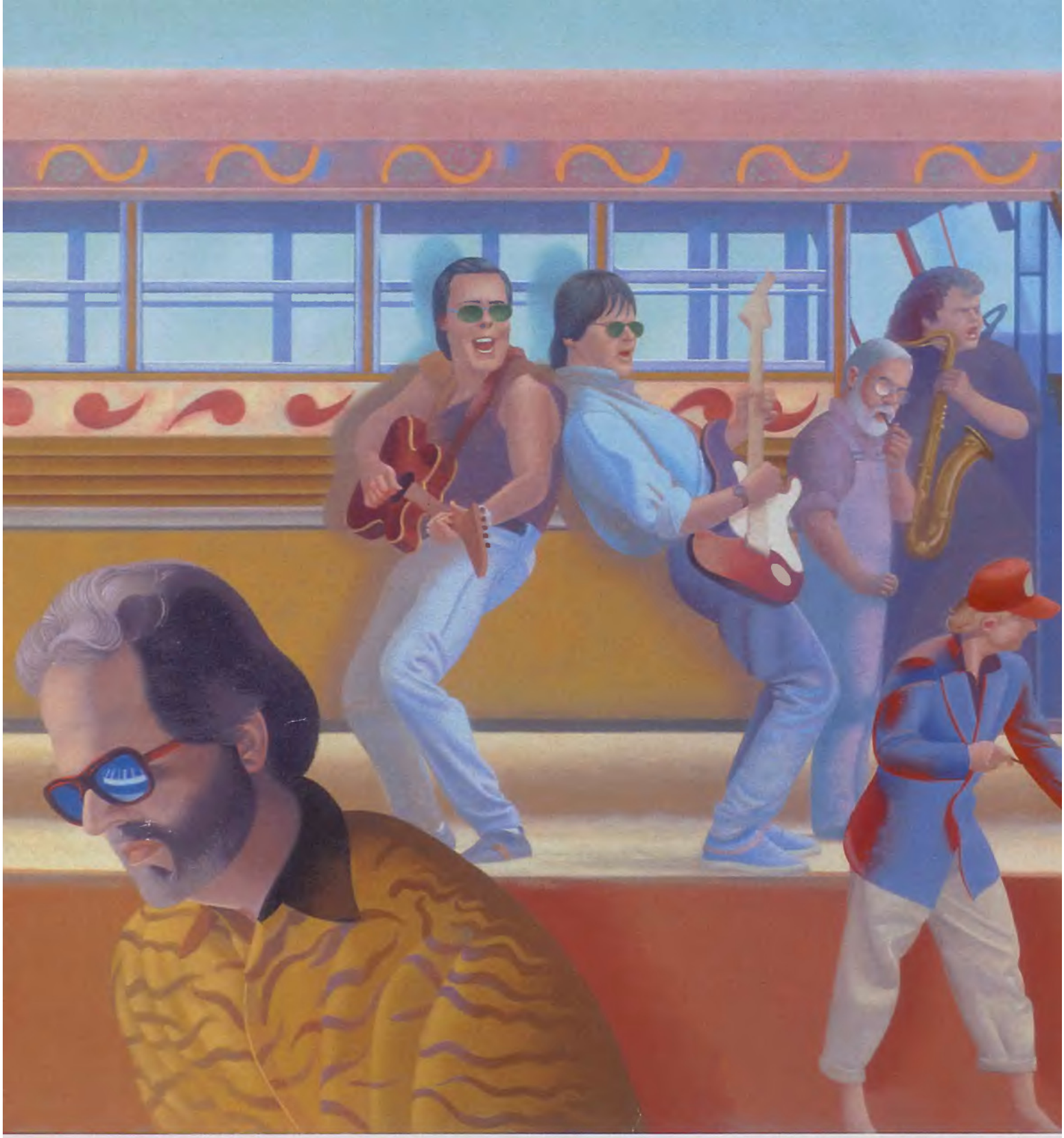
One afternoon, the husband felt in the mood and sent his five-year-old son downstairs to ask the wife if she wanted to do the laundry. Fifteen, 30, 45 minutes passed. Finally the boy returned. "Mom said she'll do the laundry in about five minutes," he reported.

"She doesn't have to bother," the father said. "Tell her it was a small load and I did it by hand."

Heard a funny one lately? Send it on a postcard, please, to Party Jokes Editor, PLAYBOY, *680 North Lake Shore Drive, Chicago, Illinois 60611. $100 will be paid to the contributor whose card is selected. Jokes cannot be returned.*



"Don't worry, Mr. and Mrs. Turner, we're doing everything we can to avoid a malpractice suit."



ROCKIN' WITH THE REMAINDERS

WHEN FIFTEEN FAMOUS AUTHORS FORMED THE WORLD'S WEIRDEST BAND THEY HAD A BLAST, BECAME LEGENDS AND—WHAT ELSE? —WROTE A BOOK

By STEPHEN KING

IN THE SUMMER of 1971, when I was 23 and had been married less than a year, something unpleasant happened to me in Sebec Lake. I won't say I almost drowned, because I don't know that I did. What I do know is that I gave myself a hell of a scare, one I still remember vividly half a lifetime later. *(continued on page 137)*

By ROY BLOUNT JR.

WE WERE probably the only rock-and-roll band that ever caught itself watching *MacNeil/Lehrer* in the bus before a show. I don't recall any nudity, though I suppose I took some showers. As for drugs—although Al would occasionally hark back to an earlier time by saying something cool like, "When *(continued on page 134)*

By DAVE BARRY

AS A BOY I never wanted to be president of the United States. I wanted to be Buddy Holly.

I loved Buddy Holly, and not just because he was young and famous and hip and wrote great rock-and-roll music. I loved Buddy Holly because he wore glasses.

I wore *(continued on page 131)*

ILLUSTRATION BY WILSON MCLEAN

20 QUESTIONS

DAVID CARUSO

David Caruso is a master of eye contact. Whether playing Detective John Kelly on TV's "NYPD Blue" or just being himself, Caruso tilts his carrot-topped Irish mug downward, then slowly looks up and—boom—you're in his headlights. This gaze of serene menace coupled with infinite empathy explains why legions of female fans (and a majority of the media) have anointed Caruso the sex symbol of the season. That, fine scripts and exceptional acting—plus the fact that Caruso bared his butt in the first episode—have helped make the latest Steven Bochco cop show a hit. Caruso came by his role after playing another stand-up cop to perfection in "Mad Dog and Glory." Before that Caruso was in films such as "An Officer and a Gentleman" and the male-bonding classic "King of New York." At Caruso's last-minute invitation, Contributing Editor David Rensin met with the actor for dinner at a hilltop restaurant on a foggy Los Angeles night. Says Rensin, "Caruso ordered mineral water but didn't like the taste. He asked for a salad but ate only two bites of it. By the time the pasta was served he had lost his appetite. As with everything else, Caruso worries over his food."

1.

PLAYBOY: As a teenager you had a chance to participate in a grocery store robbery. You didn't. What kept you on the straight and narrow?

CARUSO: [*Laughs*] I don't think that there was any major crime career looming for me. I always have been leery of buying into the short-term game. The two other people who sat at the planning table that night are no longer with us. They died brutal deaths at a young age. What a fucking waste. If you know anything about criminals, you know that they're not in it for the money. They may rationalize it that way, but real criminals are in it to destroy and hurt people. They have an agenda. Take a look around: Criminals no longer just grab handbags. They shoot people. They rob the store, then go back in and shoot the clerk. For what? They got the money. Criminals are angry, disturbed people who are looking for attention. Thirty years ago it wasn't like that. The old rules are defunct. Public figures are involved in all kinds of corruption. The Church has lost its grasp. People don't feel anything for one another anymore. All bets are off. In the old days crooks had some sense that they were breaking the law. Now it's an industry based on hurting you. You represent or have something that they think they want—and can't have. So there's a tremendous desire to act out because they feel powerless.

tv's stand-up cop assesses the postmodern criminal, the failures of the church and the lessons he learned from street fights and love scenes

Why, when your car gets stolen, is it later found with the insides ripped to shreds? Easy. Stealing isn't enough. They want to hurt somebody.

2.

PLAYBOY: You've become famous, in part, for showing your butt. Are we setting our sights too low?

CARUSO: The butt thing was a media deal. It hadn't been done before in prime time, so it got some attention. I don't think that's why people come back to the show, though: "Hey, Caruso did another butt shot last night!" We should set our sights higher—maybe my lower back. If I never do it again, that's OK, too. But butts will continue. We do adult television and there are going to be love scenes. So we're just waiting for new butts.

3.

PLAYBOY: How hard do you hit the body makeup?

CARUSO: You do a layer of body makeup. Then, depending on how long the scenes take, they'll touch you up. Body makeup is a weird concept. They pretty much cover it all. I have them do the whole canvas, so to speak. Then, depending on the situation, my girlfriend, Paris, will complete the work of art.

4.

PLAYBOY: Actors sometimes bring parts of their sexual technique to love scenes. Are there moves that you bring from home that are impossible to disguise, or that you might suspect are authentic in a screen partner?

CARUSO: I agree that you can't hide who you are. You can attempt to manufacture certain things, but it is really about availability: Are you willing to materialize for the scene or not? In real life, if you're open to making love to somebody, you're available to them on every level, every cell. You show up even when there's fear, insecurity, the possibility of loss or humiliation. It's tough to risk all that. To create that on the screen with a stranger, and to make it work, takes the same type of willingness to materialize. Otherwise it won't be real.

The circumstances in the script will also set boundaries. Am I falling in love with this woman? Or is this a painful sequence because we're breaking up? In scenes with Sherry Stringfield, who plays my ex-wife, Laura, we weren't supposed to materialize for each other, and it showed. In scenes with Amy Brenneman, who plays Janice Licalsi, our characters were both willing to jump off the metaphoric cliff. In those scenes, which initially got all the attention, there was real investment and risk involved. I feel fortunate to have had my first major love scene with Amy because of her real courage. She just jumped. She was great. Amy did not protect herself, did not hold back. She did not have one foot out the door. That's liberating, man. It's a relief when you have somebody to dance with, because then the potential becomes unlimited. When you have somebody who's free—man, talk about putting a smile on your face. All the armor comes off and you've got a partner. I should add that this is also why some actors meet on a film as characters in a relationship and then start one offscreen. They believe it themselves. They fall into it. It feels right, it feels comfortable, it feels exciting. You buy into it because you want your real life to be that heightened.

5.

PLAYBOY: You've had a couple of busted marriages but are now happily entangled, though not wed. What do you know now that you wish you'd known before?

CARUSO: That I can choose not to be in a relationship. I didn't know I could do that. I was attracted to certain situations and a certain style of woman that set off familiar alarms for me, and I couldn't not proceed. What I did has

PHOTOGRAPHY BY FRANK OCKENFELS III

been described to me as being anxious to rewrite the end of a particular scenario. You are attracted over and over again in the hope that you can change the outcome. You can't. When I was younger, my take on relationships and on women was pretty narrow. My instinct was to create the ideal situation for myself with her, then together we'd live my life. It wasn't even that the relationships were bad. I just had no idea what the fuck I was doing. I didn't understand my function and my responsibility. The great misperception is that if you're able to have sex, then you're ready to be a father. Or that because you can move in with somebody, you're ready to be in a relationship or a marriage. What I'm beginning to understand is that it's about whether or not two people just get along. If you can have joy and have fun, and then have honesty as a result or in addition to those things, then you're really scoring.

6.

PLAYBOY: What's the toughest thing about living with you?
CARUSO: I want things done my way. I know how it should be, every little detail, and I'm not good at bending to other people's methods. I load the dishwasher my own way, I do the laundry my own way. I'm working on this problem. Hourly.

7.

PLAYBOY: We have talked about *King of New York* with nearly all of your co-stars and asked them to help women understand its appeal to men. What is your take?
CARUSO: It's like an urban version of *The Wild Bunch*. Quite a few gunshots. A lot of testosterone. The thing about *King of New York* is the cast. For Abel Ferrara to put all those people—Walken, Snipes, Fishburne and me—into the same movie for a total budget of $8 million says quite a bit about the project and about the people who have come out of it.

8.

PLAYBOY: Care to explain Christopher Walken?
CARUSO: You really meet Chris Walken on the other side of "Action!" When you're dealing with him face to face, Chris is kind of eccentric. He is everything but eccentric when you meet him on the other side. You get to grip the floor on the first few takes because you can't be prepared.

9.

PLAYBOY: Let's say you had access to *NYPD Blue* co-creator David Milch's dream state. What plot line for Detective Kelly would you suggest?
CARUSO: Eventually, he'd leave the police force. Sometimes I flirt with the possibility of Kelly going into public life. There's a horizon beyond the 15th Precinct for him. But because of the responsibility he feels, he hasn't allowed himself yet to dream past his badge. Sometimes I wonder if Kelly is completing his father's life out of some sense of duty. Milch's twist on it would be to make Kelly go through a serious crisis and attempt to move on and really get to the bottom of the issue. Then David would have him discover that, in fact, he should be a police officer. He would choose it on his own.

10.

PLAYBOY: Your boss, Steven Bochco, is known for his eloquence and his ability to be elliptic. What's the fewest words he's been able to use when answering an important question?
CARUSO: "Fuck 'em."

11.

PLAYBOY: Which episode was hardest for you to leave at the office?
CARUSO: Episode 12, when Licalsi walks into a tavern and breaks up with Kelly. I was sitting at the bar and she said, "You can't take me back, can you? Based on all of this and who you are, I can't come back." Then she got up and said, "Bye, Johnny," and she walked out. That killed me. Licalsi was there for Kelly at the lowest moment in his life, and then she made a mistake. And it built up over 12 episodes, which is like six movies. So Amy and I had this whole arc going, and then it crashed. I suddenly realized that maybe we would never do another scene together, and that was a loss. A real relationship took place on camera. As performers we jelled, and it just went poof! As a result, we really were vulnerable that night. It's harsh. And there's not much I can do about it. I can't say, "We have to continue this relationship or I'm walking off the show," because the way the series is structured, these things have to happen. Since then we pass each other in the precinct house and stuff, but it's not the same. We don't work on the same days anymore, we're not in the same story lines. In a funny, sad way we truly have broken up.

12.

PLAYBOY: Licalsi's mistake involved killing two mobsters, partly as self-protection, partly to save you. To what lengths would you go, if you could get away with it, for the ones you love?
CARUSO: I would be willing to go pretty far, especially if my children were involved. I never have taken things sitting down. I'm not going to end up a victim on the six o'clock news if it's the last thing I do. The unfortunate part about our society now is that you can't be naive about how high the stakes are and how venomous the competition is. You have to be prepared.

13.

PLAYBOY: Detective Kelly is a stand-up guy. Is he a cop for our time? What experiences equipped you for the role?
CARUSO: If he's not a cop for our time, then I'm not sure there is one. I believe in his approach and in what he stands for, which is that we cannot accept that we just hate and are afraid of one another. If I know in my heart that somebody is being hurt or somebody's job is on the line, I'll never be a company man just to preserve my own position. There are those willing to go with the party line at the cost of anything, including friendships. But it's wrong. I realized this when I was growing up. A buddy of mine, Lou Mantis, was the first person in my life who was really loyal to me and was willing to defend my name when I wasn't around. He cared for me on a deep level. A loyalty that transcends everything was profound to me. To know that someone's with you, right or wrong, is powerful stuff. Twenty-five years later, we're still hanging around.

14.

PLAYBOY: In *Mad Dog and Glory*, you also played a cop. Your big moment—the one that helped land you on *NYPD Blue*—was taking on Bill Murray's oversize henchman. In real life, how do you handle someone who's bigger than you?
CARUSO: It depends on the issue. If the guy knows in his heart that he's wrong, he's already operating from a disadvantage. Not that I square off with people all the time—I don't seek confrontation and I'm not into violence—but occasionally I've been in that situation. Sometimes it's reached that point because the other person was being unreasonable or there was no other avenue to pursue. Recently there was this buffed guy at the gym who was not allowing other people to use a machine. He decided it was his. Finally, after standing around waiting for him to complete his sets, I said, "OK, I think you've had time enough." When I confronted him he threatened me. He said, "You better get out of here or I'm gonna rock your world." Quickly it became a principle thing. I wasn't going to let this guy send me home. So I said, "OK, let's go. Let's go outside." We did, but he decided to give me a lecture about street etiquette and fighting instead. He didn't really

(continued on page 147)

"Of course I had no idea he was a hologram when I married him!"

VCR

six heads, cable compatibility, one-touch editing and no more blinking clocks—couch potatoes, get your popcorn ready

HOW THEY STACK UP

article by JONATHAN TAKIFF

THE videocassette recorder has just turned 18, and brother, has it grown. The latest models incorporate functions never dreamed of back in 1976, including the ability to both diagnose ills (Zenith offers this on several models) and automatically set the clock (it's Sony that has finally eliminated the blinking 12:00). Pressing a button on VCRs by Mitsubishi, Toshiba and JVC not only starts the tape, but also turns on the TV and sets it to the channel you want to record. And if you've lost your remote control and owner's manual, the new RCA models walk you through basic programming operations with a graphics display. Technology doesn't get more user-friendly than this. Furthermore, fierce competition for the replacement/second VCR market is forcing prices of full-featured models way down. Here's a look at what your bucks can buy today—and it's a lot.

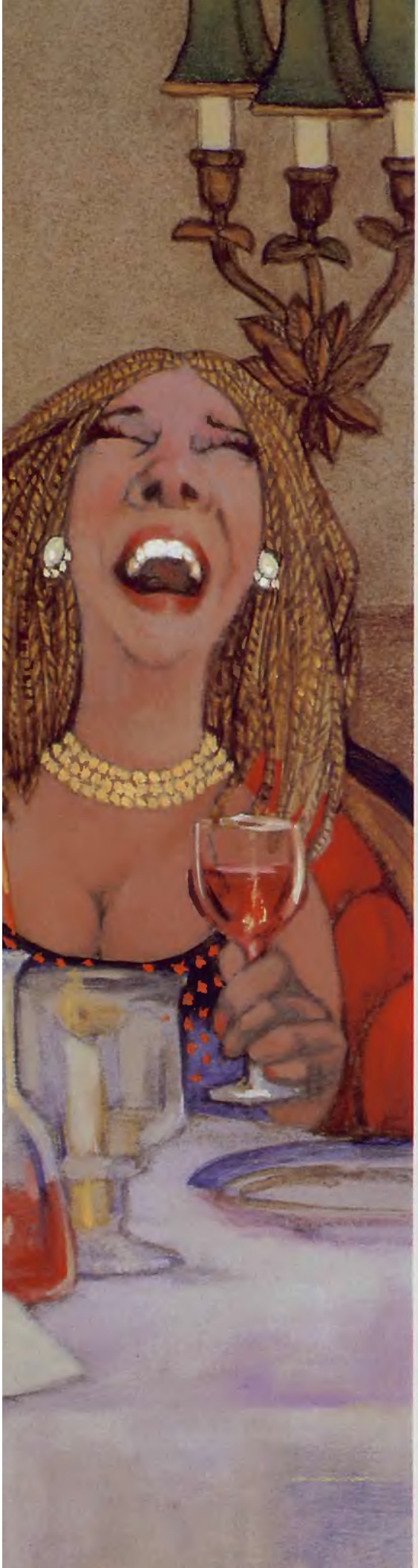
TURNING UP THE VOLUME

If you're planning to mate your audio and video systems to create a home-theater environment, then the central building block is a VCR with high fidelity stereo sound. The audio performance *(concluded on page 146)*

Right, top to bottom: Fisher's FVH-4910 videocassette recorder makes it easy to tape *Playboy After Dark* while you're watching *Nightline*, because it incorporates VCR Plus+ programming for simultaneous multichannel viewing/recording. It also comes with shuttle search, a knob on the remote control that lets you manipulate VCR functions such as fast scan and frame-by-frame tape advance while watching the screen, $450. Model HR-VP710, by JVC, is a $600 VCR that doubles as an editing studio. Just drop a VHS tape into the machine and indicate the scenes you want to keep, and at the touch of a button they're transferred to a second VCR. RCA's four-head model VR672HF features built-in VCR Plus+ that lets you record simply by punching in the entry code found in most newspapers, about $450. Go Video's 8mm-VHS VCR (it's model GV8080) is a dual deck that allows you to edit and copy 8mm home movies directly onto VHS tapes via one-touch circuitry, about $1299. The M760 VCR, by Toshiba, features six recording heads and a "flying preamp" that deliver exceptional picture quality in the extended-play mode, $550. The Hitachi five-head VHS VT-S772 incorporates a Laser VLS device that automatically opens the VCR's tape door when a videocassette is placed in front of it, about $900.

PHOTOGRAPHY BY JAMES IMBROGNO

MID-MOUNT
FISHER
Studio-Standard
AUTO HEAD CLEANING / DIGITAL AUTO TRACKING
DA4 HEAD Hi-Fi VCR Plus+
JVC
FLYING ERASE HEAD / HI-SPEC DRIVE
Hi-Fi AV COMPU LINK
HR-VP710U
VCR Plus+
VHS Hi-Fi STEREO
4 HEAD VIDEO SYSTEM
RCA
HOME THEATRE SERIES
Power
Copy Tape
Rew
Play
FF
GO VIDEO
DUAL DECK SYSTEM
TOSHIBA
M760
SIX HEAD
S-VHS
AMORPHOUS HEAD
HITACHI S772 SX5



corky doesn't know what these girls want of him, but he certainly knows what he wants of them

WHAT I LIVED FOR

fiction by

JOYCE CAROL OATES

MMMMMMMM! You know what this specimen is, honey?—a sweet ol' Freckhead, that's what he is. Ain' he?"

"What?—'Freckhead'—ain' that what I said?"

"You said 'Freckhead.'"

"Say *what*?"

"'Freckhead.'"

"Nah"—shrieking with laughter, like she's being tickled—"I never did! Never did! 'Freckhead!' *Never!*"

They were both teasing him, no mercy, Corky loved it. The gorgeous black girl giving off that ripe yeasty-plum scent, the wild-eyed hot-breathed white girl, one on each side of grinning-drunk Corky Corcoran in the Zephir Lounge where somehow they'd wound up, crowded together, arms, legs, thighs, even heads bumping, and Kiki's hair in Corky's face, and Marilee's right breast nudging Corky's arm, squeezed into one of those red leather banquettes along the wall. Practically behind the stoned-looking combo playing—is it disco music from another era?—so loud Corky can hardly register the noise as music, only as percussive waves. The three of them, laughing their heads off. Howling with laughter. Corky's eyes leaking tears, and Marilee's rich deep-bellied shriek, you could tell that girl was colored without needing to look, and you could imagine her shrieking like that making love, Oh man Oh lover Oh like that Oh mmm*mmmm just* like that. And Kiki, even wilder, she's maybe high on coke, Corky wouldn't doubt, and maybe Marilee, too, along with being, in the parlance of high school circa the mid-Sixties, *wasted*,

ILLUSTRATION BY CHARLES BRAGG

smashed, bombed out of their skulls on alcohol. Kiki's got a high-pitched girlish giggle, all elbows and hair and rolling-white thyroid eyes, skinny body and pointed breasts inside some cheap ethnic tunic top, pretty pasty-pale face screwed up like she's in pain, or near to coming, and her rat-frizzed dyed-copper hair like Brillo wire. But Corky's attracted to her, too, not so powerfully as to Marilee but, yes, to Kiki, too, to both girls, damn right.

•

This fantasy playing in lurid Day-Glo colors in Corky's head, as in one of those Cineplex mall theaters, is that these two terrific-looking girls in their mid-20s are going to make love to Corky Corcoran, who's old enough almost to be their father. Yes, the pervert's imagination is careening along at full tilt, he's practically slavering over them, Marilee Plummer on his left, Kiki What's-her-name on his right, big shot at the Zephir where they know his name and lavish tips. What the fuck that he's old enough almost to be the girls' daddy, he's getting to be the age he thought he would never get to be, you never think you're going to get to be, old enough that almost half the world's young enough to be his daughter, Jesus! What's a guy supposed to do, chase after females *his* age?—try to get it up for females *his* age? Shit, Corky's out from under that heavy bitch he married not even knowing she was three years older than him. What an asshole, Corky Corcoran, thinking himself so shrewd, such a stud, lucky Charlotte's a rich man's daughter and could tell him go fuck, I don't need alimony from *you*. So he's a free man now, legally divorced and free and clear, nobody's husband, nobody's stepdaddy needing to feel guilt at another man's kid regarding him with big tearful eyes when he hasn't paid sufficient attention to her or slamming her bedroom door when accidentally—really, accidentally—he's happened to glance inside passing by seeing her half in underclothes or bare-assed or just brushing her hair in that whiplash way of hers you'd think would have loosened half the hairs on her head, or coming out of the bathroom glaring at him pouty-mouthed as if knowing (but how could she know?—fuck, she couldn't) stepdaddy's going to whack himself off inside, the door safely locked, sniffing the dry-sharp smell of her urine the fan hasn't quite carried off. Free and clear and living by himself at 33 Summit Avenue in the prestige neighborhood of Maiden Vale, maybe these two beautiful girls would like to go back there for a nightcap? A nightcap or two? In the meantime he's celebrating his freedom, American Express Gold Card covering the Zephir tab he'll be stunned to discover, next month, the fuckers must have padded, overcharged him for drinks and, asshole, he'd encouraged the waitress to calculate her own tip, dumb you because you love all the world, or pretend you do, yes but right now he does love all the world, his arms around these two great-looking girls, his scotch on the rocks going down smooth as if it's the first after a long cruel thirst and not, who knows, the fifth or the sixth, God knows. Asking these two boom-boom girls, "What's happier than a drunk pig wallowing in the muck?" and the girls cry out in unison, "*What*, Corky—*what* is?" and Corky says, exploding in laughter so that drinkers at the bar glance around quizzical and smiling, hoping to get in on the joke, "*A drunk Irish pig wallowing in the muck.*"

"Ohhh Freckhead!—I mean Freck-*l*-head!—are you funny!"

"Ain' he funny? Ohhh I'm gonna wet mah pants!"

Marilee Plummer mimicking a Southern black, comical-sly parody of stereotyped Negro speech, purely good-natured, Corky thinks, and no malice or anger in it, Corky thinks, and Kiki falling in with it, a natural mimic too, the two girls like jazz musicians off on a riff. "Freckhead" veers hilariously close to "Fuckhead"—more squeals, howls—Marilee leans across Corky, squeezing her sizable breast against him, practically in his mouth as she slaps at Kiki, "Girl, you watch yo' mouth! You white girls is all the same: bold an' brazen! This gen-mun here's gonna be shocked, you watch yo' mouth, hear?"

Well, hell, it *is* funny. At the time.

When, a few hours earlier, he'd picked up these two girls—or had they picked up him?—at some lavish crammed cocktail reception at the Hyatt, or was it the Empire, one of those affairs honoring an outgoing president of some charity organization, or the 50th anniversary of the Union City Arts Council, and up on the dais speaking briefly and wittily there's Mayor Slattery, and one or two beaming officers of the organization, and maybe a vice president from Squibb or Exxon announcing a $5 million subsidy, with much applause and cheering and crowding at the bar, and next thing you know you're slipping out with these two girls who call you Corky and laugh uproariously at your jokes, in your ear, driving (the white Audi, at this time? yes) to a favorite nightclub, a pretense of supper, this terrific jazz combo at the Bull's Eye. Except, how the hell, you who've lived in this frigging city for 40 years and boast you could make your way around it blind somehow take a wrong exit from the expressway, let's go to the Zephir instead, down on Chippewa, it's the Zephir you really meant to go to anyway, why not?

Where they know your name—they're always impressed.

H'lo Mr. Corcoran!

Good evening Mr. Corcoran!

Thank you Mr. Corcoran!

Thank you!

Are Marilee and Kiki impressed, too?—Marilee on Corky's left and Kiki on Corky's right, both girls drinking red wine and leaning across Corky to whisper at each other and dissolve in giggles, and Corky's got his arms looped over both, in play, only in play, you can tell it's play because he's grinning his boyish-affable grin, his arm around Kiki's bony shoulders as a way of covering for his arm around Marilee's warm solid rich-ripe-smelling shoulders. The more he gets to know Marilee Plummer the more he's crazy about her, what a figure, and her hair's in cornrows, numberless cornrows, tiny braids, weird. Corky's never seen cornrows close up before, practically in his nose, and an oily-sweet scent lifting from Marilee's scalp, must take forever to braid hair in such thin braids, and do they grease it, too?—or doesn't Marilee's hair require straightening?—she's got so much Caucasian blood in her, she could almost pass for white. Something exotic like—what?—Spanish, Portuguese. Smoky-creamy skin but with a texture different from Caucasian skin, a thicker skin, doesn't age the same way, fewer wrinkles, creases. The way black boxers can take punches to the face that white boxers, poor saps, can't. The day of the white pro boxer is over forever, Rocky Marciano the last white American heavyweight, never another. "High yellow" is what Marilee Plummer would be called by other, darker blacks, and Corky's wondering, Is that a term whites can use, or is it racist, insulting? He seems to know that Marilee Plummer, seeming at ease with her white-girl friend and her grinning white-man escort, is sensitive about the color of her skin, as about her identity. God, yes. You wouldn't want to cross *her*.

Strange how, at his age, knowing as many people as he does, so many connections in the Democratic Party and in the business sector and more generally, Corky Corcoran has so few black friends. In truth, no real black friends. God knows, Corky's tried—he really has. At Rensselaer he'd known two or three black guys, the only ones in the school, and he'd gotten along pretty well working in the cafeteria with them

(continued on page 154)

"Hello, Mom? I got the job in the TV commercial!"

SO HOW DO YOU LIKE ME NOW?

for the first time, the film and tv actress recounts, in her own words, her charmed life and embattled love

BY
ROBIN GIVENS

PHOTOGRAPHY BY GREG GORMAN

ONCE, I MOVED through life as if I were on a European highway. I traveled fast, feeling secure that my lane was designed and built just for me. It enticed me, engaged me, excited me. There were no bumps or obstacles, no wrecks or detours. I knew where I was headed. I had no reason to think that would change.

But suddenly, with what seemed like vicious, mysterious plotting, an obstacle appeared in the road. Actually, it was more like a brick wall. The self-confidence that had given me so many opportunities had now carried me to the brink of disaster.

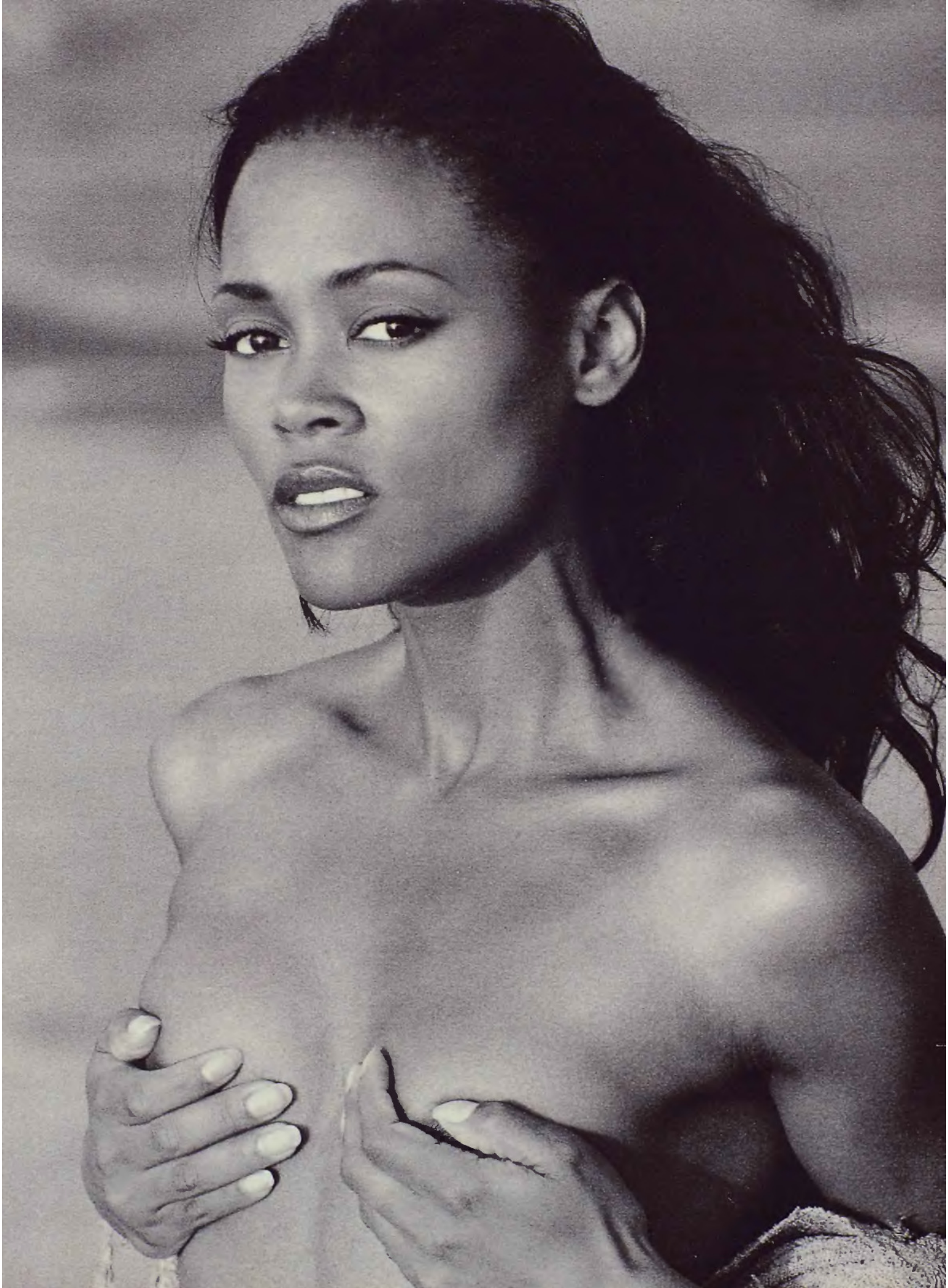
Like a temperamental lover, life took from me—abruptly and without warning—the comfort of my predictable existence. Like a victim of a thief in the night, I had been robbed of all that was familiar. And then there was the pain—pure, raw and complex. There were no bruises, no visible signs of my terror, only an inner trembling that would not go away. So I sat, shaken and dazed, simply watching life pass by. I saw curious stares with no concern, moving lips without voices. My fear was met by others' fear. My longing was met by cynicism from others. I was forced to face the future alone.

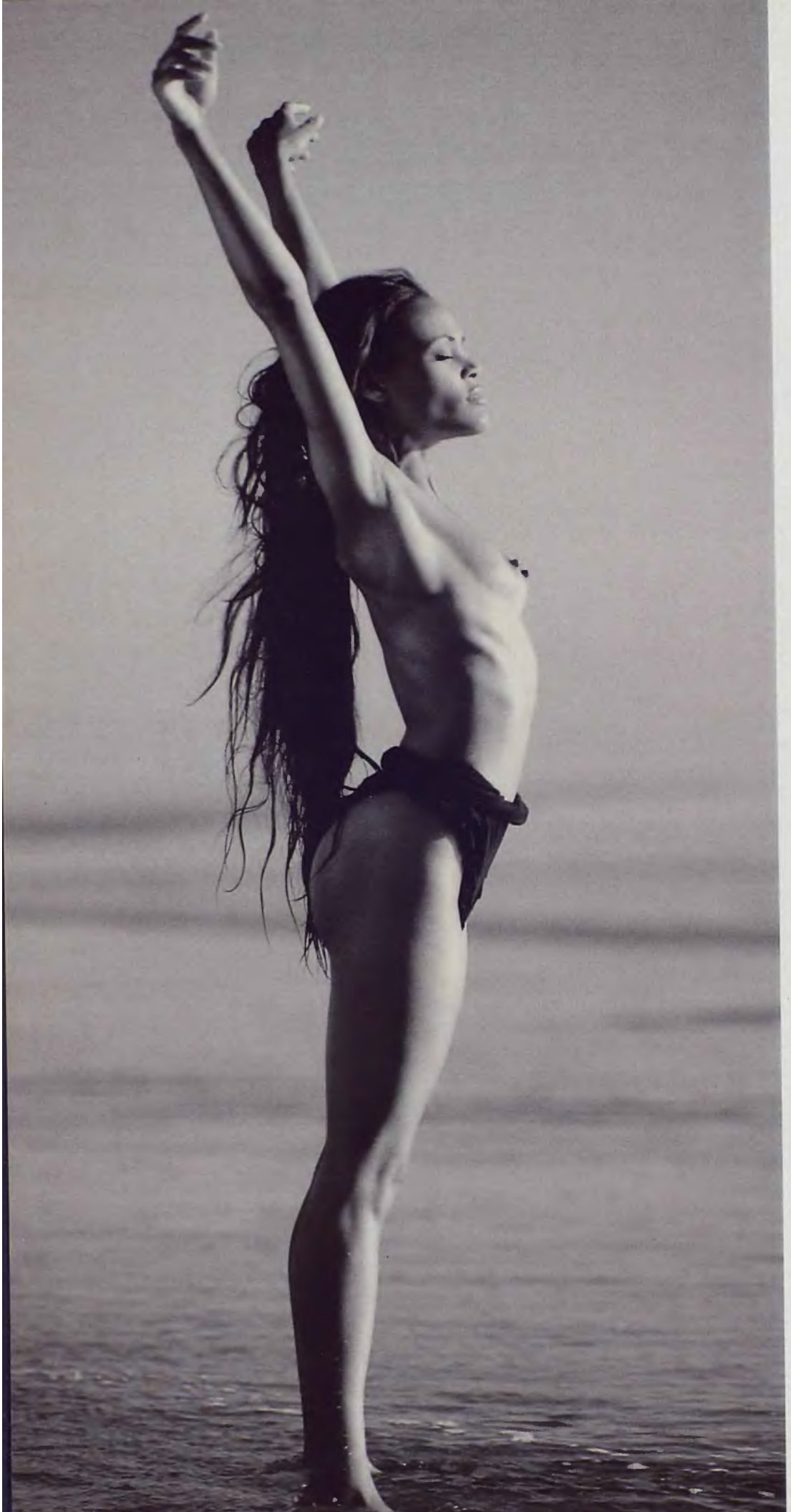
•

Mike Tyson was an imposing presence, yet he was still just a boy. He was handsome and he had an unerring sense of quality. This was not altogether effortless; it was part of everything he wanted to be. But for now there remained the boy, a little younger than I, who had come a long way in too short a time. Although he still had remnants of genuine innocence, much of that was pushed aside by the emerging man and by the difficult experiences of a brief but tumultuous life. Some of his innocence may have been forced. A lot of it was deliberate. He had learned that his guileless displays were more subtle manipulators than his physical strength, and they were far more disarming. They had the potential to be more deadly.

This weaving of man and boy, strength and vulnerability, was not only enticing, it was electrifying. He smiled and relaxed. He liked me. It was like a reunion of old neighborhood friends who understand just how far from home they are. Our glances gave reassurance and comfort and familiarity.

I had never had a relationship so complete, so intimate. There was never





any uneasiness, no having to think about what to say or how to act. There was no getting dressed up, made up or done up. For the first time, being myself was easy. I had always strived for perfection, but I had never felt perfect. I was perfect for him.

And in the beginning he was perfect for me. He became my comforter, my protector, my supporter, my sustainer. He was the strong, reliable, constant male presence that I was missing. He satisfied a basic criterion I had established for my relationships with men. He always showed up. Not only when he said he would but even when I didn't expect him and needed him most.

•

I was about two years old when I lost my father through divorce. My first memory of him—or the absence of him—is of sitting in the window, waiting for him to pick me up. My mother had dressed me in pretty clothes, and I remember climbing onto the sofa to be able to see out the window. I waited and waited for him. It felt like an eternity. He never came, and I remembered very little about him after that until I was much older.

As the years passed with little contact between my father and me, I lost trust in him. I have never been able to heal that breach of trust. Afraid of being let down again, I placed few demands on any man, as long as he showed up.

This standard of judgment can be quite stringent. How many men have I known who could not keep the simplest commitments? I wish my father had been there to teach me that relationships go beyond showing up, that commitments go beyond time and date and go straight to the

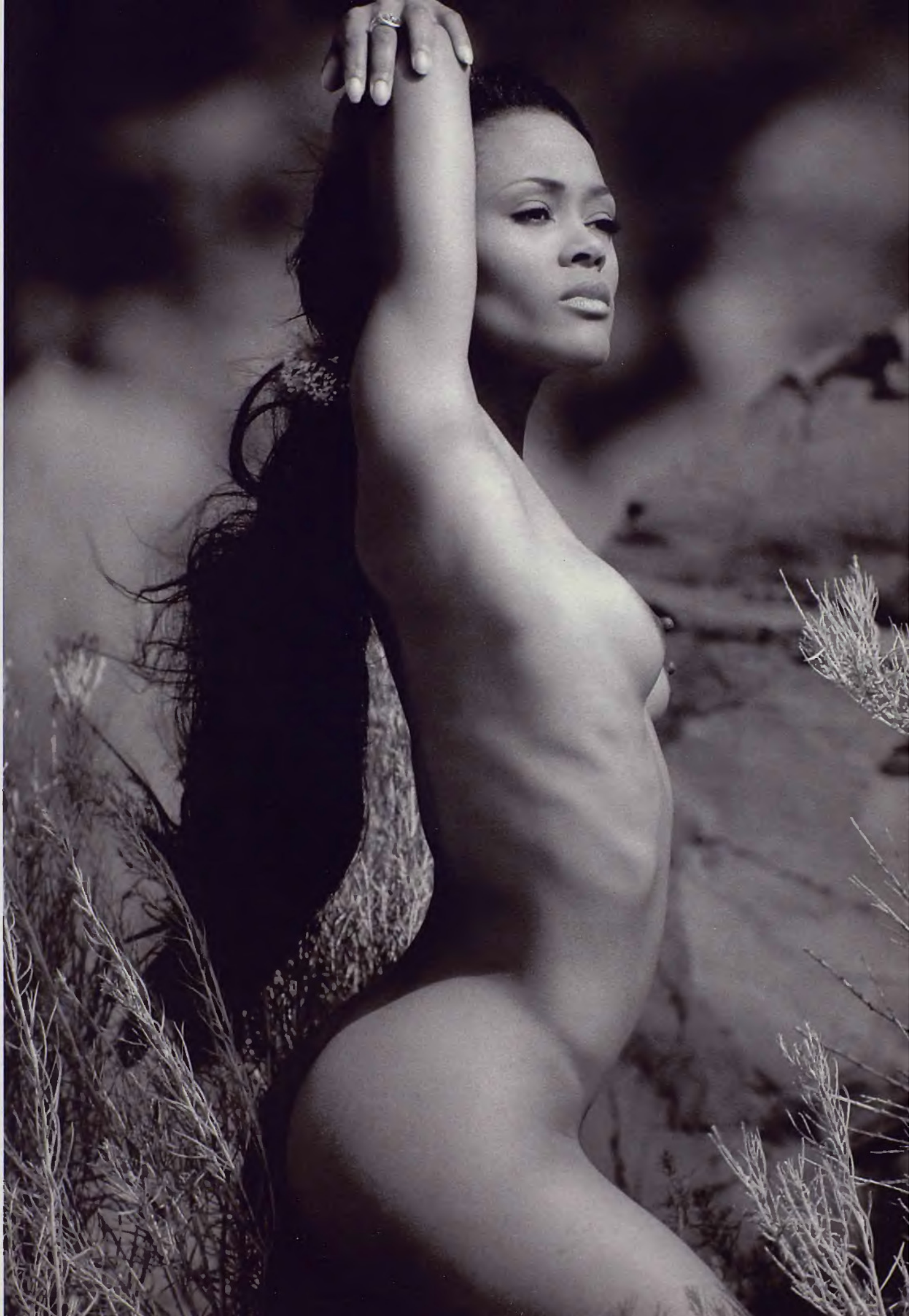
heart and soul of the relationship. By being there, he could have helped me understand the strictest commitment—namely, that the person with whom we are engaged in a relationship should be concerned for our well-being, our growth and our unfolding, and that though they are not responsible for this process, they should do nothing to impede it.

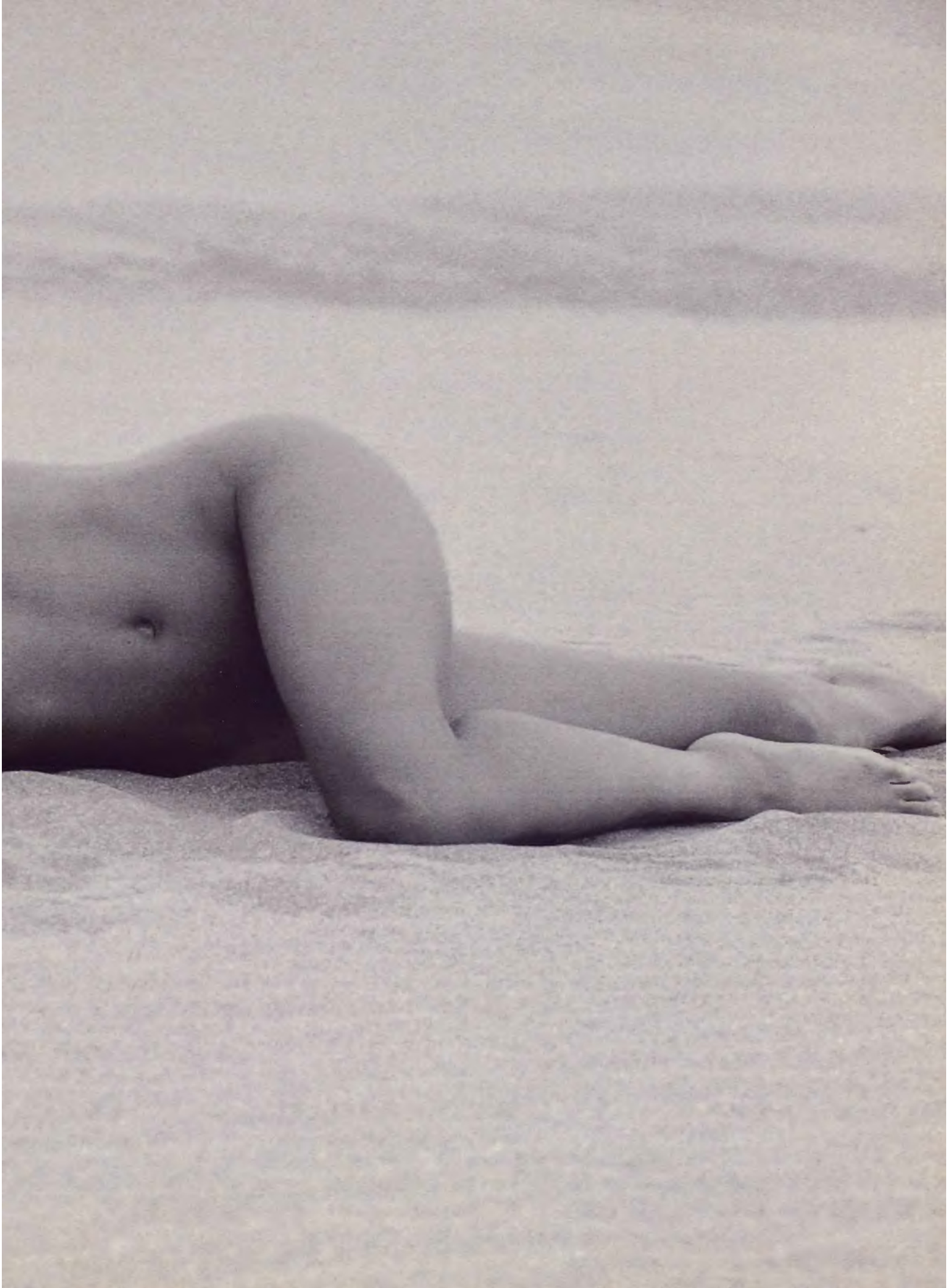
But if my father—the first man in my life, my first love—did not love me enough to keep his commitments to me, why should any other man?

Although I say that commitment is important, perhaps I have not really insisted on it, nor do I even really expect it. I was never taught what it means to be loved by a man. The man who could have taught me best was not there to teach me. And for those of us who are fatherless daughters, my heart breaks because, until we resolve our feelings about our fathers, the first men in our lives, we will be disappointed again and again as we search for the man who will show up.

•

We were practically inseparable after our first meeting. We were like two children who had each finally found a best friend as well as a partner in mischief. Discipline had always been important to me, but with *(text concluded on page 130)*





him I felt free. We were wildly happy.

Early on in our relationship, I had a job to do in Vail. We kissed goodbye, and we were both sad. I left Los Angeles and he made the long trip back to his home in Catskill, New York.

The day after I arrived in Vail, I was miserably sick from the altitude. I was also miserably lonely. When he called to check on me, I learned that he was equally tormented. When he discovered that I was sick and somewhat frightened by this experience, he comforted me by telling me he loved me—for the first time. I was so sick, but I was happy.

As time passed, I seemed to get sicker, and I could barely get out of bed. The telephone rang. It was him again. He wanted to talk only for a moment, which was uncharacteristic of him. During that brief conversation, he assured me I would be fine and that we would see each other soon. We hung up, and I lay back and closed my eyes, hoping the room would stop spinning. Then there was a knock on the door. I felt too weak to answer it. When I finally did open the door, there he stood.

•

We slipped into our roles quickly. I was to be the caretaker, the stronger and more deliberate one. But since I was the woman, I also would become the wicked one. Perhaps circumstance, as well as gender, had ideally suited me for the role. After all, wasn't I more sophisticated, more worldly, better educated? Wasn't I also less a victim of poverty, less a victim of inner-city circumstance and, generally, less likely a victim?

We often spent the night at my mother's apartment. It was far more modest than our own home, but that was where we were both comfortable and somehow comforted. I recall one night in particular when even there he was having trouble sleeping. This was common when he was training for a fight. He would stay awake far into the night, hoping to be distracted from the obvious pressures. When I finally got him to relax and fall asleep, we cuddled close on the twin futon. We stayed interlocked all night, as we did when we were at home in our huge bed. But on this futon I had to hang on especially tight to keep from falling onto the floor. On this fitful night he let out an unfamiliar, desperate scream. He had dreamed that he'd been knocked out and had lost the fight. We talked about it. We laughed about it. And as we went back to sleep, he squeezed me even tighter. He was a little afraid, and I was more afraid.

We were different, yet so much alike. There was one thing in particular that we shared: a profound and overwhelming fear. But we also shared a common reaction to our fear. It was natural for each of us to fight harder, to, as he described it, "turn the fear into fire." While some people are paralyzed by fear, it fueled our desire. At the time of greatest fear—fear of love and intimacy, fear of trust and mistrust—we engaged in the fiercest battles.

I recall him saying, "I'm not going to fight anymore. I am going to fight only you." Maybe he was really saying, "I will put up a furious battle to keep things the way they have always been, the way I have grown to trust them to be. It is difficult for me to trust. Becoming a man is difficult for me, especially in the presence of someone I love, in the presence of someone who thinks I'm already a man. How can I confide that my greatest fear is of failure, and that my greatest failure would be failing you?"

But I was a girl with fears of my own, putting up a fierce battle of my own, striving to become a woman, or perhaps not to become a woman. Yet we were desperately in love, with all the anxiety, grief, pain and torture that desperation brings. We had no idea that the only battle to be waged is within each of us, and the victory is triumph over oneself.

•

"Man, I'll never forget that punch. It was when I fought with Robin in Steve's apartment. She really offended me and I went bam," he said, throwing a fast backhand into the air to illustrate. "She flew backward, hitting every fucking wall in the apartment. That was the best punch I've ever thrown in my whole fucking life."

—MIKE TYSON, AS RECOUNTED BY JOSÉ TORRES IN HIS BOOK *Fire and Fear*

Of course, that was not his most deadly or even his hardest punch. But it may have been his most devastating. It was devastating for me because, though there was no permanent physical harm, the emotional hurt was painful and lasting. I became the third generation of battered women in my family. The cycle remained unbroken.

The punch was devastating for him, too. He wanted desperately to break his own cycle of violence. But there were many obstacles preventing him from doing so. As the heavyweight champion of the world, he was exempt from the rules of civilized behavior. He had been condemned for his brutality in his early life, but then he found his way into the boxing arena, where brutality was not only condoned but expected and richly rewarded. This paradox must have been terribly confusing to a young man struggling to establish values.

•

After our relationship ended, everything was crazy, out of control, upside down. It's been a while now, but not long enough for me to be comfortable with the memories. My mom and I recently went out to a movie. A good movie always makes me feel happy, and there is safety and peace in the darkness. As we left the car and headed toward the theater, a young woman shouted at me, "You deserved to get your ass kicked. He should have killed you."

I continued to walk, never acknowledging her taunts. I felt bad for me; I felt even worse for her.

•

I have had childhood dreams realized, and I have had unimaginable nightmares become reality. As a result, a new direction for my life has emerged.

Becoming a woman is one of several difficult experiences that I must endure in life's journey. Nothing has caused me more agony. Getting acquainted with, and finally being comfortable with, one's sensuality is complicated. It can be especially burdensome for a woman. Embracing one's femininity can become confusing when, by virtue of your femininity, you are under suspicion. As daughters of Eve, we inherit the legacy of original sin. We are tempters of man, seducers of the world. Ultimately responsible for all evil, we carry the burden of the fall of man. Therefore, we are in constant contrition, always striving to be absolved of its stigma.

Like many who are oppressed, we struggle to distance ourselves from those who share our curse. We want our oppressors to accept us, to love us. We say what they want us to say. We do what they want us to do. We attempt to forget the pain and suffering of those with whom we share a common oppression. We begin to blame the oppressed for their oppression.

"What did you do to make him hit you?" is the question we are asked and, worse yet, that we ask ourselves. Whether in rape, battery or harassment, time and time again the blame is put back on the victim when the victim is a woman. Suspicion and accusation sometimes seem to validate mistreatment, not only in the minds of men but often women as well. Perhaps it is because even now women do not like or trust one another the same way men do. On the contrary, we are suspicious. As women, therefore, we face a double-edged sword of suspicion—from our own sex and from the opposite sex.

I have tried absolution by perfection. I have tried absolution by submission. I have tried absolution by assuming blame and responsibility for others to the point of not taking care of myself. But rather than struggle to be absolved, I will—with an uneasy, yet mature courage—embrace being a woman.

"The focal point of my unhappiness was my glasses. Imagine how excited I was when I found Buddy Holly."

glasses, too. I got them when I was young, way before any of the other kids in my class. Sometimes I felt as though I'd had them at birth, as though I came into the world wearing thick little lenses framed in plastic fake-tortoiseshell rims, which had been damaged somewhere in the birth canal and consequently were being held together by a little strip of white adhesive tape. And Dr. Mortimer "Monty" Cohn, who attended all the Barry births, had looked down at me, then looked up at my mother, shook his head and said, "I'm sorry, Marion. It's a dweeb."

Not that I am bitter.

My point is that in those days I was not overly fond of myself. Low self-esteem is what I had, way before it was popular. And the focal point of my unhappiness was my glasses. So you can imagine how excited I was when I found Buddy Holly. Here was a guy who had glasses at least as flagrant as mine, a guy who did not look like a teen heartthrob but more like the president of the Audiovisual Club, the kid who always ran the projector for educational films with titles like *The Story of Meat*. In a word, Buddy Holly, let's be honest, looked like a geek. And yet he was unbelievably cool.

The first song of his that I ever heard was *That'll Be the Day*. I heard it on the radio, and it was the first record I bought, a 45 rpm costing 49 cents at the Armonk Pharmacy. I cannot tell you how much I loved that song. We had a primitive Fifties-style extreme-low-fidelity record player that seemed to be actually designed to scratch records, with a tone arm that had about the same weight and acoustic characteristics as a ball peen hammer, and a spindle that slapped the records violently on top of each other, as though it had a personal grudge against them. If you didn't put a new record on, it would play the same one over and over, and that's how I listened to *That'll Be the Day*. I'd set up the record player in my room and get out my pretend guitar. I'd face a large imaginary worshipful audience of cute girls and I'd sing: "When Cupid shot his dart, he shot it at your heart. . . ."

Words cannot describe how irresistible I imagined I was.

I was really blue when Buddy's plane went down. Not blue enough to write a 374-verse, 14-hour song about it the way Don McLean did, but blue.

Nevertheless, Buddy Holly, in his short time on earth, had taught me an important lesson: namely, that you didn't have to look like Elvis to be popular and attractive and cool. All you had to do was work hard and use your God-given talent. There was nothing standing between me and international fame and adulation except the fact that, compared with Buddy Holly, I had no God-given talent. God had chosen to deposit the majority of this particular brand of talent in Buddy, and then he had chosen to put Buddy on a small plane in a bad storm in Clear Lake, Iowa. (And yet Fabian is still performing. Go figure God.)

•

I had to wait until I got to college to find some musical guys to be in a band with. I went to Haverford, a small all-male college near Philadelphia that had a very good academic reputation, by which I mean it had—this could be proved mathematically—the worst football team in the U.S. We lost games to Swarthmore.

I got to Haverford in 1965, when what we now call the Sixties were really starting to explode, and everybody (except Bill Clinton) was starting bands with names like the Catatonic Sturgeon. The first band I was in was called the Guides, because we had read in some hip underground newspaper that "guide" was a hip underground slang term for a person who took people on an acid trip. Unfortunately, it turned out that nobody except the person who wrote the article had ever heard this particular term, so people had a lot of trouble grasping what our name was.

"The Guys?" they'd say. "You're called the Guys?"

In succeeding years the Guides acquired new personnel and more instruments that enabled us to play at a new level, by which I mean louder. We also changed our name to the Federal Duck. We selected this name one night when our new bass player, Bob Stern, became briefly, but very seriously, concerned that some ducks in the Haverford College duck pond were in fact government narcotics agents. Bob Stern is now a respected dentist in New Jersey, so I am not about to suggest that the use of illegal hallucinogenic substances had anything to do with this incident.

The Federal Duck was the best thing that happened to me in the Sixties (and a lot of things happened to me in the Sixties). And although Haverford is a

HARASSMENT TODAY
I AVOID ALL PRONOUNS: I, ME, YOU, SHE, HE...
I JUST DON'T LOOK AT ANYONE WHEN I TALK.
I HARDLY TALK ANYMORE, AND I NEVER GESTURE.

fine educational institution that taught me many important life lessons (such as, Never take any course that meets before noon), I remember playing in that band far more vividly, and more fondly, than I remember anything that happened in any classroom.

•

So anyway, after I graduated, a number of years passed, in chronological order, and I became an older person with a wife and a son and a writing career and a mortgage and (finally) contact lenses and certain gum problems and two dogs so stupid that they are routinely outwitted by inanimate objects. I play the guitar a lot in my office (just ask the dogs). It reassures me to play old rock songs, because I know how they're supposed to end, which is something I cannot say about anything I am trying to write.

But diddling around with a guitar in an office is not the same as being in a band. So when Kathi Goldmark called to ask if I wanted to be in a rock band consisting of writers who met the tough musical criterion of saying yes when Kathi called, I said yes.

And when she called again to say that Al Kooper had agreed to be the musical director of this band, I wet my figurative pants. I mean, Al Kooper. The man is a rock icon. A giant. A defining musical force. A really weird guy, it turns out. But that is not surprising. Al has been a professional rock musician since his early teens; this is an experience that, in terms of social development, is comparable to being raised by wolves, except that people raised by wolves are more comfortable in a social setting.

Don't get me wrong: I have come to love Al like the older brother I never had (thank God). But he made me nervous the first day the band got together in Anaheim to start practicing for our performance at the 1992 American Booksellers Association convention. I walked into the rehearsal room, and there, behind the organ, was this big, brooding, bearded guy, dressed in black, staring balefully out from the world's deepest set of eye sockets, looking like the leader of a group called Billy Goat and the Gruffs.

I later realized that even when he's in a good mood, Al looks like a man whose toes are being gnawed by rats, but at the time I was intimidated. I thought, Whoa, what am I doing here, presuming to play guitar next to this guy, a guy who has jammed with Mike Bloomfield, a guy who was in the Blues Project, a guy who co-founded Blood, Sweat and Tears, a guy who has backed up Bob Dylan, a guy who has worked with the Rolling Stones, a guy who—and very few living musicians can make this claim—performed on the original Royal Teens recording of *Short Shorts*?

I think all of us writers were intimidated the first day. But Al was surprisingly gentle with us, listening nonjudgmentally as we'd fumble through a song, then offering insightful suggestions for making it sound better, such as:

"Don't play so loud."

"Don't play at all."

"I don't think we should do this song."

Using this technique we were quickly able to develop a fairly large repertoire of songs that we were definitely not going to do. We also got to know one another better and got to share our ideas about the craft of writing. For example, on our first lunch break, Stephen King, whom I had never met, walked up to me, leaned down to put his face about an inch from mine and said, in a booming, maniacal voice, "So, Dave Barry, where do you get your ideas?"

Stephen was making a little writer's joke. He hates this question. Like most writers, he has been asked this question 900 squintillion times.

The truth is, the Remainders hardly ever talked about writing, and that was one thing I liked about being in the band. We spent a lot more time talking about issues such as the chord changes in *Leader of the Pack*, whether Elvis was bald and where was the most interesting place that anybody in the band had ever had oral sex. (Roy Blount Jr. definitely had the most interesting place, but out of respect for his privacy I will not discuss it here except to say that it involved a trampoline.)

After we got on the bus and started traveling, we hardly talked about anything except band-related stuff, such as where we were playing, what songs we were going to do, what the audience was going to be like, and—above all—what bus travel was doing to everybody's hair. Al Kooper had warned us about bus hair, which is a disgusting medical condition that strikes you after you have spent a night attempting to sleep in a bus with your head smooshed up against a seat coated with a mixture of old hairspray, spilled beer and potato-chip grease—and your hair is relentlessly exposed to a bus atmosphere consisting of two percent oxygen, 17 percent nitrogen, 39 percent diesel fumes and 42 percent bodily vapors. You'd be rolling down I-95 in some place like South Carolina (such as North Carolina), and you'd wake up at dawn, having slept for maybe two hours. You'd look around, and there, in the other seats, instead of your fellow band members, were these horribly deformed creatures with bloated faces and red eyes and green moss visibly growing on their teeth and big sectors of hair sticking straight out sideways, looking like Bozo the Clown but with pastier skin. They'd be laughing at you, and you'd realize that you looked even worse than they did.

A major insight that I had on the Remainders bus tour, after maybe the ninth straight day of getting almost no sleep and not eating any green vegetables except for the ones that come in a bloody mary, is that traveling rock bands do not have a healthy lifestyle. I believe the reason so many rock stars elect to die young is that, basically, it is better for their health.

•

After we'd been on the road for a while, the Remainders drifted into a collective, surreal state of mind that I think of as Bandland. Bandland was our little separate cocoon-bus world, whose residents had little direct contact with the normal human race. We developed our own verbal communications system, which was based on saying only the punch lines to inside jokes. For example: Early in the tour, we were riding through New England on our way to play in Northampton, Massachusetts. We had been riding through the New England countryside for maybe two hours, with traditional scenic New England vistas on both sides of us as far as the eye could see, and suddenly our saxophone player, Jerry Peterson, an incredible musician with an enormous hairstyle that, I believe, enables him to receive signals from another planet, looked out the window and said, quote:

"New England. Check it out."

Apparently Jerry had just then noticed New England and wanted to make sure the rest of us didn't miss it. We all thought this was wonderfully funny, and for the rest of the trip, many dozens of times per day, we urged one another to check things out, as in: "Popcorn. Check it out." And "Marcel Proust. Check him out." It became virtually impossible for any object, person or abstract concept to come to our attention without somebody urging everybody to check it out. I am not saying this was good; I'm just saying this was the way it was, in Bandland.

And the thing is, the Remainders were together for only a couple of weeks. Some bands have been together for years. No wonder so many rock musicians are weird. Not that I am specifically referring to Kooper.

Speaking of Kooper, one of the best things about the tour was playing with him, Jerry Peterson and drummer Josh Kelly, the professional musicians who had been everywhere and played with everybody and who kept the Remainders from being really horrible. It made me feel as though I had been allowed, just briefly, inside a secret and exclusive club. There would be times when we'd be onstage, playing, and I'd look over at Al, and he'd give me some musical hand-signal reminder, like quickly touching his hand to the top of his head to indicate that we were supposed to go to the "top," or beginning, of the song, and I'd think: Here I am, onstage, getting cool

secret hipster-musician hand signals from Al Kooper! I'd be so excited thinking this that I would not necessarily remember to go to the top of the song.

•

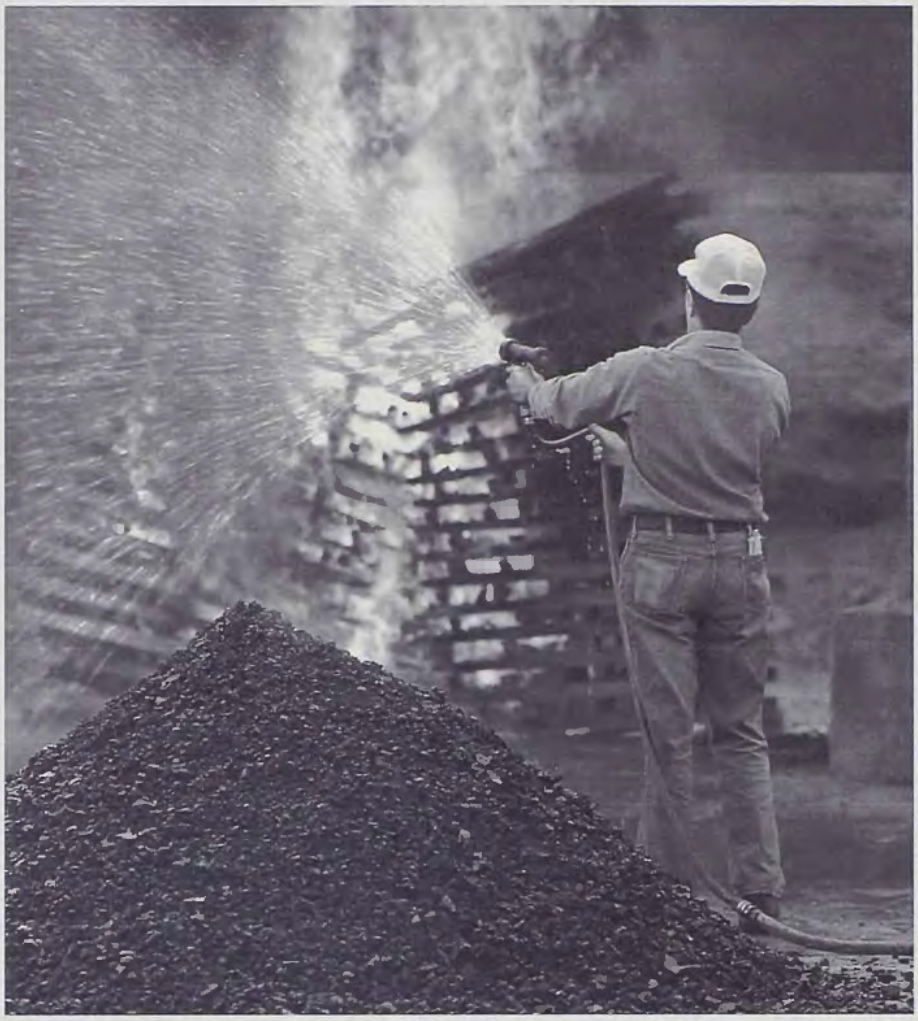
We were not, it goes without saying, a very good band. Fortunately the audiences didn't expect us to be. They seemed to be satisfied with the novelty of it, with knowing that very few bands have novelists of the stature of Amy Tan singing *Leader of the Pack*, or have Stephen King singing his special version of the immortal teen-tragedy song *Last Kiss*, featuring such sentimental, improvised lyrics as: "I saw my baby lying there./I brushed her liver from my hair."

And no normal band has a weapon anything like the Critics Chorus. This is a group of men who make their living criticizing professional musicians in print, so it goes without saying that they were, in terms of raw musical skills, probably the least talented group of individuals ever assembled.

Naturally, audiences loved the Critics Chorus. They loved it when respected critic Joel Selvin took his now-legendary scream solo in *Louie Louie*, they loved it when respected critic Dave Marsh came out during *Teen Angel* wearing a ketchup-stained wedding dress, they loved it during *These Boots Are Made for Walkin'* when Roy Blount Jr.—three-time winner of the coveted World's Whitest Man title—attempted to dance and light Amy Tan's cigarette at the same time. There was not a dry pair of underwear in the house.

After we played our last gig, I had a hard time coming back to earth—having to trudge back into my office and spend my days staring at the computer screen again, having to communicate with people in complete sentences, having nobody to play music with and no audience to play in front of except the dogs. I realize that, for my career and my health (especially my hair), I had to get back to reality. But I miss Bandland. When you get to be in your 40s, heading directly toward (can this be?) your 50s, you tend not to do stuff like this—make new friends, go out and have wild adventures, risk making a fool of yourself.

Actually, we did more than just risk this, but you get my point: It was worth doing. My advice is, if you are, like so many people these days, getting older, and you get a chance to do anything like this, you should. I'm not talking necessarily about being in a band; I'm just talking about doing something that you have no rational business doing, except that you always wanted to. That's a good enough reason. That's the best reason. Because life is pretty much finite. I bet Buddy would tell you the same thing.



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REMAINDERS/BLOUNT *(continued from page 109)*

"I have abused three different substances (four, if you count sausage patties) with country-music immortals."

does this effect take stuff?"—it was predominantly a natural-high tour, except for beer, occasional beta blockers and the inevitable natural lows.

Furthermore, the only intellectually honest answer to the question "Did you inhale?" is surely "Oh, man, just then, when you said that, you know? It was like—wait a minute, wait a minute . . . this is so . . . I could actually see . . . your lips . . . forming the words."

Either that or "I don't remember."

But I must have. Inhaled. Some kind of fumes must have seeped into the crew's RV from a passing time machine or something, and in an unguarded moment I must have inhaled them.

Because it is not just my lingering sense of rock-godliness (the after-halo, if you will) from an evening in concert, nor is it just the ongoing effects of the bottle of dark rum that the crew and I scored some hours ago from a friendly D.C. barmaid, that I am feeling at four in the morning hurtling down the interstate between Washington and Philadelphia at increasingly excessive speed in the RV with the side door open—and Mouse's entire body is leaning out over the blur of the pavement, and he is magically (well, it's a natural function, but everything seems more magical than usual) making water, and I am holding him by the belt with one hand, and what am I doing with the other hand? Holding on to the RV, I suppose, or to the rum, or to Hoover. It all has to do with our becoming blood brothers.

Mouse looks like Cheech. Hoover wears plaid Bermuda shorts and wildly patterned shirts whatever the weather. They are the only thing cooler than musicians: roadies.

I am 51 years old.

I am doing this because I can't sing.

•

Now, months later, I am listening to *Land of 1000 Dances*. I stop writing—stop thinking, indeed—to sing along. I still can't get all the na-na-na-na-nas right.

I just can't. I have tried and tried. Along about the 11th na, I am naing when I shouldn't or else not naing when I should. Every time. This was also true when I was up there in the thick of the Remainders in front of hundreds of paying customers. Not naing when others all around you are naing is not so bad. Naing when all others are between nas, however, drives a stake into the soul. There is nothing quite so naked as a solitary, trailing, insupportable, resoundingly wobbly na hurled all alone through a loop in the rhythm into a mass of wriggling communicants.

I am by no means altogether L7. (Although, to be sure, I did not know the meaning of the term until I asked about it during rehearsals of *Wooly Bully*.) I have spent a night in the room where Bessie Smith died, I have abused three different substances (four, if you count sausage patties) with country-music immortals, I have shaken hands with Ray Charles (he feels up your forearm if you're male, on up further otherwise) and I can hump and write verse that scans. You'd think I would be better than I am at musical things. But I'm not.

I believe I can listen to it as well as the next person (assuming the next person is not a musician or a rock critic), especially in a car (ideally, the next person has her bare feet on the dashboard and her skirt hiked up to get the good of the AC, and we're tooling along down a back road eating ribs). I love to watch good dancing as long as there is any pelvic thrust to it or it's Fred and Ginger or somebody who can jump really high.

If I am drinking and sweaty and the floor is fairly crowded and nobody expects, you know, steps—hell, I'll get out there and dance, too. And yet after I danced onstage in Anaheim—well, let me say that I don't know why I danced onstage in Anaheim. It wasn't premeditated. After the show, somebody—I forget who, now—said to me, as if it might be something I'd get a kick out of hearing, he said to me: "Dave Barry says you are the world's whitest person."

I am sensitive about my race. Once, at a party for a Spike Lee movie, a man looked at me and said, "So this is a real Caucasian," and I decked him. Or I would have, if he had been white and if I hadn't realized that what he'd actually said was, "So, this is a real occasion."

What I came back with—when informed that Barry regarded me as a flaming whitey—was, "That's the pot calling the kettle. . . . " And then I tried to improve on that in my mind. "That's the sepulcher calling the golf ball white" was the best I could come up with on the spot.

I have to admit that Dave is one of many Americans who have—in the musical sense—more rhythm than I. Therefore he is, in that limited sense, more colorful than I. He can play a musical instrument and he can sing. According to Kathi, he is even an excellent dancer. I venture to say he is no James Brown, nor even any Dionne Warwick. But, OK, when it comes to dancing, when it comes to singing (as opposed to when it comes to eating, say—don't get me started on sweet potato pie), compared with me Dave is a fucking rainbow, I guess, OK?

•

The nub of the issue is that I can't do the na-na-na-nas. And if you can't do the nas and you're in a rock-and-roll band, you have to compensate somehow.

It helped, of course, that I was a member of the Critics Chorus. Ordinarily the function of a music critic is to remind people that a show is supposed to be good. The role of the Critics Chorus was roughly the opposite. At about the time when the audience was beginning to think, Hmm, this band isn't all that bad—so why isn't it good?—we of the Chorus would come out and drop our trousers or erupt into an even-more-cacophonous-than-might-have-been-expected rendition of *Louie Louie*, and the audience would relax and think, Oh, that's right, these are just authors.

Even amid the Critics, however, I felt insufficiently harmonious. I will never forget the moment right in the middle of our Bottom Line gig—between choruses, in fact, of *Double Shot (of My Baby's Love)*—when Joel Selvin turned to me and said, "There are notes in there," and went so far as to hum them to me out of the side of his mouth. I actually did get the timing of "It wasn't wine that I had too much of" pretty-darn-near right, quite often. But notes?

I will also never forget Mouse and Hoover testing the sound in Atlanta, Mouse going "two"—not "testing, one, two," but rather, in this really cool way, just "two"—and then saying, "Can you hear me?" and Hoover answering in the affirmative, and Mouse responding, "Well, we better do something about that—this is Roy's mike."

My pipes aren't the worst of it. Well, all right, they are. But my singing wasn't the only thing that made me feel out of place. The other thing was this: Not only am I no singer, I am also no rock critic.

Now I dare say that few people around the world are kept awake at night by the anguish of not being a rock critic. But how would you like to have it on your conscience that you once tried to pass, in public, as a rock critic?

Then there was the audacity element. I can imagine being a wild Lester Bangs kind of rock-crit writer (I would call my posthumous collection *Horseshoes and Hand Grenades*), but when Dave Marsh came out in his bustier and wig, with ketchup all over him, and I looked at him openmouthed, he said, "I can see we have different ideas of rock and roll."

Do you realize how uncool it is for one

rock critic to look at another one—for anybody to look at a rock critic—open-mouthed?

Fortunately, my primary role in the band was not musical. I was the emcee. I introduced us.

•

Have you ever walked out onto a stage and looked down at several hundred low-groaning, garnet-eyed, transcendence-hungry, brewski-swilling music lovers who are tentatively hunching in place, emitting soft little judgment-reserving yips, wearing FASTER, PUSSYCAT! KILL! KILL! T-shirts, teetering back and forth on the cusp between flat line and frenzy and counting on you to make them commence flinging themselves about like cartoon animals and yelling the yells of rebel angels and screaming the screams of Mrs. Bobbitt throwing away her husband's penis—and your job is to say a few explanatory words?

"Hey! It is true that we are writers. But this is not going to be a literary experience. In a literary experience, you are not even supposed to move your lips. We want you to move everything you've got! We are tired of being writers! We are here to kick ass! Waaaaaa!

"But first [Note: This was a tricky segue] let me waaaaaa tell you—hey, waaaaaa—about this band. We may not look like we can even read anymore, but that is because we—hey, waaaaa—OK, we may not look like it, we hope, but we are a bunch of authors. Hold on!

["Let's go, come on," the band is muttering behind me.] "Now! At last! It's time to give it up! Turn it loose! Suspend your credibility! For the Rock [here I made a fist] Bottom [here I did a bump] Re-mainnn-derrrrs!"

And we swung into *Money*.

And sometimes I came in at the right time on "That's . . . what I want!" And sometimes I didn't.

Even when I went out to light Amy's cigarette on *These Boots Are Made for Walkin'*, I—well, I think I cringed and cowered like a champ, frankly. But I could never get down exactly which verse it was that I was supposed to go out and start cringing and cowering on.

•

So, see, what I had to do was, I had to outflank all the musical people. I announced that I would hang out with the crew.

Hoover and Mouse both live in East Los Angeles. They work with Carole King and Jackson Browne and Los Lobos and Crosby, Stills and Nash.

"Hoover is a god" is what Dave Barry said about him. Hoover's real name is Chris Rankin. His father is the rocker Kenny Rankin. Hoover has been on the road since he was 13. His mottoes include

WHERE & HOW TO BUY

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WIRED

Page 22: "Rocket Chips": **Power PC computers:** By *Apple*, 800-365-3690. By *IBM*, 800-772-2227. "Cutting the Cord": **PCS products:** By *Nokia*, 800-666-5553. "Wild Things": **Interactive instrument** by *Lonestar Technology*, 516-939-6116. **Laser active game** by *Pioneer Electronics Inc.* for *New Learning Project*, 800-421-1404. **CD-ROM games** by *Activision*, write: Activision, Attn.: Customer Service, P.O. Box 67001, Los Angeles, CA 90067.

STYLE

Page 30: **Peacoats:** By *Katharine Hamnett*, at Ultimo, 114 E. Oak St., Chicago. By *MNW Wardrobe*, at Allure, 1509 Walnut St., Philadelphia. By *DKNY*, at Bloomingdale's stores. By *Victor Victoria*, at Charivari 57, 18 W. 57th St., NYC. By *Calvin Klein*, at Fred Segal Melrose, 8100 Melrose Ave., L.A. By *M. Julian*, at Cignal stores nationwide. By *Salvatore Ferragamo*, at Salvatore Ferragamo, 725 Fifth Ave., NYC. **Cargo pants:** By *Tommy Hilfiger*, at fine department stores. By *Double RL by Ralph Lauren*, at Polo Sport, 888 Madison Ave., NYC. By *Armani Jeans*, at Bloomingdale's, 1000 Third Ave., NYC. By *Woolrich*, at fine department stores. By *Guess*, at Macy's stores. By *Suspect*, at Macy's, 151 W. 34th St., NYC. By *Diesel*, at Diesel, 116 Newbury St., Boston. By *Verso*, at Antique Boutique, 712 Broadway, NYC. "Clothes Line": **Suits** by *Donna Karan*, at Richard's, 350 Greenwich Ave., Greenwich, CT. **Ties:** By *Joseph Abboud*, at Joseph Abboud, 37 Newbury St., Boston. By *Park Lane*, at Saks Fifth Avenue, 611 Fifth Ave., NYC. **Boots** by *Tony Lama*, at Thieves Market locations in southern California. **Underwear** by *Calvin Klein*, at fine department stores. "Common Scents": **Men's fragrances:** By *Polo by Ralph Lauren*, at fine department stores. By *Armani*, at fine department stores. By *Guerlain*, 800-882-8820. By *Calvin Klein*, at fine department stores. By *Bulgari*, 800-BULGARI.

FALL AND WINTER FASHION

Page 80: "Hers": **Suit, shirt** and **tie** by *Giorgio Armani le Collezioni*, at Saks Fifth Avenue, 611 Fifth Ave., NYC. **Belt** by *Cole-Haan*, at Cole-Haan and fine department stores. "His": **Boxers** by *Calvin Klein Underwear*, at fine department stores. **Socks** by *Tommy Hilfiger*, at Bloomingdale's stores. **Garters** by Paul Stuart, at the Paul Stuart store, Madison Ave. at 45th St., NYC. **Shoes** by *Bally*, 800-825-5030, inside NY, 212-751-3540. Page 81: **Sweater** by *John Bartlett*, at Charivari 57, 18 W. 57th St., NYC. **Pants** by *Reiss of London*, at InToto, 3105 Hennepin Ave. S., Minneapolis. **Socks** by *Tommy Hilfiger*, at Macy's stores. **Shoes** by *Kenneth Cole*, 800-KEN-COLE. Page 82: **Sports jacket** from *Hugo by Hugo Boss*, at Ron Herman/Fred Segal Melrose, 8100 Melrose Ave., L.A. **Shirt** by *Reiss of London*, at InToto, 3105 Hennepin Ave. S., Minneapolis. Page 83: **Suit, shirt** and **tie** by *Joseph Abboud Collection*, at Joseph Abboud, 37 Newbury St., Boston. Page 84: **Suit, shirt** and **tie** by *Giorgio Armani le Collezioni*, at Bergdorf Goodman Men, 745 Fifth Ave., NYC. **Ankle boots** by *Bally*, 800-825-5030, inside NY, 212-751-3540. Page 85: **Peacoat** by *Victor Victoria*, at Charivari 57, 18 W. 57th St., NYC. **Sweater** by *DKNY Men's*, at Louis, Boston, 234 Berkeley St., Boston, 800-225-5135. **Trousers** from *KM by Krizia*, at Dillard's stores. **Socks** by *Tommy Hilfiger*, at Bloomingdale's stores. **Shoes** by *Adam Derrick* for *To-Boot*, at Bergdorf Goodman Men, 745 Fifth Ave., NYC. **Eyewear** by *Calvin Klein Eyewear*, 800-544-1366. Page 86: **Suit** by *Calvin Klein*, at Bergdorf Goodman Men, 745 Fifth Ave., NYC. **Dress shirt** and **tie** by *Calvin Klein*, at Barneys New York, Seventh Ave. at 17th St., NYC. **Eyewear** by *Matsuda*, 800-647-2345. Page 87: **Suit** by *Hugo Boss*, at Boyd's, 1818 Chestnut St., Philadelphia. **Shirt** by *Vestimenta*, at Tyrone, 76 Spruce St., Cedarhurst, NY.

VCRS: HOW THEY STACK UP

Page 114: **VCRs:** By *Fisher Audio/Video*, 818-998-7322. By *JVC Co. of America*, 800-252-5722. By *RCA*, 800-336-1900. By *Go Video*, 602-998-3400. By *Toshiba*, 800-631-3811. By *Hitachi*, 800-HITACHI. By *Sony*, 800-222-7669. By *Samsung*, 800-SAMSUNG. By *Magnavox*, 615-475-8869. By *Mitsubishi*, 800-937-0000 ext. 105. By *Sharp*, 800-BE-SHARP. By *Panasonic*, 201-348-9090. By *Goldstar*, at fine department stores. By *Zenith*, 708-391-8100.

ON THE SCENE

Page 157: **In-line skates:** By *K2*, 206-463-8145. By *Rollerblade*, 800-232-ROLL. By *Ultra Wheel*, 800-52-ULTRA. By *Oxygen*, 800-258-5020.

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"I'm easy but I'm not cheap" and "You can't miss a wake-up call if you don't go to bed." He was officially the sound mixer and stage manager. "Hoover's lifting board DATs," someone technically versed would say, and we author-rockers would say, "That is so cool."

We knew we were cooking pretty good when we would look over at the board and Hoover would leave off mixing us ("polishing the turd" is how he put it) and start dancing. Or he could mix and dance at the same time.

I guess it was in Boston that Hoover came leaping onto the bus—he tended to bound, like Tigger in *Winnie-the-Pooh*, only in a cool way—and cried: "Tonight—the second set—that was the shit, man!" And leapt off.

"Is that good?" said Dave Barry. (Dave Barry the arbiter, you may recall, of non-Caucasianism.)

"Yes," I said. You don't say (this is perhaps one bit of useful knowledge that the reader can carry away from this essay), "That was some good shit." Not anymore. You say, "That was the shit."

"It's so hard to keep up," said Barry.

Yes. So it is a good thing that somebody was bold enough to ride with the crew.

Mouse's real name is Danny Delaluz, but he is said to have a passport in the name of Mouse. He was officially our drum-and-keyboard tech. Personally I feel that Mouse was—what is maybe even cooler than a god?—an oracle, maybe. Mouse would say, "You guys have become the best touring garage band in America," and we'd say, "Oh, gee, thanks, Mouse, really?" And he'd say something affirmative, perhaps in street Spanish, and then a little later we'd start trying to imagine a touring garage, and we'd wonder.

Just before we went onstage that night in Miami, I had noticed a great-looking young woman at the stage door, and I said to Mouse: "Get that girl for me."

Kidding, you know. Doing a mock-rocker number.

The next thing I knew, there she was.

"Here she is," Mouse said.

"I, uh . . . ," I said to this extremely smashing young person of roughly one-third my age. Younger than my daughter, she stirred in me Oedipal feelings: I was afraid that somehow or another I was going to wind up putting her through college.

She looked baffled.

"What did you say to her?" Al asked me later.

"Well, I . . . tried to be nice to her." Al burst into satanic laughter.

Mouse had once worked with a band, he said, that would divide the dance floor into a grid. Then a band member would say, "Blonde, B-4," and Mouse would get her for that member.

Well, hey, she was with somebody else. I dare say Mouse would have had him thrown from a speeding RV for me, but I didn't want to impose.

•

Anyway, I did hang out with the crew some. I interviewed our bus driver, Dave Worters, who drives for Aretha. Dave Worters—this doesn't have much to do with rock and roll, but I found it interesting—told me about bachelorette parties. A group of young women will hire him and the bus for four hours, during which time they will drive around to their friends' houses to show off the bus, and they will stop by a liquor store, and then the women will go into the back of the bus and Dave will cruise up and down the interstate while they try on lingerie for one another and sing and giggle and flash truck drivers. Bachelorette parties.

I am losing the beat, aren't I? Na . . . na-na-na—no, na-na, na. . . .

I'm winding it down, I'm rag-ending around, I'm putting off the climax, the final naaang, n'naang'nang, ng'ng'-ng'eeeng n'nang'eeeeeerang'n'nang'-nggggg . . . b'dum womp. The revelation I had in the crew's RV.

Whoomp, here it is. The most astonishing thing that happened in the RV was this: After I held Mouse out over the highway by the belt, it was my turn to be held out over the highway by Mouse, and hey, maybe I can't sing, but I will usually do something crazy. Maybe I won't do it right, but I will take a shot at it. But I just said no. I didn't need to pee, I said, which was true, but that wasn't it—I probably could have peed, if I'd been in a doctor's office.

It wasn't that I didn't trust Mouse, either. Mouse's sense of humor was subtler than letting me splat facedown on the interstate at 90 miles an hour.

No, the reason I declined to round out the blood-brother rite with Hoover and Mouse was this: Right there in the crew's RV, on my once-in-a-lifetime rock-and-roll tour, only hours after surging around onstage inside the music (it's a wonderment, being up there in the middle of the music, like being inside a forest fire that you're helping, however modestly, to spread—and you're actually working with someone who has a soul patch, not to mention the author of *Mystery Train* and a sinewy bewigged Chinese woman with a whip), I came to this truly weird realization: that I could imagine being—and living with being—51.

Na.

"This good-luck charm, effendi, will protect your data bank from hackers."

"I was afraid of having a big accident onstage, the kind you can't blame on megadoses of amoxicillin."

Panic almost swallowed me then, and I remember how that felt, like a hand that was squeezing not my heart but my head. It was suddenly all too possible to imagine trying to call for help and getting nothing but a mouthful of cold Sebec Lake water for my pains . . . and finally sliding under. The thought of drowning in full view of people too preoccupied with their sunburned hides to notice gave the idea such credibility that it took all the will I possessed to start swimming for shore instead of screaming for help. Now, all these years later, one idea remains clear about that incident: If I had screamed for help I would have panicked. And if I had panicked, I really might have drowned.

•

This memory came back to me at around eight o'clock on the evening of May 28, 1993, while I was holed up in one of two incredibly grotty backstage bathrooms at a honky-tonk Nashville night spot called 328 Performance Hall. I was at that moment having no esthetic problems with the decor, which could best be described as Early American Graffiti, because beggars can't be choosers. I had a case of raging dysentery and was at a point where even an ugly bathroom looked like the Doges' Palace.

My bowels had been purging themselves for the past 12 hours or so, and at eight o'clock, an hour before showtime, they had gone into overdrive. And there I sat, with my pants around my ankles and my guts somewhere up around my Adam's apple, listening to the warm-up band thunder through the cheap plywood walls (which had been painted Pepto-Bismol pink, a color I could strongly identify with) and thinking that in 50 minutes or so I might possibly become the first best-selling novelist ever to have an accident of the shit variety while onstage in Nashville. It was the kind of situation that is amusing only months or years later, when you can tell funny stories about it (as I suppose I am doing, or trying to do, now). At the time it's happening, it's embarrassing, debilitating and just downright grim. The sum total is a feeling similar to the one a person gets when he realizes he has swum out beyond his depth.

The 328 Performance Hall accommodates 1000, and the Rock Bottom Remainders had been told to expect most of the seats to be filled by showtime. Most were filled by eight o'clock, judging by the sound, except no one actually sounded seated, if you know what I mean. From my own seat in the little pink room, it sounded as if the people in the audience were on their feet and boogying, letting off a week's worth of steam and giving out with those big old mid-South yeehaws. Since slipping in, we'd heard the crowd accelerate past happy, past tipsy, past drunk, past loaded. Total euphoria seemed in reach for most of them, and you didn't have to see them to know they were reaching. They did not sound like people who had come to see a bunch of authors pretending to play music; they sounded like people who had come expecting to see real musicians kicking out real jams. All at once I was scared to death, and not of having a little accident onstage, either. I was afraid of having a big accident onstage, the kind you can't blame on megadoses of amoxicillin.

•

That thought led me directly back to Sebec Lake. To take my mind off the memory of that scary swim—it was not the sort of thing I really wanted to be considering 45 minutes before going onstage to do what God never really equipped me to do in the first place—I began looking at the pink walls of the modest little shithouse where I was currently enthroned.

None of the graffiti was as good as Al Kooper's favorite, seen on the ceiling of a Los Angeles dressing room—DOGS FUCK THE POPE (NO FAULT OF MINE)—and none quite lived up to the Zen charm of one I once saw in the men's room of the Hungry Bear in Portland, Maine—SAVE EUROPEAN JEWS, COLLECT VALUABLE PRIZES—but there were some damned fine ones, just the same. My favorite was dead ahead, written on the back of the bathroom door, and exactly on a level with my eyes as I sat there 1500 miles from home, sick as a yellow dog and wondering how I ever could have been mad enough to let myself in for this in the first place. This graffito, as ominous as it was clever, said: 664/668: THE NEIGHBORHOOD OF THE BEAST.

Beyond my current place of refuge—and separated from me by just one curtain and two or three thin walls—the crowd let out a big drunken hooraw. The neighborhood of the beast. I had an idea that that was just where I was.

•

About five months after the tour was over, our musical director, Al Kooper, sent me a tape of his new album, *Rekooperation*, along with a request that I consider doing liner notes for it. When I talked with him on the phone after my first listen-through, I mentioned that my favorite cut was a soulful blues tune called *How'm I Ever Gonna Get Over You*, written by Al and featuring Hank Crawford on alto sax.

Al laughed. "Yeah," he said. "We played like men on that one."

Although that was all in the yet-to-be when we arrived for our Nashville sound check at 5:00 P.M. on the 28th, I think I understood even then that we might have to play like men—and women—just to get out of 328 Performance Hall alive.

•

Outside the little pink room there was a sustained burst of applause and a lot more of those testosterone-fraught mid-South yeehaws. Just as the noise level started to fall off a little, there came a knock at the door of my refuge. It was Kooper. Exhibiting his usual charm, tact and compassion, he inquired if I had fallen in.

"No," I said.

"You OK?"

"Yes. On my way out."

"Good, because we go on in ten minutes."

I got up, washed my hands (you don't have to spend 20 years on the road to know washing your hands after using the toilet in a place like 328 is a good idea; you'd shower if you could) and generally set myself to rights. Then I went out.

When I realize that I'm actually going to go on in front of an audience, no backing out, I always get a buzz in my stomach that feels like a hot electrical wire. It's not an entirely bad feeling—it's the sort of feeling you could get addicted to, in fact. I got a jolt of it right about then and my thoughts returned briefly to that long, long swim back to the beach at Sebec Lake. Here we go again, I thought. Then I realized the weirdest thing: Sick stomach or not, scared or not, I was really happy.

There were two dressing rooms backstage at 328, both full of band members and circling folks with backstage passes. In one of them I spotted Kathi, Barbara, Amy and Tad—they were always easy to spot in their glitter-gorgeous Remainderette evening dresses. In the other I saw Dave Barry and Roy Blount Jr. talking to a cadre of fellows who looked both smart and pretty well squiffed. I decided they were probably college classmates of Roy's. He went to Vanderbilt, this was reunion weekend and it looked to me like every mother's son of them had decided to drop over to Fourth Avenue to watch Ole Roy (that's what most of them called him—Ole Roy) do his thing.

Whenever I saw Roy, a line from Bob

Dylan's song about Hurricane Carter popped into my head: "Reuben sits like Buddha in a ten-foot cell." Beyond Ole Dave and Ole Roy, Ole Jerry was sitting like Buddha in a 16-foot dressing room, and I sat down beside him.

"How you doing, Steve?" Jerry asked. "Heard that you were having some problems."

"Everything came out all right," I replied, straight-faced.

Jerry pondered this for a few seconds, then laughed. "Good one, man, that's a good one. Came out all right, huh? I can dig it."

"Yeah."

He looked around. "There are a lotta people, man."

"Yeah."

"You ready for this?" he asked. It occurred to me that people had been asking me variations of that question ever since we arrived for sound check.

"Yeah," I said. "I think I am." In fact, I was starting to feel ready. At some point on evenings like that, a benign craziness settles into my heart, and I start being glad I am where I am, even if it looks like what I'm facing is going to be a tough sell. Especially if it looks like it's going to be a tough sell.

"Great," Jerry said. "Because this one ain't a book party. Tonight we're going to have to play our way out."

I thought that over, then nodded. "Good."

As if on cue, Bob Daitz poked his curly head in through the door. "Ladies-zun-gennlemen!" he announced brightly. "Showtime in five little minutes! Guests should be leaving!"

Five minutes later—those last five minutes always passed so slowly, I remember that vividly—the lights in front went down and Ole Roy strolled out to do his introductions. When the spotlight hit him, a big cheer went up from his Vanderbilt rooting section. At the same time, my stomach gave another twinge. I suppressed it, made believe I'd never felt it. It was too late for another visit to the pink room. We had reached that point in the evening where whatever happens, happens, and that's always sort of a relief.

There was a tap on my shoulder. I turned and saw a bouncer roughly the size of Godzilla.

"Break a leg," he said. The time for conventional good-luck wishes was past, a fact that even the bouncers knew. Beyond the curtain, Ole Roy was asking the crowd how they were doing, eliciting war whoops and foot stomping.

"My friend," I said, "I'm going to try to break both of them."

•

The first tune at every show was the old Barrett Strong classic, *Money*. In Nashville, Al counted off *Money* slower than usual, and I thought the number dragged a little. In fact, I thought they all dragged, until we got past *Susie-Q* and I noticed that the audience wasn't having any problem. That was when I realized that, instead of dragging, we were punching the hell out of the material, really killing it.

Even the vocals sounded good. At some point on the tour, maybe in D.C., Al Kooper had remarked that the biggest problem with the Remainders was that no one could really sing. Until the gig at 328, there was a tentative quality to a lot of vocals, an I-can't-believe-I'm-doing-this-outside-the-shower quality. Until Nashville, the vocals never got near the band's improved instrumental capability. But that night at Performance Hall they did. The audience knew; as Tad Bartimus finished up a potent version of *Chain of Fools*, they were clearly knocked out. Wherever my bouncer buddy was, if he was listening, he must have been pleased.

Maybe he was even dancing—a lot of people were that night. Nashville was the only gig where Kathi Goldmark was really successful in getting people on their feet and moving to the old Dovells tune *You Can't Sit Down*. And once they got up, most of them really couldn't seem to sit back down. They were loud, they were boisterous and they were getting off on what we were doing. When Al dropped to his knees, took someone's empty long-neck beer bottle and started using it to play slide guitar on *Who Do You Love*, the whole place went up.

Nashville was a slower-paced show than any of the ones before it (or the Miami Beach gig that followed it and ended the tour), but it was also sharper and more confident. Some of the most potent numbers in our repertoire, it turned out, were numbers that played broadly, for comedy: Amy Tan wearing S&M rig and doing *These Boots Are Made for Walkin'*, Amy and the Remainderettes doing *Leader of the Pack*, my version of *Last Kiss* and the crazed *Teen Angel* duet that Barry and I developed more during performances than at rehearsal (I don't remember Al ever calling for *Teen Angel* at a sound check—I think he was afraid it might get stale). At the Nashville show I got the feeling that none of us were very amused any longer by these bits, but the audience seemed to be getting a big kick out of them.

Nashville was the night it all worked, in other words. Nashville was the place where all of us, ladies included, played like men.

•

There is a distressing trend in American life right now, a movement so strong it's almost tidal, to turn talented people into famous people and famous people into celebrities—or just "celebs."

Once you become a celeb, two things happen to you. The first is that you find you have forfeited your right to be a proper stranger. Celebs apparently have a duty to be everyone's friend. Michael Jackson becomes simply Michael. Elizabeth Taylor becomes Liz. Arnold Schwarzenegger becomes Arnie. The second thing to happen is that you find you are forbidden to transcend the public's perception of you. Once a hamburger, always a hamburger, the unspoken creed goes, and if you dare to pretend that you're broccoli, we'll beat you half to death for being pretentious and egocentric.

If talented people really were just celebs, there would be no excuse at all for a bunch of writers to tear off on a tour bus and become the Rock Bottom Remainders—the whole thing would have been an exercise in late-20th-century hubris. The truth is, however (just let me remind you in case you happen to be one of the millions who seem to have forgotten), that talented people are really just people—they eat, they sleep and sometimes they have stomach and bowel problems when the antibiotics get to them. For me, the Remainders weren't about being famous, getting seen or promoting the new book (I didn't have a new book, which was why I was able to go out and play in the first place). The Remainders were about going back to the beginning, doing things the hard way, taking some risks and trying to make them pay off.

It was about finding out if I could manage to learn some bar chords at the advanced age of 44—and finding out that I could.

•

Teen Angel was our final encore number, and as we left the stage at midnight (with a five o'clock wake-up call scheduled for us to catch a seven o'clock plane to Miami), I felt tired but I also felt good, the way I do after I've had a good day on whatever I happen to be writing. I felt for the first time as if I had really done my job, that I had worked hard and that I had a perfect right to be where I was. I didn't feel like a celeb; I felt like somebody who had just come off shift at work. That's terribly important to me. I was raised to work, and working makes me as happy as the idea of playing at the work of others makes me uneasy.

As we went out to the bus, Dave Barry asked me if I would be willing to do this again next year. I thought it over, then nodded. Sure. It's the neighborhood of the beast, all right, but that is not necessarily the worst place in the world to be.

And besides, like I said, I'm still practicing my bar chords, and still getting better.

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PRO FOOTBALL

(continued from page 92)

"Switzer is a great motivator. That may be all his players need for a third straight Super Bowl victory."

he won't be tinkering with Dallas' offensive or defensive schemes.

Why should he? With stars like Troy Aikman, Emmitt Smith and Michael Irvin, the Cowboys have enough firepower to overcome any turmoil. In 1993, Smith led the league in rushing for the third straight year (1486 yards), despite missing the first two games because of a contract dispute. Aikman, the $50 million quarterback, finished as the NFC's second-best passer, while Irvin was the NFL's third-best receiver (88 receptions for 1330 yards).

Dallas' doomsday defense is still quick and will benefit from defensive end Charles Haley's return from back surgery. But Switzer has to replace defensive tackle Tony Casillas, who signed with Kansas City, and All-Pro linebacker Ken Norton, who's now a 49er. Help could come from number one draft pick Shante Carver (Arizona State). Switzer will have some holes in his offensive line as a result of the defections of guards John Gesek (to Washington) and Kevin Gogan (to the Raiders). Finding a replacement for placekicker Eddie Murray will be another problem.

Still, the Cowboys appear strong. Switzer was a big-time winner at Oklahoma and, like Johnson, is a great motivator. That may be all his players need for a third straight Super Bowl victory.

After last season, desert winds finally reached sirocco strength in Phoenix. Unpredictable **Cardinals** owner Bill Bidwill axed popular coach Joe Bugel (who led the team to a 7–9 record, its best finish since the club moved from St. Louis) and brought in the fiery Buddy Ryan, Houston's defensive coordinator. "You've got a winner in town. We're here to win now," Ryan, outspoken as ever, told the Arizona media when he was introduced as head coach. "We plan on going to the playoffs this year."

Buddy has a big mouth, but he usually backs up what he says. After last year's number one draft choice Garrison Hearst (whom Ryan has been trying to trade) was lost for the season, the Cardinals discovered a 1000-yard rusher in Ron Moore. Even though he was beset by injuries, quarterback Steve Beuerlein passed for 3164 yards and looks ready to join the top tier of NFL signal callers. As he did in Chicago and Philly, Jim McMahon joins Buddy's fold, as backup QB. Wide receiver Gary Clark, who missed almost half of last season, is healthy again, as is defensive tackle Eric Swann, who seems ready for an All-Pro year.

The Cardinals dramatically strengthened their defensive unit by signing All-Pro end Clyde Simmons and All-Pro linebacker Seth Joyner, both of whom Ryan coached at Philadelphia. They're going to love Buddy in Arizona, because his team will make the playoffs.

A new day is dawning in Philadelphia. Gone is pinchpenny owner Norman Braman, a car dealer who drove his players away. Jeff Lurie, the new owner of the **Eagles**, is a Hollywood producer who paid a record $185 million for the club. Braman, who bought the team in 1985 for $65 million, walked away with a $120 million profit. He might also have walked away with a Super Bowl title or two if he hadn't been such an incredible tightwad. During the last couple of seasons the Eagles lost the services of five All-Pros—tight end Keith Jackson, defensive end Reggie White, running back Keith Byars, defensive end Clyde Simmons and linebacker Seth Joyner.

Head coach Rich Kotite had the Eagles thinking playoffs after a 4–0 start. But after quarterback Randall Cunningham went down with his annual leg injury, the Eagles lost eight of their next nine games. Philly did win its last three games to finish 8–8, however, under the leadership of rejuvenated QB Bubby Brister. The ex-Steeler threw 14 touchdown passes and only five interceptions.

"After all the injuries, our record was something very much to be proud of," points out Kotite. "We had the toughest schedule in the league and we were in almost every game."

Kotite is banking on the return of Cunningham and his main receiver, Fred Barnett, to help Herschel Walker, who led the team in rushing and receiving. The Eagles' weak spot is defense, which finished 27th against the run. Kotite hopes to offset the loss of Simmons and Joyner with Houston defensive end William Fuller and San Diego defensive end Burt Grossman. As a moviemaker, Lurie presumably knows the value of stars, and he won't let any more of Philly's leading players get away.

Giants general manager George Young, who rubbed coaches Bill Parcells and Ray Handley the wrong way, got to Dan Reeves early, after Reeves' first year on the job. Young, co-chairman of the NFL's competition committee, never asked his coach's opinion of the two-point conversion (Reeves dislikes it) and other rule changes. Reeves was also angry about all the Giants' free agents—running back Lewis Tillman, offensive tackle Eric Moore, guard Bob Kratch, CBs Mark Collins and Perry Williams and safety Myron Guyton—that Young let get away.

Last season Reeves, 1993 NFC coach of the year, orchestrated the league's top rushing attack (138 yards per game). The Giants have a 1000-yard runner in Rodney Hampton and a terrific all-purpose back in David Meggett but are vulnerable at quarterback. Concerned about Phil Simms' lingering ailments, the Giants waived their veteran QB. Now they'll look to little-used backups Dave Brown and Kent Graham. This doesn't bode well for the team's offense.

Even after Lawrence Taylor's retirement, New York's defense, anchored by linebackers Carlton Bailey and Michael Brooks, is still formidable. But the Giants play in a murderously tough division, so their chances of again reaching the playoffs are slim indeed.

Dapper Washington owner Jack Kent Cooke didn't wait long to make a head coaching change. Following the **Redskins'** 4–12 finish under first-year head coach (and longtime Skins defensive coordinator) Richie Petitbon, Cooke immediately replaced him with the league's hottest young coaching prospect, Dallas offensive coordinator Norv Turner.

Cooke expects Turner to get the Skins offense, ranked 26th in the league last year, moving in a hurry. It won't be easy. After being named the MVP in Washington's last Super Bowl, QB Mark Rypien was released following two off years and replaced by San Diego's John Friesz. In the college draft, however, Turner made a great move by picking up Tennessee's Heath Shuler, Washington's quarterback of the future. He also added Cardinal linebacker Ken Harvey.

Turner sees two bright spots on offense: All-Pro tackle Jim Lachey, injured last season, is back and will no doubt make second-year running back Reggie Brooks an even bigger threat. As a rookie, Brooks showed power and speed while rushing for 1063 yards. The Redskins expected big things from Heisman Trophy winner Desmond Howard, but he was a disappointment, as was fellow wide receiver Tim McGee. That's why Washington signed steady Rams veteran Henry Ellard, whose best years are behind him.

Turner has a mountain to climb and won't get near the top this year, but he's the right man for the job. He'll turn the Redskins into contenders again.

•

Last year the **Vikings** hoped for a miracle season from Jim McMahon. Now the team is upgrading to Warren Moon. Big break: The Oilers were so victimized by the salary cap that they were forced to

trade him. Moon can throw just fine at age 38. By teaming up with Pro Bowl receiver Cris Carter, Moon will give the Vikings a potent passing attack—if he can get more protection than McMahon received last year. That appears likely. The Vikes landed free-agent offensive tackle Chris Hinton, formerly of the Falcons, and former Pittsburgh tight end Adrian Cooper. The Vikings lost supreme sacker Chris Doleman to Atlanta, but still have tackle John Randle, who had 12.5 sacks last year, tying for third best in the NFC. They'll win the Central with Moon and shoot for the Super Bowl after that.

CENTRAL DIVISION

NATIONAL FOOTBALL CONFERENCE

Minnesota	9–7
Green Bay*	9–7
Chicago	8–8
Detroit	6–10
Tampa Bay	5–11

*Wild-card team

A new era has been launched in Green Bay. For the first time since the glory years of Vince Lombardi, the **Packers'** immediate future looks bright.

Last year the Pack went 9–7 and got into the postseason for the first time since the strike-tainted 1982 season, when 16 teams made it. Counting only normal seasons, the Packers' playoff appearance was their first since 1972.

Third-year head coach Mike Holmgren, a former quarterback coach at San Francisco, feels he has an unpolished jewel in Brett Favre. The young, strong-armed quarterback had some brilliant games last year, but needs to minimize his mistakes if the Packers are to contend for the division title. Favre threw and completed more passes (318) than any other QB in the NFC, racking up 19 TD passes, but he also threw 24 interceptions. His favorite target was Sterling Sharpe, who caught 112 passes for 1274 yards and finished as the NFL's number one wide receiver.

The Packers finally got a good running back, Tampa Bay's Reggie Cobb. They drafted another—LeShon Johnson of Northern Illinois, last year's leading college rusher—and now need only an additional wide receiver to take some pressure off Sharpe and establish a balanced attack.

Reggie White keyed Green Bay's defense in his first year after leaving Philadelphia. He had 13 sacks, tying for the most in the NFC. Defensive end Sean Jones, just arrived from Houston, will make White even more effective.

The Pack isn't quite back, but it is playoff bound.

Last season first-year head coach Dave Wannstedt led Chicago to a 7–9 record (two more victories than the **Bears** recorded the year before), and he did it in spite of being saddled with the NFL's worst offense. Beleaguered QB Jim Harbaugh, an object of ridicule in Chicago, was finally released. Replacing him is Erik Kramer, who led the Lions into the playoffs during the final four games of the 1993 regular season. "I think I'm good at recognizing defenses and getting the ball to the right guy accurately," Kramer says.

He'll need some receivers to help him. Gutsy Tom Waddle was the Bears' best, with only 44 catches for 552 yards. The running attack was almost as atrocious; Neal Anderson, who led the team with 646 yards, has since been cut. In hopes of augmenting their offense, the Bears were busy in the free-agent market. Chicago signed running backs Lewis Tillman (Giants) and Merril Hoge (Pittsburgh), along with offensive tackle Andy Heck (Seattle).

The Bears' defense, number four in the league last year, has nothing to apologize for. Led by linebacker Dante Jones (with a club-record 189 tackles last season) and with a possible sleeper in Alcorn State linebacker John Thierry, their number one draft choice, Chicago will once again be a tenacious group to deal with. Wannstedt has the Bears growling again.

Last year Detroit head coach Wayne Fontes was enmeshed in a quarterback controversy that had fans calling for his head. Luckily for the Lions, his team finished 10–6 and won its second NFC Central Division title in the past three years.

There won't be any quarterback controversy this time around. The Lions shelled out $11 million to snare Miami's Scott Mitchell, the league's best available free-agent quarterback. Mitchell will be tested early—the Lions' schedule includes games against Dallas, San Francisco, the Giants, Buffalo and Miami. His prime target figures to be wide receiver Herman Moore, who caught 61 passes for 935 yards last year. Rookie WR Johnny Morton (USC) could also help. Barry Sanders will once again head up Detroit's dangerous running attack.

Injuries to a couple of Pro Bowlers crippled Detroit's defense in 1993. Linebacker Pat Swilling missed seven weeks with a severe ankle sprain, and safety Bennie Blades broke his ankle in the fourth game. Linebacker Chris Spielman, who led the team in tackles (160) for the sixth straight year, is hoping his buddies get well this season. Even if there's a major outbreak of health, I still don't see them even making the playoffs.

The **Buccaneers** have finished with a 5–11 record two years in a row. That may sound terrible, but folks connected with the Bucs point out that their murderous schedule included games against 11 playoff teams. And they managed to beat three of them: Minnesota, Detroit and Denver. While that may be true, the Buccaneers haven't won more than six games in a season since going 9–7 in 1981. If Tampa Bay goes 10–6 every year from now on, it will take them until the year 2021 to reach .500.

Coach Sam Wyche is a big booster of starting quarterback Craig Erickson, who last year threw for 3054 yards, 18 touchdowns and a dreadful 21 interceptions. As insurance for the future, the team wisely selected QB Trent Dilfer (Fresno State) with its first draft pick. Wyche feels that with an easier schedule this time around, the Bucs can compete for a playoff spot. I doubt it. With the departure of Reggie Cobb, the team needs more help at running back than second-round draft choice Errict Rhett (Florida) will provide. The offensive line is still weak.

Wyche is certain the Bucs are about to break their long string of more than 10

losses per season. If he wants to return next year, they'd better do just that.

WESTERN DIVISION

NATIONAL FOOTBALL CONFERENCE

San Francisco	11–5
New Orleans*	9–7
Atlanta	8–8
Los Angeles Rams	8–8

*Wild-card team

The shadows of Bill Walsh and Joe Montana are finally fading in the San Francisco fog. Even the most finicky 49ers fans have to praise the accomplishments of coach George Seifert and quarterback Steve Young, both of whom have long been regarded as cheap substitutes for Walsh and Montana.

Seifert, a quiet, studious tactician, has a better record over his first five years (67 wins, 20 losses) than all but two other coaches in NFL history, Guy Chamberlain (Canton) and Paul Brown (Cleveland). Yet no one seems to recognize his accomplishment.

Young is underappreciated as well. He succeeded the injured Montana three years ago, and became the first quarterback to win three consecutive passing titles. Last year he also became the first San Francisco quarterback to throw for more than 4000 yards (4023) and led the NFL with 29 TD passes. He also threw 183 consecutive passes without an interception, breaking Montana's record.

The incomparable Jerry Rice led the NFL in reception yardage (1503) and touchdowns (15) while catching 98 passes, the second highest total in his career. He needs just three more touchdowns to break Jim Brown's record of 126. Young's other prime targets are John Taylor (56 catches, 940 yards) and Brent Jones, who led all NFL tight ends with 68 receptions. On the ground, Ricky Watters, who missed several games with injuries, still managed to pile up 950 yards. Draft pick William Floyd of Florida State was college football's top-rated fullback and could replace Tom Rathman in the Niner backfield.

In 1993, defense hurt the 49ers. They needed linebackers and signed a solid pair of free agents in Dallas' Ken Norton and San Diego's Gary Plummer. San Francisco has young talent to build on, namely defensive tackle Dana Stubblefield, 1993's NFC defensive rookie of the year, and number one draft pick Bryant Young (Notre Dame) to line up alongside him. The young guys will learn from free-agent pickup DE Richard Dent. The team has more than enough weapons to win its 11th Western title in 14 years and a record-setting fifth Super Bowl.

New Orleans coach and general manager Jim Mora is trying to find a way to get his Saints marching past the first round of the playoffs. The coach has made some changes, beginning with the signing of speedy Atlanta wide receiver Michael Haynes to a four-year, $10 million contract. "He's real fast, but you've still got to get him the ball," points out linebacker Rickey Jackson.

Management apparently understands that, too. The team traded for quarterback Jim Everett, who finished last season on the Rams' bench after slumping the last three years. Everett will get better protection in New Orleans and may turn his career around. Mora believes Everett is far better than Wade Wilson, who fell apart as New Orleans lost seven of its last nine games. Only rookie running back Derek Brown (705 yards), wide receiver Eric Martin (66 catches, 950 yards) and perhaps the NFL's best kicker, Morten Andersen (29 field goals), showed up on offense.

Last year's Saints defense, its traditional strength, was vulnerable mostly because of age, which is why Mora made DE Joe Johnson (Louisville) his first draft pick. Linebackers Sam Mills (34) and Rickey Jackson (35) had trouble stopping the run. Renaldo Turnbull, who replaced Pat Swilling, tied for an NFC-high 13 sacks while forcing five fumbles.

Mora, an underrated coach, is gambling big on a comeback from Everett, one that will take him to the playoffs. I think he's betting right.

There won't be any tickets set aside for Elvis Presley at the Georgia Dome box office in Atlanta. Jerry Glanville, the man behind the Presley nonsense, was fired after leading the Falcons to successive 6–10 records. June Jones, Glanville's offensive coordinator, is the Falcons' new head coach. "I know we'll move the ball and be exciting," he promises.

New quarterback Jeff George, obtained in a trade with Indianapolis, will love throwing to Andre Rison (86 receptions, 1242 yards and 15 touchdowns in 1993). And he'll also enjoy handing the ball to Erric Pegram, who last year rushed for 1185 yards.

Atlanta jumped into free agency to improve a weak secondary, signing D.J. Johnson (Pittsburgh) and Kevin Ross (Kansas City). Getting DE Chris Doleman, who had 12.5 sacks last year for the Vikings, was a steal. The one man they'd now love to sign is Deion Sanders, who in 11 games last year led the NFC with seven interceptions. But Sanders now says, "Maybe it's time to put all my focus on baseball." Atlanta hopes that's not the case.

Last year Rams head coach Chuck Knox suffered through the first five-game losing streak of his 21-year career, on the way to a 5–11 record. The future Hall of Famer has hinted this may be his last year. This may also be the Rams' last year in Anaheim; the team could move before the start of the 1995 season. In 1993 the Rams drew their lowest attendance—about 45,000 fans a game—since moving from the Los Angeles Coliseum in 1980.

They haven't given up on this year, however. The team signed quarterback Chris Miller of Atlanta, a Pro Bowl QB when healthy. Jerome Bettis had an impressive rookie year, running for 1429 yards, just 57 fewer than NFL leader Emmitt Smith. The Rams also have defensive tackle Sean Gilbert, who made it to the Pro Bowl in his second season.

Sadly, the Rams averaged just 13.8 points a game—only Indianapolis and Cincinnati scored less. Worse, only Tampa Bay, Indianapolis and Atlanta gave up more than the 22.9 points per game the Rams' defense averaged. It's the kind of performance only an NFL-deprived city like Baltimore, St. Louis or Memphis could love. Next year, they may get the chance.

EASTERN DIVISION

AMERICAN FOOTBALL CONFERENCE

Buffalo	11–5
Miami*	10–6
New England	9–7
New York Jets	6–10
Indianapolis	5–11

*Wild-card team

Everybody knocks Buffalo, but with the exception of a certain game in January, all the Bills do is keep winning. No other team in the NFL has ever made it to the Super Bowl four consecutive years. This season the Bills are talking about a "Drive for Five in '95," and I like their chances. Buffalo still has a nucleus of impact players returning. Quarterback Jim Kelly had a superb 1993 season by passing for 3382 yards and 18 touchdowns; Thurman Thomas, one of the best all-around backs in the league, ran for 1315 yards; and tight end Pete Metzelaars' 68 receptions helped offset injuries to wide receiver Andre Reed.

Another reason Buffalo has the best record of the Nineties is defense. End Bruce Smith and linebackers Cornelius Bennett and Darryl Talley are Pro Bowlers. Despite being double- and triple-teamed in 1993, Smith had 14 sacks and a career-high 108 tackles.

"It might tick everybody else off, but they've got 16 weeks to line up and stop us," warns Talley. Super Bowl, here they come. Again.

After 27 years, the turbulent Robbie-family era has ended in Miami. Wayne Huizenga, who owned 15 percent of the Dolphins, bought the remaining 85 percent from the battling heirs and is now the nation's leading sports tycoon, having added the team to his baseball Marlins and hockey Panthers.

Last year Don Shula became the winningest coach in NFL history by posting his 325th victory in 31 years. But the season ended with a major downer: After running up a 9–2 record, the Dolphins

lost their final five games and missed the playoffs. Their collapse ranks as one of the biggest in league history.

The Dolphins also lost quarterback Dan Marino after the fifth game with a torn Achilles tendon. Marino is 33, and Shula hopes he can make a full recovery. In case he can't, Miami has signed Bernie Kosar as insurance.

Rookie Terry Kirby was a big reason why Miami's offense was second in the NFL. He rushed and received for 1264 yards and led the team with 75 receptions. Keith Byars, another running back, added 61 catches, while wide receiver Irving Fryar gained 1010 yards on 64 receptions.

Defense was Miami's downfall. Linebacker Bryan Cox was tops with 122 tackles, but injuries again sidelined LB John Offerdahl. The Dolphins also need to strengthen their secondary. Drafting tackle Tim Bowens (Mississippi) won't provide immediate help.

The 64-year-old Shula may feel some pressure during the final year of his contract. He's led the Dolphins into the Super Bowl only once in the last ten years and hasn't won one in 20. Huizenga knows that Jimmy Johnson is available, and Jimmy has valuable experience in replacing legendary coaches. Just ask Tom Landry.

There's something happening in New England, and it all started with Bill Parcells. The former Giants coach, who was out of football for two years, has shaped the Patriots in the same manner he did the Giants, who won two Super Bowls. First he hired Ray Perkins as offensive coordinator. Next, he drafted a strong-armed quarterback and added a power runner, solid tight ends, a run-blocking offensive line and big, physical linebackers. Last year the Pats, the youngest team in the league, finished 5–11, but lost eight games by less than a touchdown. The team won its final four games and in the process knocked both Cleveland and Miami out of the playoffs. Drew Bledsoe threw for 2494 yards, with 15 touchdowns and as many interceptions. Not bad for a rookie.

Leonard Russell, Parcells' workhorse, ran for 1088 yards on 300 carries. Parcells traded for San Diego's Marion Butts, another powerful plodder. The acquisition of free-agent Giants guard Bob Kratch will bolster a young line.

Two other Giants free agents, linebacker Steve DeOssie and safety Myron Guyton, will improve the Pats' defense, as will first-round draft choice Willie McGinest of USC, a Lawrence Taylor clone. Parcells has pieced together a rugged young team that might make the playoffs this year.

Jets fans won't have Bruce Coslet to kick around anymore. After four years as New York's head coach (during which he compiled a 26–38 record), Coslet was fired less than two weeks after the team's 24–0 loss to Houston in the final game of the season cost it a playoff berth. The Jets played listlessly and knew it. "We didn't show up," remarked defensive end Marvin Washington. What a pity. I suppose that was Coslet's fault, too.

In any case, it was time for a change, and GM Dick Steinberg hired Pete Carroll, the team's former defensive coordinator. Last year Steinberg got quarterback Boomer Esiason from Cincinnati. Boomer started with a boom but threw only two touchdown passes in the Jets' final seven games. Esiason had enough protection (the Jets led the NFL by allowing only 21 sacks) but couldn't seem to get the ball to wide receiver Rob Moore or tight end Johnny Mitchell.

Another move Steinberg made was getting running back Johnny Johnson from the Cardinals on draft day in 1993. Johnson rushed for 821 yards and also led the team with 67 pass receptions. This year Steinberg may have made another draft-day steal with number one pick Aaron Glenn (Texas A&M), a cornerback and kick returner with blazing 4.3 speed in the 40. The Jets are blessed with a top-notch front office, but those guys don't suit up and kick ass on a football field.

Last winter was housecleaning time in Indianapolis. Bill Tobin (of Chicago Bears notoriety) is now the Colts' vice president of football operations, and it didn't take him long to begin operating. In 1993, the Colts finished last or next to last in 14 key defensive areas, the weakest being a per-game yield of 352 yards. He fired four defensive coaches and hired his brother Vince to be the Colts' new defensive coordinator. Vince Tobin acted in the same capacity with the Bears, so keep the accusations of nepotism to a minimum. Both Tobins are

"Griselda Foodlesquink? What a lovely name!"

highly respected in football circles.

Unfortunately, the Colts' offense is also a catastrophe. Indianapolis averaged only 11.8 points a game last season; only Cincinnati was worse. Number one draft pick Marshall Faulk (San Diego State) figures to give Indy a respectable running game. The team dumped QB Jeff George in favor of ex-Bear Jim Harbaugh. Say what you want about Harbaugh, but he completed better than 61 percent of his passes for Chicago last year. George, on the other hand, clicked on only 57.5 percent.

Tobin's emphasis on defense caused him to sign a good free-agent linebacker, Tony Bennett of Green Bay. With his second pick on the first round, he grabbed LB Trev Alberts (Nebraska). If he could pick up another half dozen like them, the Colts might actually scare a few teams.

CENTRAL DIVISION

AMERICAN FOOTBALL CONFERENCE

Pittsburgh	10–6
Houston	9–7
Cleveland	5–11
Cincinnati	3–13

Third-year coach Bill Cowher has done a commendable job in replacing Chuck Noll, the Steelers coach who won four Super Bowls in his 22-year career. Cowher got Pittsburgh into the playoffs during each of his first two years, which was quite an accomplishment. After a 23–0 shutout of Buffalo on a Monday night last November, Steeler fans were thinking Super Bowl. But injuries to RB Barry Foster and QB Neil O'Donnell capsized the offense. Both return this season, and the combination of Foster's big-play ability and O'Donnell's steady passing should be potent.

Pittsburgh's massive tight end, Eric Green, caught 63 passes for 942 yards last year. O'Donnell looked for Green far too often, but only because his wide receivers had a year-long case of the dropsies. The Steelers have high hopes for number one draft pick Charles Johnson, a quick wide receiver from Colorado.

All-Pro cornerback Rod Woodson is the best of a defense that allowed more than 28 points only once. The unit lost end Donald Evans to the Jets but replaced him with a better one, Ray Seals of Tampa Bay. Linebacker Kevin Greene led the Steelers in sacks with 12½. I look for Pittsburgh to overtake the depleted Oilers for the Central title.

You wouldn't have heard many arguments last season if the **Oilers'** Jack Pardee had been voted coach of the year. After opening 1–4, Pardee was a loss away from being fired. At that point his players pulled together to win 11 straight games and the Central crown. (That was the longest winning streak in the NFL since the 1972 Dolphins went 17–0.) Unfortunately, for the seventh consecutive time, Houston didn't make it to the AFC championship game.

"We never did anything in a little way," Pardee said, smiling. "It seemed no matter what we did, we made national news." For instance, there was the game in which Oilers defensive coordinator Buddy Ryan threw a punch at offensive coordinator Kevin Gilbride. Now Buddy's in Arizona and Gilbride is the new assistant head coach, so the team can once again concentrate on the field.

As far as Oilers fans were concerned, the loss of quarterback Warren Moon was the biggest news of the spring. Moon was traded to Minnesota for draft choices, a trade he accepted but never really wanted. Strong-armed Cody Carlson is the team's new starting QB and could break out after years as Moon's backup. Carlson could get some help if wideout Webster Slaughter has recovered from the torn knee ligaments he suffered in a game last December. Gary Brown is the new hero of Oilers fans. When Lorenzo White went down, Brown took over and ran for 1002 yards on only 195 carries.

It'll be interesting to see how the Oilers' defense performs now that Ryan is moving his smash-mouth brand of football to Arizona. The atmosphere figures to be a lot more civil than when Buddy was around, but not necessarily more productive.

Last year in Cleveland, team owner Art Modell seemed to be burned out. Why else would he have released quarterback Bernie Kosar, who had the Browns in first place after eight games? Without Kosar the Browns won only two of their last eight.

Still, the Browns moved the ball well under replacement Vinny Testaverde, who recovered from a separated shoulder to throw 14 TD passes in about a half-season's work. In May, Cleveland signed Washington's Mark Rypien to give the Browns some much-needed depth at QB. Whoever calls the signals, he'll benefit from having little Eric Metcalf operating out of the backfield. He led the NFL with 1932 all-purpose yards, and figures to keep the Browns moving this year as well.

Meanwhile, Cleveland's defense failed to live up to its preseason hype. Behemoth tackle Jerry Ball was a bust, but after a slow start, tackle Michael Dean Perry finished strong. Top draft pick CB Antonio Langham (Alabama) could be an impact player. The Browns had a good draft, but they remain at least several players away from winning the Central Division.

In football, as in the shopping mall, you get what you pay for, which explains why Cincinnati finished with the worst record in the NFL last year, 3–13. The **Bengals** had the lowest payroll in the league and it showed. Maybe that's why owner Mike Brown forgave head coach Dave Shula his two-year, 8–24 record and granted him a two-year contract extension.

Last year's Bengals were one of the lousiest teams ever assembled. Cincy was 27th against the run, featured a running attack that also ranked 27th in the NFL and gave up a league-high 53 sacks. That evidently caused Mike Brown to sign Miami safety Louis Oliver and Seattle offensive guard Darrick Brilz, both of whom will prevent the Bengals from being regarded as a bad joke. The team's ineptitude also earned Cincinnati this year's number one draft choice. The Bengals wisely drafted titanic Ohio State defensive tackle Dan Wilkinson and, by signing him to a six-year, $14.4 million contract, made him the highest-paid player in team history.

Unfortunately, none of this is going to help poor David Klingler. There wasn't a more bedeviled quarterback in the league last fall—he virtually ran for his life with every snap of the ball. His longest completion was for 51 yards, and that came on a screen pass. The Bengals scored only 14 touchdowns in 1993, a total that was individually surpassed by Jerry Rice, Marcus Allen and Andre Rison. This team still qualifies for federal disaster relief.

WESTERN DIVISION

AMERICAN FOOTBALL CONFERENCE

Denver	10–6
Kansas City*	10–6
Los Angeles Raiders*	9–7
San Diego	7–9
Seattle	7–9

*Wild-card team

Perhaps Denver coach Wade Phillips wishes he had remained as the team's defensive coordinator. It took him only one season as the **Broncos'** head coach to land in the hospital with stomach problems, but that can happen after you promise big things and finish 9–7.

If the Broncos play the same way they did in their final two games of 1993—they lost the season finale and playoff opener to the Raiders—Phillips is going to feel it in his gut again. Denver's wild-card defeat in L.A. was a sad ending to the best season QB John Elway has ever had. Elway finished as the AFC's number one passer by virtue of completing 63.2 percent of his passes for 4030 yards and 25 touchdowns—all career highs. He managed to do this without a first-class wide receiver. Most of his completions were to tight end Shannon Sharpe, who caught 81 passes for 995 yards and nine touchdowns.

Elway will definitely have a big-play wide receiver this year. The Broncos signed a pair of talented free agents—San Diego's Anthony Miller, a Pro Bowler in four of his six seasons, and speedy Atlanta wideout Mike Pritchard. I look for Elway to have another terrific year. The Broncos' defense is no longer

the Orange Crush of the past—age has slowed linebacker Karl Mecklenburg and safety Dennis Smith, among others—but it will do. And linebacker Simon Fletcher is very solid; in 1993, he led the team in sacks (13.5) for the third straight year.

The combination of offense, Elway's ability to lead the Broncos back from the dead in the fourth quarter, and an aging defense, should make things exciting in Denver this season. When the smoke clears, they should have the division title, and Wade Phillips should be cured of his bellyache.

Winning the Western Division last year has **Chiefs** fans hungry for their first trip to the Super Bowl since 1970. The team probably would have gone all the way if its defense hadn't played erratically. Despite holding 11 of their opponents to under 300 yards, personifying the NFL's sack leader in end Neil Smith (15) and racking up the third most take-aways in the league (38), the Chiefs still gave up 30 or more points in four games.

This year, defense will be a concern again. The Chiefs lost linebacker Lonnie Marts, cornerback Albert Lewis and safety Kevin Ross to free agency. The addition of DT Tony Casillas (Dallas) and CB Mark Collins (Giants) will be a big help, as will the arrival of backup QB Steve Bono from San Francisco.

As the Chiefs sort through the defensive questions, they must also ponder geriatrics: Do Joe Montana and Marcus Allen have enough left in them to survive another campaign?

Now showing in the Western Division, *Raiders of the Lost Park*. An earthquake earlier this year damaged Los Angeles Coliseum, possibly leaving the **Raiders** to play in Dodger Stadium or return to Oakland. And that's only this season's predicament. After all these years, one still can't be sure where owner Al Davis will move his team. In the spring he was negotiating with officials in Orlando, Florida, but talks broke down when Davis reportedly wanted too much from the city.

Davis still loves Oakland, and the fans there still love the Raiders. Fact is, the Raiders were the last AFC team to beat the NFC in a Super Bowl. That was in 1984, and the Raiders haven't been back to the big game since. Davis' boys almost got there last season. They dominated the Bills during the first half of the AFC championship game but then produced only one first down in the second half and lost, 29–23. Davis was upset, and coach Art Shell has felt the pressure.

Quarterback Jeff Hostetler gave the Raiders the look of a Super Bowl team. In his first season in Los Angeles, Hostetler played through a series of injuries and still managed to throw for 3242 yards. Led by Tim Brown (80 catches for 1180 yards), the Raiders—with James Jett, Alexander Wright and Rocket Ismail—possess the fleetest corps of wide receivers in pro football.

On defense, the retirement of Howie Long will open up more time for future All-Pro tackle Chester McGlockton. End Anthony Smith, another force in the defensive line, registered 12.5 sacks. The Raiders strengthened their secondary by signing free agent Kansas City cornerback Albert Lewis and beefed up their offensive line by landing prized Dallas guard Kevin Gogan. Now all the team needs is a stadium in which to throw the victory party.

Last season the **Chargers** were picked to win the West, and why not? Second-year head coach Bobby Ross never expected his guys to unravel and finish 8–8. San Diego's troubles began with a shoulder injury to quarterback Stan Humphries during an exhibition game, and then six other starters went down during the regular season.

The unraveling continued in the off-season. San Diego didn't have a first-round draft pick this year and lost three standout starters to free agency: wide receiver Anthony Miller, linebacker Gary Plummer and defensive end Burt Grossman. GM Bobby Beathard countered by signing Denver wide receiver Vance Johnson, Miami receiver Tony Martin, Arizona defensive end Reuben Davis and Seattle cornerback Dwayne Harper. Nice try, but the Chargers won't be a factor in the rugged AFC West this season.

Last year Seattle coach Tom Flores, a former quarterback himself, made Notre Dame QB Rick Mirer the Seahawks' top draft choice. His judgment paid off quickly as the rookie led Seattle to a 6–10 season. Despite being sacked 47 times, Mirer completed more passes (274) for more yards (2833) than any other rookie in NFL history. It showed on the scoreboard, as the Seahawks scored twice as many points as they did in 1992.

Mirer's favorite receiver was Brian Blades, who caught a club-record 80 passes for 945 yards. Chris Warren had his second straight 1000-yard season. In Cortez Kennedy, the Seahawks have the league's premiere defensive tackle, and safety Eugene Robinson made All-Pro for the second straight year. He'll be joined in the secondary by Buffalo cornerback Nate Odomes, a fine free-agent pickup.

But free agency cuts both ways, and it really hurt Seattle's offensive line. Having lost tackle Andy Heck and guard Darrick Brilz—Look out, Rick! Here they come again!—Flores is going to have to rebuild the line for the fourth straight year. Under Flores, the Seahawks continue to improve every season, but they'll have to wait until their offensive line is shored up and Mirer comes of age before they can take the next step.

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VCRS

(continued from page 114)

"Sony's Adaptive Picture Control is especially good at tweaking rental tapes that have lost signal strength."

of these machines sounds nearly as good as a compact disc, whether you're recording in standard play (two hours per tape) or in the more economical, six-hour extended-play mode. Almost all prerecorded rental tapes are now encoded with two-track hi-fi or four-channel Dolby Surround sound. And the VCR's stereo TV tuner can decode dozens of multichannel broadcasts, which you can tape and replay or enjoy live and loud, pumped through your audio system with a simple connection. (You can even use a VHS hi-fi as an alternative to an analog cassette deck, recording extended radio concerts or dubbing compact discs—and no tape flipping is required.)

The price-reduction trend has affected the 1995 lineup of stereo VCRs in a big way. Samsung's model VR8704 four-head hi-fi, for example, is selling for as little as $299, an amount you would have paid for a basic, two-head mono machine a few years ago. For $300 you can buy Magnavox' VR9361, a four-head hi-fi stereo model with universal remote, auto head cleaning, variable slow motion and a real-time counter. The RCA VR672HF ($450) features the VCR Plus+ operating system, which lets you set up recording sessions using simple three- to eight-digit program codes listed in *TV Guide* and newspapers.

Fisher's FVH-4910 ($450) offers VCR Plus+ programming but also adds a wired, mouse-type cable-box controller to the mix. Cable subscribers who have to use a set-top cable box know that the device voids many of their TV and VCR functions. You can't record programs from different channels in sequence, for example, because the cable box is capable of sending only one signal at a time. The Fisher mouse controller uses infrared technology to trigger the cable box, automatically changing channels for you according to your preferred programming schedule.

HEADS UP, CLEARER PICTURES

Until now, recording onto a VHS tape in the slow-speed extended-play mode meant sacrificing picture quality. Not anymore, thanks to the crisp, richly colored EP images produced by Panasonic's PV-4464 ($549) and Toshiba's M760 ($550). Panasonic achieves its video vitality by way of a new breed of laminated metal alloy recording heads, dubbed Dynamorphous, which produce a video signal-to-noise ratio improvement of about 1.5 decibels. (The eye can detect a one-dB difference, so this is amazing.)

The Toshiba M760 improves the picture by employing six recording heads instead of the usual four. The extra heads, devoted to extended-play activities, are the narrowest on the market at 19 microns each. The advantage? The small size prevents the heads from coming in contact with adjacent video tracks, thus reducing noise and enhancing signal strength.

Sharp is going the 19-micron route as well. Its six-head hi-fi VC-H100U ($550) and the four-head VC-A70U ($450) should be out by year's end.

TAPE TASTING

Borrowing a trick from high-end audiocassette decks, Sony and Mitsubishi video recorders now electronically sample an inserted tape to maximize performance. Sony's Adaptive Picture Control adjusts for head wear and is especially good at tweaking oft-played rental tapes that have lost signal strength.

Above: Sony's new EV-S7000 Hi8 VCR offers many sophisticated editing functions, including individually marked cut-in/cut-out points in the tape, digital stereo audio dubbing and a precise jog shuttle control, about $2000.

When you press the Perfect Tape button on new Mitsubishi VCRs ($500 and up), a sweep pattern appears on the TV screen as the VCR lays down and replays a test signal to optimize color and brightness levels. Another feature, Intelligent Picture, adjusts sharpness settings based on variations in the tape.

SUPER REZ

With 400 lines of horizontal resolution, Super-VHS delivers the best picture you can find in tape-based home video. Yet until recently, mediocre broadcast and cable TV signals haven't justified the $1000-plus price tags of S-VHS decks. Now prices are falling in this category too, with "reduced to $599" tags increasingly common. What's more, a 150-channel direct broadcast satellite system called DSS has begun to beam equally resolute 400-line signals to tiny (18 inches in diameter) dishes. If you're tuning in to DSS, you can capture the improved picture with a VHS deck such as Hitachi's VT-S772 (about $900). A different animal in several ways, the VT-S772 comes with some cool features. There's an LCD remote control that glows in the dark as well as an infrared-based function called Laser VLS (as in video loading system), which triggers the doors to open automatically when you move a tape toward the VCR. The VT-S772 also incorporates flying erase heads for making smooth splices between recordings and includes built-in titling capabilities—a rarity in VCRs today.

EDITING LIKE A PRO

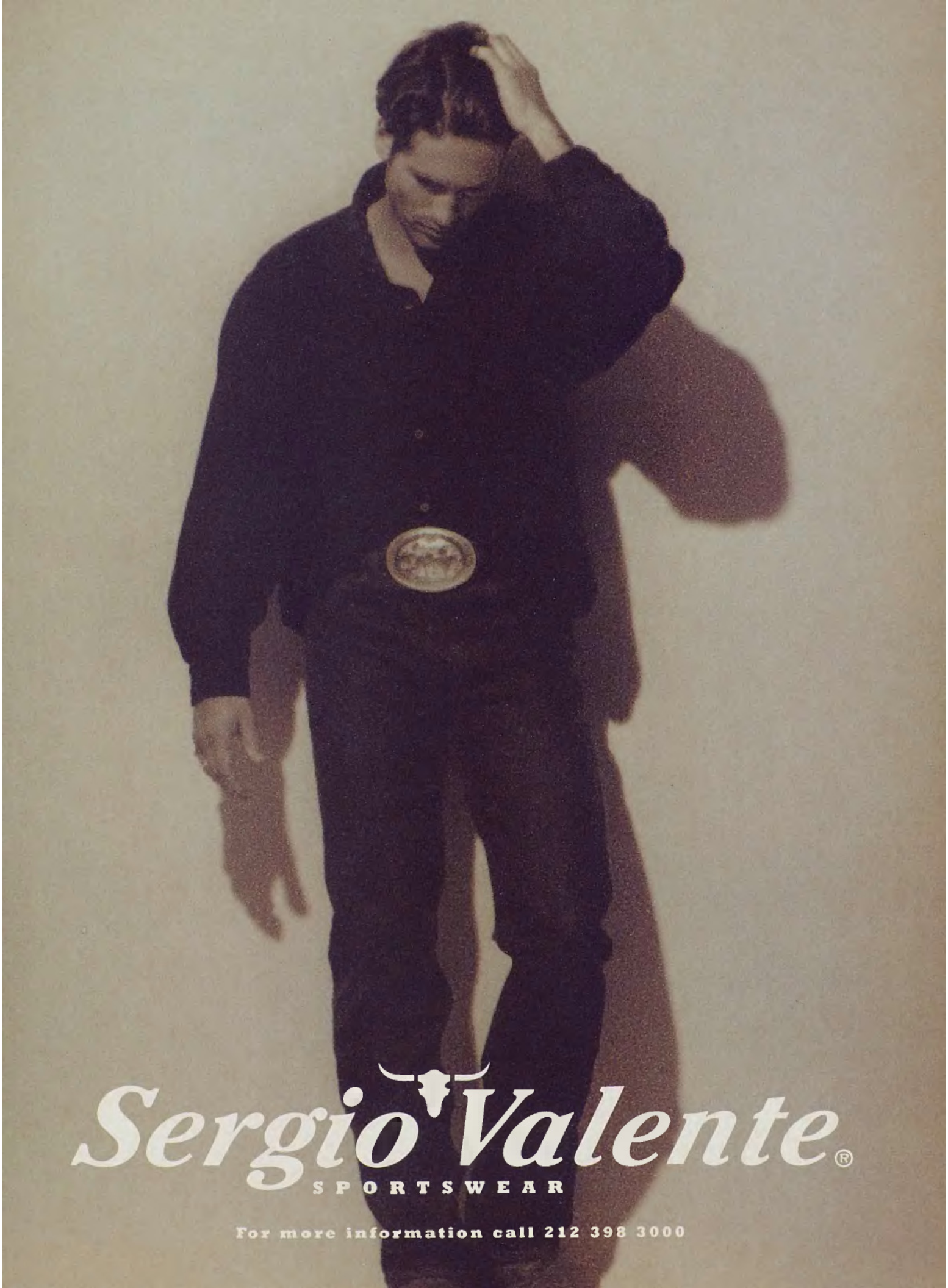
There's never been a home video that couldn't be improved by judicious editing. If you're starting with a VHS or VHS-C camcorder tape, insert it into JVC's HR-VP710 ($600), an editing studio disguised as a hi-fi VCR. Indicate the scenes you want to keep (up to eight at a time) and, at the touch of a button, the clips are automatically copied and transferred to a connecting VCR in the order you want. While some editing VCRs interface only with same-brand equipment, the HR-VP710 functions with a multibrand edit controller (RM-V403, $30) to cue almost any VCR.

For easy editing or dubbing of 8mm or Hi-8 videotapes onto VHS, check out Go Video's GV8080 ($1299). This deluxe two-in-one unit incorporates flying erase heads and hi-fi recording/playback on both transports. It also can juggle up to eight premarked scenes and includes functions that make it easy to add a new audio track to previously recorded material or substitute chunks of video from one tape to another.

Goldstar also offers an 8mm and VHS VCR/dubbing deck. The GVR-DD1 ($900) includes a one-touch dubbing feature and a variety of editing functions, plus front audio-video jacks for connecting additional AV sources.

Samsung plans to release a stereo 8mm/VHS dual deck in early 1995; the price has yet to be announced, but you can bet that it will be competitive with the Goldstar and Go Video models.

Sony's finest editing hand is played with the EV-S7000, a $2000 Hi8 VCR with noise-reduction circuitry. This deck electronically "cuts" to a precision of plus/minus three frames when fed a tape that's been stamped with RC Time Code. Sony's new CCD-TR700 Handycam ($1900) does that nicely. Sealing the deal for serious videophiles is the Sony RM-E1000T editing controller, which manipulates up to three sources, programs up to 99 scenes and pushes up the package price another two grand.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 (continued from page 112)

"There's a certain drama to a relationship with an Italian woman. Everything is potentially explosive."

want to fight. Not that I haven't thrown a punch or two. About ten years ago, a friend and I were waiting for a parking space, and just as we were turning in, these young guys pulled in ahead of us. I was the passenger, and the person driving said, "Fuck you!" The guy in the other car spat on our windshield. It was—I don't know—so unreasonable. He got more and more belligerent. I couldn't leave it alone. I went over to his car. He opened the door fast on me, so we started rolling around the parking lot. It was so stupid.

15.

PLAYBOY: Despite your Italian surname, your look is clearly Irish. So who are more fun, Italian or Irish women?

CARUSO: The Italians are flamboyant; they're filled with all kinds of passion and ability and charm. The Irish have their own richness, but it's much more conservative. Irish women have a great sense of humor. That's one of their basics. But I've always been fascinated by Italians. They're so beautiful. The dark hair. And there's a certain drama to a relationship with a young Italian woman. Everything is such high stakes and so potentially explosive—all the time.

16.

PLAYBOY: What would the Catholic Church have to do to get you back in a pew every Sunday?

CARUSO: Drop fear as a manipulative weapon. This is a control thing. They want to let you know how powerless you are, how you were born genetically poisoned, and that they are in a position to light all of your darkness. Although we're flawed and dangerous, I don't believe we're negative creatures. I don't think I should start from a place of shame and work forward. We're complex. We're animal. But fear is not the answer to any equation. There's an implied threat to that, as opposed to coming from a position of love, understanding and openness.

17.

PLAYBOY: How long has it been since your last confession?

CARUSO: I did an on-camera confession. Does that count? [*Pauses*] Maybe it does. It felt kind of spooky. It had been a long time, and it's odd that I'd end up, even in a role, returning to it. These days I feel less and less the need to confess. Confession is a way of denying being human. I don't want to label things I have done as wrong. I understand there are positive and negative repercussions to everything I do, and I'm not as desperate to run from the negative as I used to be. I'm more willing to deal with the consequences. Trying to have the perfect picture and the perfect life is hopeless. Instead, you have to be willing to accept who you are. Confession gives someone access to me that I don't want him to have. Being programmed to feel guilty about certain things is a tremendous control thing. It keeps me from really living my life. The nature of confession is that you have to get something off your chest before you can get your life back in focus. I don't want to strike my actions from the record.

18.

PLAYBOY: You may not be going back to church, but John Kelly seems to be.

CARUSO: John Kelly is coming from *The Word*. The Church and Jesus Christ and the New Testament have a profound message of compassion. That's what this character is based on. He's a compassionate guy. He knows that brutalizing and punishment and "rehabilitation" don't work. He wants to communicate, to make contact and start listening. He is a good listener. Let me give you an

"Hey! Can't you read? No smoking!"

example. [*Stands, still talking, then slowly settles into his chair, never losing eye contact—just like Kelly on TV*] Part of Kelly's science is that he always maintains eye contact and listens. That's the key. The frustration begins when we're not being heard. Kelly wants to be present with each person because that's what they need. [*Smiles*] A lot of that technique comes from having children. I crouch down to get on my daughter's level. Then I'm not perceived as so dominant, because that's too scary. It's not effective if they're afraid of you. If you're talking to a murder suspect, he or she might tell you something because they feel you're really there for them.

19.

PLAYBOY: You used to drink. When you were having more than one, what were you having and what did you do when buzzed?

CARUSO: If it was a football game, it would be beers with the guys. Barbecues by the pool would be margaritas. I used to like Cristal champagne—who doesn't? Sometimes I would become adventurous in a dangerous way. I would end up in situations with strangers in the middle of the night. When I was 18 and living on 89th Street in Manhattan, my first year after leaving Queens, I worked as a waiter. I met a bunch of people who were part of the city subculture that lives at night. They have different identities. Some people who are straight during the day are gay during the night and answer to different names. So when I'd drink I'd flirt with different pasts and make up stories for strangers. I was escaping and, I suppose, seeking drama and stimulation. And they say the theater is dead. Well, everybody in this fucking society is doing a character. Everybody has a look, a getup, a story. You could be in a 25-character play in the middle of the night. I had discovered Brando and indulged myself in that self-absorbed, introspective, internal-conflict guy. I took this character out into the night and no one could pop me because everybody had their own story. I was James Dean, or I was *Then Came Bronson*. Maybe I would pad stories about a criminal past, or maybe I'd be involved with a number of women at the same time and have slightly different identities and situations. Ultimately I was just trying to figure out who I was. That was wild stuff.

20.

PLAYBOY: You used to spend hours in a terminal at JFK Airport staring at people. What's the best terminal for people-watching? Were you looking for anything in particular?

CARUSO: I went to the American Airlines terminal. I always have been fascinated by scenarios and characters. An airport is an exciting place; people's lives are changing and beginning and ending. Every time I get on a plane, I feel some kind of surge, even if it's a mundane trip. Something could happen. Something could change. I would try to observe anonymously. That's part of doing your homework as an actor, and I wasn't even an actor at that point. I didn't really know what I was doing except unconsciously broadening my horizons. And now, I'm the one someone is watching get on a plane. It seems so cinematic. Maybe I was rehearsing.

"I asked her to dinner and I treated. She asked me to spend the night and she treated. If those are the new rules, they are rules I can live by."

THE VILLAGE

(continued from page 88)

thought, and picked up the glove and tried to jam his hand through the strap, twisted in the fabric, and threw it down on the snow and shot his hand into his pocket for the compass, and he couldn't find it there.

No. It *is* there, he thought. It may be that I cannot find, I cannot *find* it. But it *is* there, because it *was* there, and it must *be* there, or. . . . He looked down and saw nothing on the snow except his ski pole and glove. He picked them up. I will circle as slowly as necessary, he thought, then I *must* see the. . . . He began to make a circle in the snow. I must see the compass, he thought.

He made his circle and didn't see the compass.

It doesn't matter, he thought, because I. . . . He looked up, at the end of his circle, and recognized nothing.

This is ridiculous, he thought. He moved to his right, then to his left, and recognized, at no point, anything he had ever seen before. He started to cough and felt cold. No, I have matches, and I, even if I didn't, I have my gun and could open a cartridge case and pour powder on paper, then fire another cartridge into it to ignite. . . . As he thought, he hunted in his pocket and found, by touch, bills and coins and a folded book of checks and, below them, the compass.

He took a deep breath and held the compass in his hand. I am so steady, he thought. He maneuvered on his skis. There always is a feeling, he thought, and I feel that *this* is north. He looked down at the compass needle, which was swinging between east and west, between northeast and northwest, and which was slowly moving in smaller arcs to indicate north was behind him, exactly opposite to his intuition.

"No," he said. "No, no. That's impossible. I could be *slightly* off, but. . . ." He remembered the other compass, sewn underneath the fish patch on his jacket. Well, fine, he thought, what is the point of having spares, or having thought ahead to have spares, if you cannot use them in situations just like. . . . He started to put his compass back in the pocket of his pants, then stopped.

No. No, he thought. I lost you once in there, I will be damned if I . . . I *know* which way is home. . . .

He felt the cold from the snow seeping through his socks and making his feet cold. He reached down and picked up the ski pole. He put his hand through the strap so it was bunched up with the glove, stuck in there. But he could not grasp the ski pole while holding the compass. He took his cap off his head and put the compass in it and put it back on his head. He looked around the

woods, to the left and to the right. He pushed off on his skis.

He came to a low place and found his right ski tangled in vines. He tried to wrench it loose and could not, and he backed it out. He crouched low to work himself through the overhanging vines and pushed himself forward on his hands. Low branches whipped his eyes. He pushed through and found himself on a bank, gliding and then falling down. It was dark and he was wet, and he was cold.

I have my gun, he thought. I can fire for help. Any time. If they were looking for me. Three shots. He reached into his pocket for his compass, then he felt on his head and found his hat gone.

He got to his feet. He began to tear at the patch on the hunting coat to get to the compass underneath. He found his ears and his hand beginning to tingle with the early burn of frostbite.

He shook off the ski pole from his right hand and tried to open the buttons on his hunting coat. He found he could not do so, and he wrenched the coat up to feel for the belt knife in its sheath in back. He found the clasp and worked to get the knife out, but the heavy coat, bunched at his back, made it impossible. He levered the sheath down, parallel to his belt, and tore the knife out of it, feeling it cut the coat as it came.

He bit his left glove off and tossed it and the ski pole down. He put the knife handle in his teeth and rubbed his hands together to warm them. He looked down and, like a surgeon, concentrating so that the stitches stood out like cords, he cut the patch from the jacket, and the little cheap red compass fell into the snow. He flung the knife away from him and sank to his knees in the dark, but he could not see the compass. He dug in the snow with his hands till they were too cold to feel, then stood and started forward. He stopped and knelt. He beat his hands against each other, and on his thighs, till he had some feeling, then worked each release, and stood, and shook his skis off.

He lurched forward through the snow and found himself stuck to his knees.

No, no. It's not all that deep, he thought, just here. He trudged, picking his legs up and moving forward quickly, fitfully, away from the bank, deeper into the woods.

The snow, except where it drifted, was only calf-deep, and he moved through the woods. He came across his ski trail and looked at it with the half-animal thought that it was tainted. He moved on, his breath coming quickly, in pants.

In the dark he fell into the small logging clearing and saw the ruts of the logging truck, now filled with snow. He followed them, half at a run. He stuck his hands into his pants pockets for warmth and ran unbalanced. He fell and levered himself up onto his knees, and up onto his feet, and on. And there was a place where he met another logging road.

No, he thought. Well. One way must lead to North Road. He turned to the left and ran, stumbling down the road for 50 yards, then turned and ran back, past the road he'd come out on. That is still there, he thought and ran on, determined to run till he died. He found himself, in 20 seconds, out on North Road. The sides were plowed and the snow banked up high. The road was gritty with the salt and dirt spread by the town, and it was punctuated by the regular herringbone of the chains on the tires of the snowplow.

I'm above it, he thought. My house is down there. He turned to his right. I was so close to it.

He felt his whole face burning with the cold, and his legs felt like sticks. He had no feeling in his hands. He walked on and, in a while, came over the hill.

Down below, far below, he saw the bend, and around the bend he saw his house, and the yellow light in the kitchen, and the shadow, which was his wife, moving down there, cooking and talking on the telephone.

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LAST CIVIL WAR *(continued from page 68)*

"'You've got these kids. They see the movies. They see Joe Pesci. They think that's what it's all about.'"

Zappile, 46, is a South Philly guy. Take Brooklyn and shrink it to less than a tenth of its size and you have South Philadelphia. About 200,000 people live there, many in white ethnic neighborhoods that have changed little over the past 30 years. Loyalty, honor and family are celebrated in South Philly, as are its most famous sons: Frankie Avalon, Fabian and James Darren, all of whom grew up in the same area, around 10th and Jackson streets, where Joey Merlino was raised. Gangsters are just a small portion of the population, but for decades their impact on the city has far outweighed their numbers. Angelo Bruno, a longtime crime boss in the city, was never a candidate for South Philadelphia Man of the Year, but he was probably better known than contemporaries operating at his level in other lines of work.

The area has also produced its share of cops. Zappile grew up around the corner from Bruno. As a rookie cop, Zappile walked past wiseguy hangouts on his way to work. Later he was a sergeant in a district where several of Bruno's top associates lived and operated. Over the years, Zappile has seen changes in the mobsters' style: The shift from low-key to high profile, from sly and cunning to bold and arrogant, was accompanied by the loss of values, however repugnant, that had once made the organization seem invincible.

At a back table in a deli not far from police headquarters, Zappile nurses a cup of coffee and talks about the vanishing older generation of mobsters in Philly: "Those guys didn't particularly like one another. But guess what? They pooled their resources for the good of the organization. They didn't flaunt it. Who knew what judge they controlled, what politician they owned, what cop they were paying off? It wasn't something that was talked about, you know? The guy who can sit in the back, in the dark, and wield that kind of power, that was a real mobster. Bruno was the boss and he kept them all in line. What did he have over them? It was that code, that honor. *Omertà*. It kept them together. They believed in that. That's what's missing now."

Bruno was killed in 1980. A year later he was succeeded by Nicodemo "Little Nicky" Scarfo, a paranoid despot who assumed control in 1981 and over the next ten years bankrupted Bruno's organization. Scarfo and more than a dozen other top Mob figures are now in jail, serving long-term federal prison sentences as a result of a series of prosecutions that began in 1987. But their legacy continues, carried on by sons, brothers and nephews who still hang out on the street corners and in the clubhouses that are the nerve centers of the organization.

"That's the biggest difference," Zappile says. "Today you've got these kids. They see the movies. They see Joe Pesci. They think that's what it's all about."

The kids. In South Philadelphia, it always comes back to the kids.

•

If there is a Mob prince in Philadelphia today it is Joey Merlino, the son of former Scarfo family underboss Salvatore Merlino. "Joey knows all the moves," says Nicholas "Nicky Crow" Caramandi, a former Scarfo family soldier and one of the first in a long list of Mob turncoats whose testimony brought down the Scarfo organization in the late Eighties. "His father and his uncle were both involved. He grew up with it. Plus, the kid always had a lot of balls."

Joey Merlino had one shot to go legit. As a teenager he worked for a horse trainer. Short, wiry, with great balance and arm strength, Merlino was soon a good apprentice jockey. His attorney now says Merlino outgrew the job and had to give up a promising career.

His uncle, in a recent interview from prison, tells a different story. "He was good," said Lawrence Merlino, who is now a cooperating government witness. "When he was 16 or 17 he was one of the leading apprentice jockeys. We used to go watch him race. Scarfo liked the kid. He knew he had a lot of guts and he wanted him with us. He used to go down to Maryland when Joey was racing there. Nicky would take him out for crabs. He told the kid that horse racing wasn't the life for him. It was dirty mucking stables, and he could get hurt." It was odd advice from a Mob boss who used violence as a management tool; his eight-year reign was marked by more than two dozen Mob murders.

Joey Merlino's father and uncle climbed the Mafia career ladder with Scarfo, both assuming positions of authority once Little Nicky became boss. Salvatore Merlino was the hands-on supervisor of the organization in South Philadelphia. Lawrence Merlino, who operated a construction company in Margate City, New Jersey, was a Mob capo who provided the organization with an entrée into the casino gambling boom of the early Eighties.

Early in 1987, Scarfo, the elder Merlinos and many others were jailed on a series of charges ranging from extortion and conspiracy to first-degree murder. They have been in prison ever since. When the older generation was sent away, Joey Merlino got his big chance.

•

Cops like Zappile refer to Joey Merlino as a "snot-nosed punk," but in certain underworld circles he is feared, if not admired, for his guts and swaggering street-corner style. Investigators are convinced that Merlino was behind the Schuylkill Expressway ambush, but have been unable, thus far, to prove it. In fact, Joey Merlino had built his reputation long before the bullets started flying.

Dark-haired and handsome, with brooding eyes, Merlino looked, dressed and acted the part of a wiseguy. He and his associates—the sons, brothers and nephews of convicted Scarfo crime-family members—hung out at the best spots in the city. They could be spotted in the funky joints along South Street and at the trendy bars, restaurants and nightclubs that sprang up along the Delaware River waterfront. Merlino was the accepted leader of the group. And because of his father, he also had the ear of some established, older Mob figures. With a foot in each camp, he was positioned to become a major player in the changing Philadelphia underworld.

He also had a certain flair that attracted both young and old. There is a story, confirmed indirectly by Merlino himself, about a Christmas party held two years ago at a beauty salon in South Philadelphia where he and some of his friends used to go for manicures. Merlino had arranged for an associate in the catering business to put out a spread—lunch meats, cheeses, fruit, bread, desserts—and all day long customers who came in were invited to join the feast. At one point, several young black kids from a nearby neighborhood drifted in and began eyeing the food. The owner of the beauty shop saw them and started making up platters for them. Then Merlino stepped in.

"What are you doin'?" he said to the owner. "That's not the way it's done."

Merlino pulled a wad of cash from his pocket and proceeded to hand a $20 bill to each of the seven or eight kids.

"This is how it's done," he said with a smile. "Merry Christmas."

"Joey was the kind of kid, if he had $5000 in his pocket, he'd go out and spend $10,000," said Richie Barone, a government witness who fingered Merlino in a $352,000 armored-truck heist.

On the eve of their trial, Barone cut a deal with the prosecution and Joey was left to stand alone. Convicted and sentenced to four years in prison, he politely told U.S. District Court Judge Norma Shapiro, "Thanks for a fair trial."

Assistant U.S. Attorney Robert Goldman sought a stiff sentence for Merlino, arguing that the mobster saw the prison term as the price of doing business. Merlino's attitude, he said, was "all you get is a couple of years in prison."

In fact, Merlino served a little more than two years behind bars. The money has never been recovered.

•

John Stanfa emerged as the new Mob boss while Joey Merlino was away. Like Merlino, he brought legitimate Mafia credentials to the table, although his pedigree was from a different time and place. Stanfa came to this country in 1964 from Sicily where, the Pennsylvania Crime Commission would later note, two brothers and a brother-in-law were members of the Mafia. He arrived in New York with a letter of introduction to Mob boss Carlo Gambino. Gambino then asked his good friend, Angelo Bruno, if he had anything for Stanfa to do in Philadelphia. Bruno welcomed the newcomer. Stanfa started a small construction company—his specialty was brick and masonry work—and was listed by law enforcement officials at the time as a low-level, fringe player in the Bruno organization.

And that's what he remained until the night of March 21, 1980, when he was asked to drive Bruno home from dinner at Cous' Little Italy, a popular, Mob-run South Philadelphia restaurant. To this day, no one but the killer is certain how the plot unfolded and how Stanfa was in position to drive the don home that night. What is certain is that as Stanfa pulled his car in front of Bruno's row house, a man wearing a raincoat walked out of the shadows on the corner, put a shotgun to the passenger-side window and blew a hole in the back of Angelo Bruno's head. That's when the Philadelphia branch of La Cosa Nostra began to careen out of control.

In rapid succession, the mobsters suspected of being behind the Bruno murder turned up dead, targeted by both Bruno loyalists in Philadelphia and the Mob hierarchy in New York which, in a display of understandable self-interest, decided it could not condone the murder of a sitting Mafia boss. Of those linked to the plot, only Stanfa managed to survive the bloodletting that followed. He disappeared after being indicted for perjury while testifying before a federal grand jury investigating the Bruno hit. Nine months later he was discovered living under an assumed name in a small town outside of Baltimore, working at a restaurant linked to the Gambino organization. Brought back to Philadelphia, he was convicted of perjury and sentenced to eight years in prison. He served more than six years and was released in 1987.

When Stanfa left prison, powerful underworld forces in both New York and Sicily interceded on his behalf. Several Philadelphia mobsters who are now cooperating with federal authorities tell the same tale. At first leaders of the Gambino family, as a favor to their Sicilian brethren, prevailed upon Scarfo and other Bruno loyalists to win a reprieve of the underworld death sentence placed on Stanfa's head. The deal was that Stanfa would return to Sicily after his release. Then John Gotti asked Scarfo to allow Stanfa to stay in this country. So it was that Stanfa went to New York after getting out of prison.

By that point, the Philadelphia Mob was in disarray. Scarfo's bloody reign brought death, destruction and disorganization. Not only were two dozen mobsters killed—including a generation of potential leaders—but nearly as many were convicted and sentenced to lengthy terms behind bars. Even more troubling, however, was the fact that six "made" members of the organization had become cooperating witnesses. Scarfo's slash-and-burn mentality had driven some of his closest associates to the witness stand, the only viable refuge for anyone who had a falling-out with the murderous crime boss. The repercussions would eventually be felt throughout the underworld.

Stanfa, born and raised in the old country, a product of the old ways, was sent down from New York to fix things up. He set about reorganizing around a small group of local mobsters whom he could trust. The idea was to get back to the way Bruno had run things, to avoid publicity and attention, to focus on making money rather than making news.

But too much time had passed and too many things had happened. After all, this was Philadelphia, not Palermo. There was a new generation out there. Stanfa just never figured on a problem from the kids. He never realized that for them, La Cosa Nostra begins and ends in the neighborhood.

"From the beginning, they perceived John as an outsider," said a local gambler familiar with the current underworld crisis and who, in the interest of his security, asked not to be identified. "They didn't look at it as a Mafia thing. They thought of it as a South Philly thing. Their fathers and uncles were all in jail and this guy comes rolling into town and they thought, Who the hell is he?

"Stanfa has a meeting in this restaurant with Joey Merlino and some of the other kids, and he thinks he's got everything settled. But he didn't know who he was dealing with. These kids, they turn on you in a minute. And the funny thing is, if the kids had listened, all this bullshit could have been avoided. Now, it's all falling apart. See, they're not global. They don't have the long view. To them, it's their corner and he's trying to take over."

The first signs of trouble came in January 1992, when a gambling dispute erupted over control of the weekly street

"Technically, your boyfriend is correct. But, medically speaking, a blow job is not oral birth control."

tax bookmakers were supposed to pay. An old-time Mob bookmaker named Felix Bocchino was collecting for Stanfa, but some Merlino associates were apparently trying to horn in on the action. Bocchino was gunned down in an early-morning ambush near his home.

In retaliation, two shotgun-wielding assassins set a trap for Michael Ciancaglini, one of the so-called Young Turks running with Joey Merlino. Ciancaglini, 30, was walking home one night when the two hit men jumped out of a car parked near his house. The young mobster took cover, narrowly beating the gunmen to his front door. Shotgun blasts peppered the front of the brick row home and shattered a window, but Ciancaglini escaped unharmed.

Ciancaglini, like Merlino, was the son of an imprisoned mobster. His father was Joe "Chang" Ciancaglini, the enforcer for the Bruno organization who later became a capo under Scarfo. Joe Chang had three sons. The oldest, John, was doing a seven-year stint in federal prison on an extortion rap. Michael was the youngest. In between was Joe Jr., who was not as tough as Michael, but was said to be considerably smarter. Young Joe sided with Stanfa and, in a move designed to stanch the bloodletting and bridge the generation gap, Stanfa elevated him to the rank of underboss. "Joe was supposed to be the bridge between Stanfa and the kids," said the gambler. "It made a lot of sense."

The fragile peace held for several months and solidified in September 1992 when Stanfa held a formal "making ceremony" and inducted five new members into his organization—including Joey Merlino (who had just been paroled in the armored-truck case), Michael Ciancaglini and Biaggio Adornetto, a young Sicilian newly arrived in the city. Adornetto, one of three Stanfa confidants now cooperating with the government, told prosecutors he couldn't understand why Stanfa was making Merlino and Mike Ciancaglini because he knew the Mob boss didn't trust them. As Stanfa was taking him to the making ceremony, Adornetto said he asked about this and Stanfa said that he wanted to keep them close, but that he knew he would eventually have to kill them.

In the South Philadelphia underworld, the game of intrigue intensified. Behind the scenes, both sides were lining up their shots. Secretly recorded conversations, made public after Stanfa and 23 others were indicted on March 17, 1994, show the Mob boss ranting and raving about Merlino and his young associates. They didn't understand, he said. They had "no respect." He talked of importing hit men from Sicily. He threatened to take a knife and cut out the tongue of one Merlino loyalist. "And we'll send it to the wife," he said.

When the peace was broken, however, the shots came from the other direction. Joe Ciancaglini, Stanfa's underboss, his bridge to the Young Turks, was gunned down early on the morning of March 2, 1993. Two masked gunmen entered the garage of a luncheonette he owned just down the street from Stanfa's Continental Foods and opened fire. Ciancaglini was hit five times in the face and neck. He survived, but barely. Today, his face disfigured, his hearing and speech impaired, Joe Ciancaglini is no longer able to function as underboss. The shooting, which seemingly pitted brother against brother, ended any thought of reconciliation. Stanfa's attempt to merge the young and old factions into one cohesive crime family was over.

Angry, frustrated and bent on revenge, Stanfa began making plans to kill Merlino and his supporters, and FBI bugs picked up much of his plotting on tape. Some of the most fruitful listening devices were planted in the Camden, New Jersey offices of Stanfa's criminal defense attorney, Salvatore Avena. Federal authorities later charged that Stanfa used the pretext of visiting with his attorney—and the cover of lawyer-client privilege—to meet with other mobsters.

Two months after the Joe Ciancaglini shooting, Stanfa and Sergio Battaglia, a young mob associate, met in Avena's office to plan the murder of Merlino, Michael Ciancaglini and Gaeton Lucibello, another Merlino loyalist. In a burst of confidence, Battaglia began discussing how to dispose of the bodies once the hits were carried out. He suggested that the remains be dumped outside the Philadelphia area. "Maybe we'll take one to New York, one down to Delaware," Battaglia offered. "We spread them out."

Then Stanfa had a better idea, perhaps drawing on his background as a mason and bricklayer. "No, no," he said in his fractured, heavily accented English. "What we do, we put a little concrete. They got already-mixed concrete. As soon as we do it, we put [the body] in the trunk, at night. This way the concrete hardens and we'll go dump them."

Talk then shifted to the proper technique for a shot to the head. Both Battaglia and Stanfa agreed that a bullet should enter at an angle. It was likely to destroy more brain matter that way.

"Over here," said Stanfa, evidently gesturing at the prime point of entry. "It's the best. Right behind the ear."

The next day Stanfa and two other associates were recorded planning a hit at the South Philadelphia clubhouse where Merlino, Mike Ciancaglini and Lucibello were hanging out.

"I don't want to mess it up," Stanfa told the others. "All three, they gotta go."

•

In underworld and law enforcement circles, the smart money was on Stanfa. "Joey's living on borrowed time," said one detective. "He's a walking dead man and he knows it," said another. Federal authorities warned Merlino, Ciancaglini and several other young Mob figures, but the kids just laughed it off.

On August 5, 1993 they stopped laughing. Ciancaglini and Merlino met late that morning in their clubhouse at Sixth and Catharine. The two-story

"We were wrong about Roger, dear . . . he's not gay after all!"

brick building was formerly the storefront office of Greenpeace, the environmental group, whose sign still hung over the door. Now it was Merlino's headquarters in the war against Stanfa.

The place was under constant surveillance. The FBI trained a hidden camera on the front door. Arrivals and departures were clocked and recorded. Merlino and Ciancaglini walked out a little after one P.M. and headed, on foot, up Sixth Street and off camera. As they walked, a white Ford Taurus crept slowly up the street behind them. Less than a block from the clubhouse door, the car stopped and two men jumped out, opening fire. Ciancaglini slumped to the sidewalk, dead. Merlino turned to run and took a shot in the buttocks. He made it back to the clubhouse as the Taurus sped away.

Five days later, Michael Ciancaglini's funeral Mass was held at the Epiphany of Our Lord Roman Catholic Church at 11th and Jackson. He left the church in a box that day. Joey Merlino walked out leaning on a cane. That about summed up law enforcement's view of the young, renegade faction of the Mob. Stanfa was in control. Or so they thought. Three weeks later, the Mob boss and his son were ducking for cover on the Schuylkill Expressway and the blood was flowing again.

In the weeks that followed, three more mobsters were hit. One, a Merlino associate named Frank Baldino, was killed, shot behind the wheel of his Cadillac. Police, concerned about the wanton disregard for innocent bystanders in both the Schuylkill ambush and the Baldino shooting, started a street-level crackdown. Eight gangsters were pinched for weapons offenses, and the cops confiscated various handguns, mostly .38s and .380-caliber revolvers found under the seats and in the glove compartments of some of the cars that were stopped.

Merlino remained number one on Stanfa's hit list, targeted in a series of bizarre murder plots. A sniper staked out the apartment of a woman with whom Merlino sometimes lived, but he didn't show up. A bomb was planted under his car, but it failed to go off. It was planted again, and again the detonation device malfunctioned. In an even more ludicrous plan, Stanfa hoped to use a go-go dancer to poison Merlino. The woman, who did not agree to carry out the plot, was told to dress up and go to one of the nightclubs Merlino and his friends frequented. She was supposed to get close to the group, and then drop cyanide into Merlino's drink and the drinks of anyone who was with him, said a federal prosecutor.

The FBI probably saved Joey Merlino's life by taking him off the street before that plan could be carried out. Merlino was supposed to be working for an aluminum-siding company as a salesman and, according to parole terms in the 1990 armored-truck robbery case, was prohibited from associating with known felons. The FBI camera trained on the clubhouse door at Sixth and Catharine told a different story. At a parole violation hearing, federal prosecutor Robert Goldman documented Merlino's presence in the clubhouse on days when his work records indicated he was out giving estimates for installation work. It also showed him in the presence of wiseguys. Judge Norma Shapiro sentenced Merlino to three years in jail.

In March 1994 Stanfa and 23 others were indicted in a sweeping federal racketeering case and they, too, were taken out of circulation. The charges, a conspiracy built around the Racketeering Influenced and Corrupt Organizations Act, include the murders of Michael Ciancaglini and Frank Baldino, plus nearly a dozen conspiracy and attempted-murder charges—including the various plots to get Joey Merlino—along with one kidnapping charge and numerous counts of extortion and gambling. Stanfa, if convicted, faces life in prison. Most of his top associates are looking at potential prison terms of 20 to 40 years.

Three top associates, including the hit men in the Mike Ciancaglini killing, are now cooperating and are expected to testify when the case comes to trial later this year or early in 1995. In addition, there are hours of taped conversations in which Stanfa and several of his co-defendants discuss murder plots, extortions and various other racketeering gambits. The case is an echo of the 1987 RICO indictment that sent Scarfo and 15 of his top associates to prison. It is also similar to the series of Mob indictments that put Gotti and the leaders of other New York crime families behind bars. And it is yet another nail in the coffin of the Philadelphia Mob, more evidence that La Cosa Nostra is dying.

Missing from the indictment, however, are Joey Merlino and most of the members of his Mob faction. They are said to be the targets of a separate federal investigation, one built around the Schuylkill Expressway ambush and several other acts of violence aimed at the Stanfa organization. Whether the feds have enough to bring an indictment, however, remains to be seen. Thus far, nobody from Joey's side of the street is talking. Nobody is cooperating. Nobody has been before the grand jury.

This has surprised no one. The kids all grew up together. They hung out around Tenth and Jackson. That was their corner. They fought the guys from Tenth and Porter or Third and Wolf, but never each other.

They know about loyalty.

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WHAT I LIVED FOR (continued from page 118)

"He'd like to bury his face between those hefty big-girl's breasts, tearing through the silvery-twinkly fabric."

but never kept up any contact afterward. And in Union City, over the years. Since the Sixties. It seems if you're white you're always courting blacks and they seem to like you well enough but they never call you back, never invite you over. Except for political connections it's the same thing with Vic Slattery, Vic confessed to Corky. *You feel like such a hypocrite.*

But Corky in his warm erotic daze isn't thinking much of these matters. Nor seriously listening to Marilee and Kiki chattering across him, their flirty-oblique allusions, teasing-taunting as incomprehensible to his ear as if they were speaking a foreign language, poor Corky in his chic sharkskin Polo suit, metallic midnight-blue Hermès tie, his hard-on the size of a bowling pin draining all the blood from his faltering brain, thus he can't think, isn't trying to think, it's Friday night and he's a free man, a divorced man with no encumbrances save memory—and *what's memory if your brain's shut down?*—and his American Express Gold Card is his ticket to ecstasy or at least oblivion. How Jerome A. Corcoran of 33 Summit Avenue, Union City, New York, Democratic city councilman and next-in-line president of the council and millionaire businessman-financier has wound up at the Zephir, this overpriced and glitzy-tacky nightspot listening to a combo like Muzak played with air hammers and chainsaws and a lead singer, gravel-voiced, singing bad Lou Reed. His head's not only buzzing from scotch but vibrating and rattling, and these amazing girls on both sides squeezed into the banquette-booth, he'll be unable to recall afterward. Nor will he be able to recall the precise sequence of events that will lead him—no, propel him with vertiginous speed—to the emergency room at Union City General Hospital.

Marilee, Kiki. No need for last names in the Zephir. Sharp, shrewd girls but they know how to play, too. Smart career-oriented girls, grown-up girls. Of that new breed of strong-willed young women masquerading as girls, health club members, some of them bodybuilders and all of them with an eye on the prize, not *feminine* but *female*, fashion condoms in their Gucci purses and they know how to ply them. To be frank, Corky would be scared as hell of such women except he's had so much practice handling women. And women are drawn to him. From the age of 14 onward Corky Corcoran has practically had to fend females off, and of course he's a gentleman, too, or has made himself into one, a small price to pay for the prizes a gentleman gets that some crude asshole hasn't a clue he might be missing, like a man who drinks Four Roses instead of Johnnie Walker Red or drives a budget car instead of a really good car hasn't a clue what he might be missing in life, poor dumb prick.

A small price to pay, thinks Corky, dazedly grinning. Lifting his glass—"I'll drink to that!" and Marilee and Kiki raise their glasses, too, drinking to whatever it is they're drinking to.

This, then: Marilee the dusky-skinned beauty and Kiki the pale, frantic beauty are leaning across Corky Corcoran chattering, giggling, making jokes that elude him, maybe involve him but elude him and thus the more hilarious for being uttered in his smiling presence, in his lap you might say—where both girls are leaning familiarly in, thighs warmly aggressive against his. Marilee giving him plenty of her fleshy-doughy breast against his arm. Kiki giving off a stoned radiant heat in his face. Corky's cock is so immense and rock-hard the girls can't seem to keep their hands from brushing against his knees, thighs, crotch, for conversational emphasis perhaps, the way, so seemingly innocently and by chance, a woman will touch a man's arm, or wrist, or lightly tap the back of his hand as she speaks to him, so seemingly innocently and by chance. Oh God, yes. Corky loves 'em, Corky's crazy about 'em, these terrific girls, these grown-up flirty-sexy wild-reckless fantastic girls. Corky doesn't have a clue who they are really, he'd be the first to admit he doesn't have a fucking clue who they are as girls, as women, as fellow citizens, hard to think of them as fellow citizens in fact, like these feminists yammering on about a woman's *personhood*, a woman isn't just tits and ass and she can fuck and she can *serve*, Corky's bemused trying to consider a woman's *personhood*. If it isn't her body, what the fuck is it? *Why* the fuck is it? Corky doesn't have a clue, but he isn't going to let that worry him, not now, not tonight, fuck that heavy crap, too much talk in the world and too much communication, Corky's thinking, communication of the wrong kind. Corky doesn't know what these girls want out of him, he only knows, or thinks he knows, what he wants of *them*.

And oh God does he. Does he want it.

Marilee leaning across Corky from the left, Kiki from the right, Corky guesses every guy in the Zephir's staring at him in envy, yes, and they'd be right, poor bastards. It's Marilee whom Corky's most dazzled by, can't keep from sniffing her, Doggy-Corky with his nose alert and sensitive as his prick, his nose *is* a kind of prick he's thinking, laughing thinking, Christ he's drunk but happy drunk, elated drunk, not mean drunk and certainly not falling-down drunk, Corky'll show 'em. Marilee's bronze fingernails tapping his knuckles so Corky's dying to seize her hand, grab hold and suck at the fingers, her exotic cornrow braids are slithering like snakes in his face, Corky's vision is beginning to go, his eyeballs misting over, Doggy-Corky who'd like nothing better than to poke his avid nose into the crevice of Marilee's neck, a plump dimpled fold of skin, yes, and nuzzle the nape of her neck, and her breasts, he'd like nothing better than to bury his face between those hefty big-girl's breasts, tearing through the silvery-twinkly fabric with his teeth, then down on his knees beneath the table burying his face between her thighs, her bush he knows must be thick, kinky-wiry, very black, and her vaginal lips as fleshy-warm as her lipsticked lips, and her clit that's fat and hard and pumping-hot with blood, he'd guess it's a larger clit than any he'd ever seen or touched or tongued or even imagined, not a Caucasian clit but a black clit, this girl may be high yellow but she *is* black, black blood in her, that makes a difference, Corky knows. Practically swooning now, panting like an actual dog, not trusting himself to raise his glass to drink, he's in two places simultaneously, crowded in the booth between Marilee and Kiki and also beneath the table with his face between Marilee's fleshy-warm-damp thighs, down there between her legs where she's wet, slick and wet, and he's tonguing her like mad, Corky knows to set the pace, the rhythm, how to vary the rhythm, it's a gradually accelerating rhythm and the pressure of the tongue must increase, he's going to bring off Marilee right here on the sticky red leather banquette amid the air-hammer disco, yes, but they'll stop you, somebody will stop you, no, Marilee won't let Corky stop, Marilee has Corky's head pinioned between her muscular thighs and she won't let him go, leaning back and pushing up into his face, her pelvis rocking like mad, and the rhythm so fast now there's almost no pause between beats, like that weird thing he'd read the other night sleepless and horny: *Ten million trillion neutrinos speed through your brain and body in a single instant! One single instant of the unfathomable instants that constitute a life!* Almost no pause as Marilee leans back moaning and gasping for breath, digging her bronze-polished talons into Corky's curly hair that's damp with sweat and murmuring "Mmmmmmmm white man, you sure do know how!" Except Corky's so excited he's close to losing it if one of these girls so much as brushes her fingers

against his thigh, let alone his crotch. He's fearful he'll come in his pants, and not inconspicuously but with a groan, a sob, a yelp, he's terrified this is going to happen, coming in his pants like a kid, like that time he was sure he was going to come in the confessional, the actual confessional—a nightmare episode that went on and on and on as Father Sullivan interrogated him in pitiless detail about impure thoughts and practices since his last confession the previous Saturday, how many times a night do you commit this impure act, my son? What are the impure thoughts that accompany it, my son? Do you not know that such impure thoughts and acts are like thorns in the heart of Our Savior, my son?—the old beery-breathed priest wheezing and grunting, settling his bulk closer to the confessional grill, insisting Jerome lean his mouth right against the grill to speak directly into his ear, otherwise I can't hear you, my son, you speak so softly, I won't be able to absolve you of your sins, and these are grievous mortal sins, my son. *Come closer.*

Clos-er.

Thinking of the old priest sobers Corky, for a few minutes at least, he feels the hot-pulsing blood drain out of his cock, his thoughts aren't so muddled, wipes his face with a cocktail napkin: Jesus, sweating like a pig. His hand's steady enough to trust with a glass. And the girls are gaily raising theirs, delicious red wine, sparkling long-stemmed glasses, a toast to you, and to you—and to *me*.

"Waitress?—another round here."

A good thing Corky's in control of himself again: this flirty Kiki nudging her sharp little chin against his shoulder, her wine-stained tongue protruding between her lips, and she's trailing her long beringed fingers against his belt buckle, the girl *is* high on something and not just red Bordeaux. Corky's attracted to her, too, Kiki's a physical type like Thalia, tall willowy-thin small-breasted narrow-thighed very young-looking and enormous-eyed girls, hectic nerved-up mannerisms, probably their pulses are faster than the normal pulse, heartbeat faster, the classic ectomorph type, or is it endomorph?—Corky can never keep the two straight, *he*'s a mesomorph.

Meaning square in the middle, the most common physical type.

Only maybe just a little too short for a man, at five feet nine.

Marilee's a bit calmed, too, admiring Kiki's jewelry, her exotic earrings in particular. Corky's noticed the half-dozen gold studs in the girl's ear, also a cruel-looking gold clamp on the outer whorl of the ear, sort of butch, sexy. Suddenly Corky's enthralled with Kiki's ear, it's so delicate in its contours, so exposed. He says, touching the clamp gingerly with a forefinger, "Honey, this thing must hurt like hell. What *is* it?"

Kiki shivers, and giggles. The movement of her shoulders—shrinking, combative, provocative—reminds Corky of Thalia. She says huskily, "Well, Corky, maybe I *like* hurt."

Marilee takes this up, a big toothy smile. "Maybe Kiki *likes hurt*, ol' Freckle-head, you ever thought of that?"

So. Somehow it happens that Kiki removes the cruel-looking gold clamp from her ear, and Marilee, who is wearing, this evening, big amber rhomboids, eye-catching but conventional earrings, examines it with a bemused expression, and Corky's got to examine it, too. Corky insists on taking it and fumbles to fit it on his own ear, and both Marilee and Kiki are dissolved in laughter, and Corky says, "Hey, gimme a hand, eh?" so Kiki fits, more precisely forces, the clamp on his ear.

And in that instant the clamp's on.

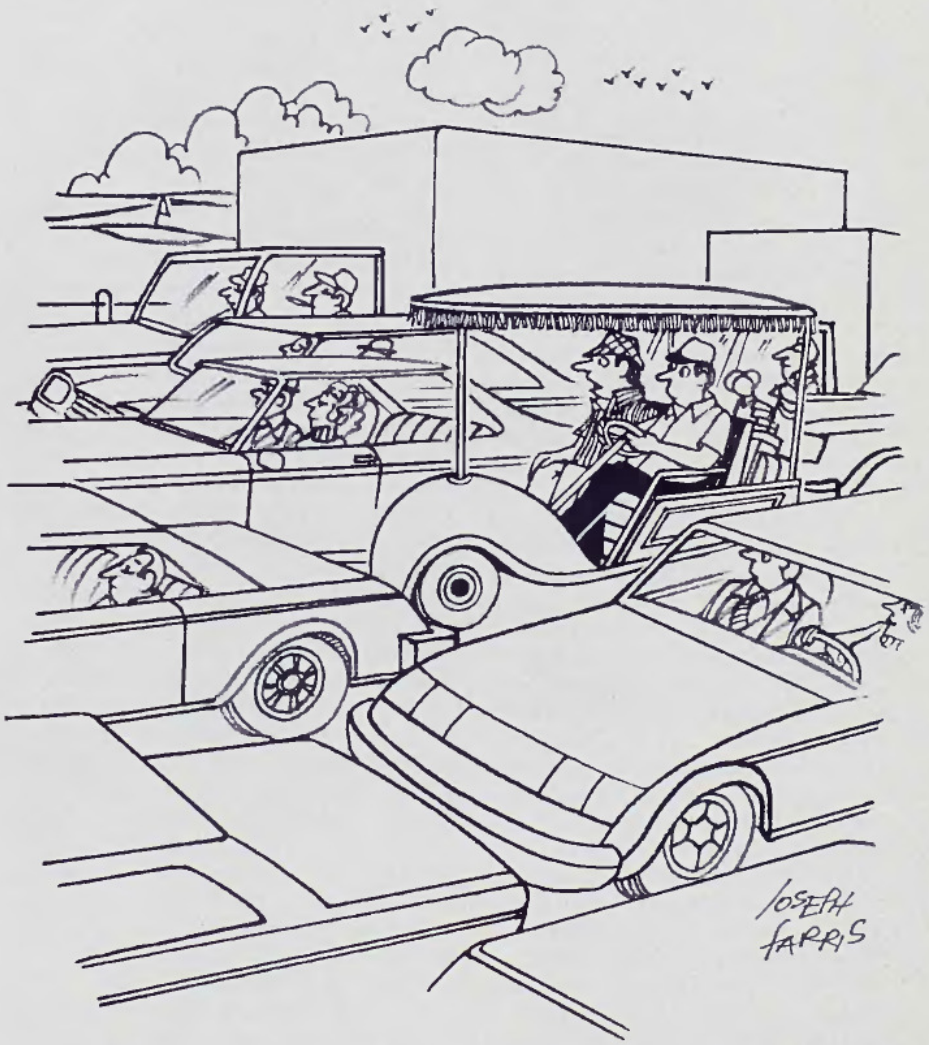
"Oh God."

Pain like a razor slicing the outer rim of Corky's ear. Pain like a flash of lightning blinding him. Pain like a shout, like a scream, like a shriek. Corky yanks at the clamp but it doesn't come off. Goddamn it doesn't come off. He knows he's made a mistake, already breaking into a cold sweat, trying to laugh, muttering, "It's a little tight, it hurts—can you get it off?" Marilee and Kiki see this is sudden, serious business. Mr. Corcoran has gone dead-white in the face and looks as if he's about to pass out. How old *is* he? they might be wondering. In their 40s men start to have heart attacks.

So, biting their lips to maintain grave expressions, the girls try to pry Kiki's clamp off Corky's ear. His poor right ear. Poor Corky! They take turns, Marilee's long fingernails are impractical for such a task, and Kiki's too nerved-up, breathless. Minutes of mounting pain, agony, pass as the girls tug, twist, wriggle, wrench at the brutal thing, with no luck.

Corky mutters, his face, his entire head, aflame, "Goddamn, gold damn fucking thing, this isn't funny, goddamn get it off. Get it off!" Hearing, he thinks, the girls' muffled giggles, though when he turns to them, tears brimming in his eyes, they look innocent enough, sympathetic and apologetic. Oh so sorry, Corky!—*so* sorry!

Corky's losing it. Corky's got a temper



"I think we took a wrong turn between the fifth and sixth holes."

and Corky's in pain, it's only the outer whorl, the rim, of his ear, but God what pain!—like a torture instrument, like an instrument that's being tightened, so he's sweating like a pig, ashamed and panicked and in utter physical distress *that's at the same time laughable distress*, porky Corky! And so clumsily on his feet the table's almost overturned. And Kiki's part-filled wineglass goes clattering to the floor, splashing wine on Corky's dove-gray sharp-creased trousers. "Shit," says Corky, and, "Fuck it, get this off," says Corky, and "Goddamn, this isn't funny," says Corky, his eyes leaking tears, his vision shimmering yet he can see, and he'll remember seeing, the bemused faces of other patrons, quizzical glances and concerned frowns and outright smiles, grins. *And Corky Corcoran in the most astonishing physical distress*, though it's only—what?—a gold clamp of no more than two inches affixed to his ear. His ear!

Corky is tearing so frantically at the thing, Marilee Plummer grabs his hand to prevent him from ripping his very ear off—"Oh, oh! Corky, *no*!" It's the most sincere she's been all evening, but Corky isn't in a mood to notice. The Zephir manager, who knows Corky Corcoran, or in any case knows him as an occasional free-spending patron of the Zephir, hurries over to see what the problem is and to restrain Corky, who's on his feet staggering blindly and cursing, "Fuck it, get this fucking thing off, *this is no joke*!"—to the astonishment of other patrons and the surprise of the combo. The Lou Reed imitator actually pauses, frazzled hair like a wig, wasted eyes staring. Kiki is crying, "Oh I'm sorry! I'm sorry! Oh dear!"—but spoils the effect by bursting into laughter and having to hide her face, and Marilee scolds, "Girl! Come on! *This is no joke!*" But Marilee, too, is biting her lips to keep from laughing. By this time Corky's a man so driven by pain, fury, humiliation, he pushes these cruel girls aside, makes his way blindly out of the lounge hoping to hell among these gaping bemused patrons there's nobody who knows him. He's walking hunched over like an elderly man, fearing total ignominious collapse, his face dead-white and even his freckles bleached out, cheeks glistening with tears as voices call after him—"Corky! Corky!"—but Corky pays no heed, Corky's through with mock sympathy, mock solicitude, he's too distracted by his inflamed ear, the wild throbbing heartbeat in his ear loud as the combo's drumbeat, refuses aid from the Zephir manager who with a straight face offers to get pliers, or maybe a screwdriver would be better to force the clamp off the ear. Corky says, "Get away! Go to hell! Leave me alone!" clutching at his dignity as a man might clutch at a threadbare towel to cover his nakedness in the eyes of strangers. And then he's outside. Reeling, swaying like a drunk except he's stone-cold sober, his knees turned to water and suddenly he's puking out his guts in the parking lot, in no condition to drive himself to the hospital so he limps up the street to a taxi stand and falls into a taxi, asking the driver to please take him fast to Union City General Hospital (which is about two miles away) insisting he isn't having a heart attack, he isn't going to die in the back of the taxi. The driver smells vomit and has possibly seen the flash of the fucking thing on Corky's ear, though Corky's trying his best to hide it, yet not too conspicuously, with his right hand.

And hurrying, limping, head ducked, into the emergency room entrance at Union City General, rushing into bright lights and that unmistakable hospital-disinfectant smell, teeth gritted against the pain in his ear that seems now a virtual blossom of pain, an irradiated tree of pain, Corky's vision blurred as if underwater yet seeing with humiliating clarity the curious, bemused glances of strangers, thank God they are strangers, no one here seems to know who Corky is. Nor does the name Jerome Andrew Corcoran mean anything to the middle-aged nurse-receptionist on duty at the busy hour of 11 P.M. on a Friday in downtown Union City. The woman maintains a deadpan sort of sympathy, Corky stammers explaining the accident, he knows it's trivial but it hurts like hell. A woman friend put the earring on him, *and it won't come off*.

And then a wait, a wait of how many minutes? Many. The waiting room's already filled when Corky hobbles in, a groaning young man bleeding through a roll of gauze wrapped around his head is carried hurriedly by on a stretcher. Corky's embarrassed at his own problem and spends the 90 minutes pacing and prowling about in the outer lobby, in adjacent corridors, he avoids others' eyes, he shrinks and skulks and ducks around corners, in a men's lavatory he stares astonished at his face that's pale yet mottled, flushed, freckles standing out in comical relief like raindrops tinged with dirt, *sweet ol' Frecklehead*, *Fuckhead*, *Corky Corcoran*. He fills a sink with water as cold as he can get it, dunks his head in it, his red-swollen right ear and that side of his face, teeth chattering, and again desperately and clumsily he tries to work the clamp loose, tries to slide it up, down, considers for a moment actually ripping this part of his ear off, but the pain is so intense he loses his balance, slips, strikes his head hard against the side of the porcelain sink, almost knocks himself out.

"Fuck! Fuck! *Fuck it!*"

Not until 12:34 A.M. is Jerome Andrew Corcoran's name called, and at last he's led weakly into an examining room, trying not to wince with pain and even to assume a measure of dignity as a tall lanky bespectacled black intern, young kid no more than 25 or 26, examines the afflicted ear, tugs experimentally at the clamp, maintaining an air of professional decorum no matter what he's thinking, "Hurts, huh? Wow, the earlobe's *swollen*." Corky has to bite his lip to keep from screaming. The intern insists he lie down on an examining table, try to relax, important to relax, mister, and he and a young Asian nurse work at loosening the clamp. You'd think they might get it off within seconds but in fact it takes minutes as Corky lies with his eyes tight shut leaking tears as what he imagines are surgical instruments are applied to the clamp. By this time Corky's ear has swollen to twice its normal size in reverse proportion to his cock, which has shrunk to half its normal detumescent size, and the pain has become abstract, not an extraneous and accidental factor in his life but a defining element in that life—*This is the price you have to pay for being Corky Corcoran*. And suddenly the clamp is off.

Corky sits up slowly, tentatively, red-eyed and sniffing. He tries to smile, does in fact smile—"Thanks! I can't tell you how much!" The black intern, the pretty Asian nurse joke with their patient now, treat the injured ear with a smarting disinfectant, damned thing still hurts like hell and feels like it's balloon-size and shredded like raw meat but Corky's anxious to show he's OK now, he's a good sport, his thanks are profuse, he isn't drunk now but indeed stone-cold sober yet he sounds a little drunk, giddy, his voice loud, saying to the intern, "Well, doctor, I bet you've never had to remove one of these goddamned things from anybody's ear before," and the intern says with a grin, "In fact, mister, we remove 'em all the time, from all parts of the body, y'know? It's like an epidemic out there, all kinds of kinky-funky goings-on." And he and the pretty Asian nurse dissolve in laughter Corky hopes isn't edged with cruelty, Corky hopes isn't at his expense.

As Corky prepares to leave the examining cubicle the intern asks him, "Hmmm, mister, don't you want your earring?" with a curly smile, holding the twisted chunk of metal in the palm of his hand, fucking thing isn't gold or platinum, just some cheaply glittering crap metal now bent nearly flat, hard to comprehend how it could have caused such agony in a grown man. Corky's smiling, Corky's a guy who can take a joke, except suddenly he slaps the black kid's hand and sends the clamp flying—"Don't fuck with me! Just send me the bill!"—charging blind out of the emergency room and out of the goddamned hospital, ol' Freckhead's had enough for one night.

NEXT, AUTOTRANS

Hesitant to try in-line skating for fear of kissing concrete? Well, breathe easy, blade runner. New braking systems on skates by Rollerblade and Oxygen feature mechanisms that automatically bring you to a halt when you perform a simple foot movement (described below). Oxygen has introduced another innovative feature called Autorock, which lets you easily adjust your wheels for greater speed and maneuverability. Wayne Gretzky's signature skate, the Great One by Ultra Wheels, is specially ventilated to keep your socks dry. And K2's ultracool line of skates includes racing models with soft sneaker-style uppers that can be warmed in an oven to conform perfectly to your feet. Once shaped, they will retain that form permanently.

Clockwise from top left: K2's Extreme Flight recreational skate combines a carbon frame with a nylon mesh and synthetic leather hiking-boot-style upper, about $240. The Bravoblade GLX skate features active brake technology (slide your right foot forward and a cuff mechanism pushes the heel brake to the pavement), by Rollerblade, $229. Ultra Wheels' the Great One is an advanced recreational skate with an air-vent design, $189. The futuristic Krypton KrO3 with Autorock has a spring-controlled power-brake system, by Oxygen, $300.

JAMES IMBROGNO

Where & How to Buy on page 135.

The Bottom Line

Actress LISA BOYLE has appeared on the big screen in *Sweet Dreams* and *Art of Murder* and on TV in *NYPD Blue* and *Dream On*. She's also in the pilot for *Ocean Park*. Applause for her bodysuit.

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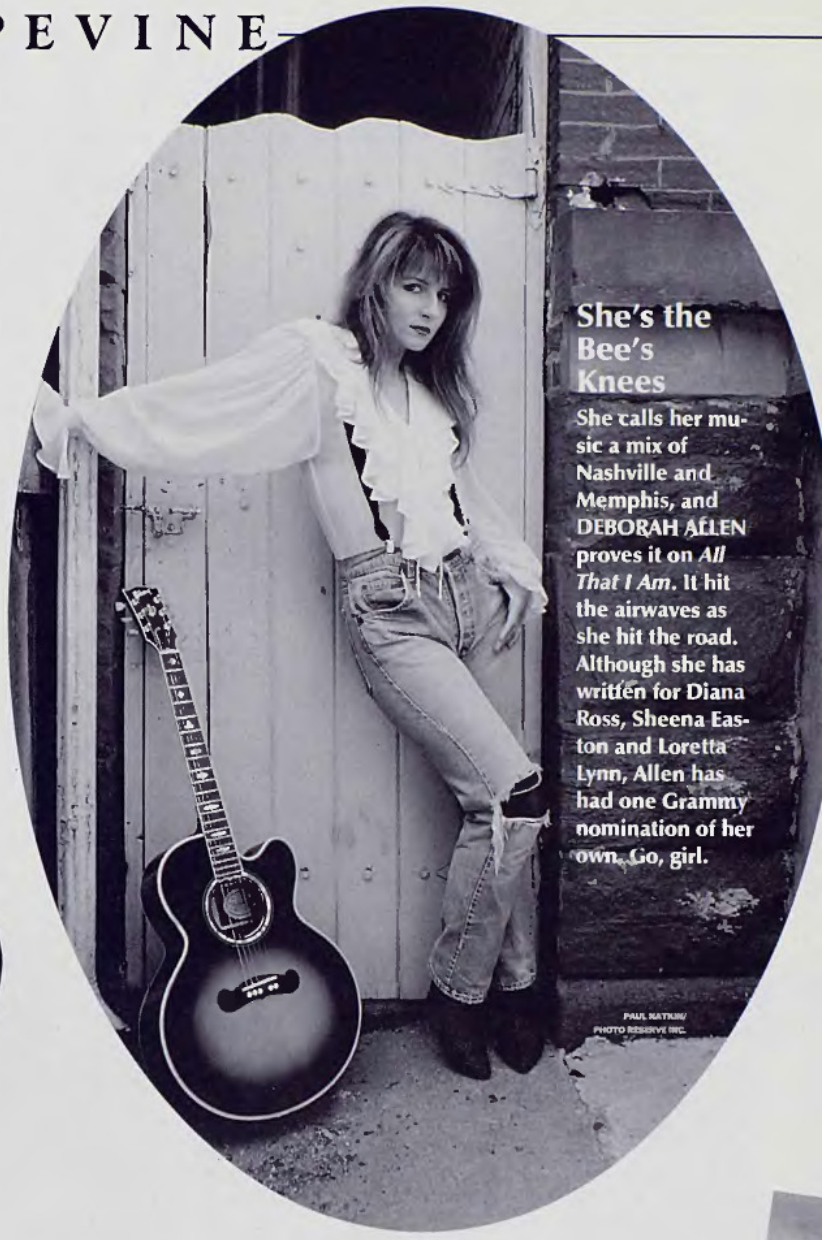

PAUL NATKIN/ PHOTO RESERVE INC.

She's the Bee's Knees

She calls her music a mix of Nashville and Memphis, and DEBORAH ALLEN proves it on *All That I Am*. It hit the airwaves as she hit the road. Although she has written for Diana Ross, Sheena Easton and Loretta Lynn, Allen has had one Grammy nomination of her own. Go, girl.

It's in the Cards

If you can, catch B.B. KING on the Blues Music Festival tour featuring Dr. John, Little Feat and a Muddy Waters tribute band. Then get his duet LP with Diane Schuur, *Heart to Heart*. The king of the blues holds court.

© KEN SETTLE

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No Fin, No Grin

YVETTE STEFENS is a knockout. For more, get her Frederick's of Hollywood poster and the catalog. Look for her in a Pringles Right commercial and in music videos. We call this a net profit.

PAUL HARRIS/PHOTO RESERVE INC.

Last of the Mohicans

Singer, songwriter and painter BILL MILLER is half Mohican and all folk-singer. Miller brings his acoustic story-songs to a wide audience, both in person—he's currently opening for Tori Amos—and on his album *The Red Road*. Says Miller, "Doing this album was like writing my story." He'll play you a chapter.

Sea and Be Seen

TERESA LANGLEY was a featured extra in *Rocky V*, *Kick Boxer II* and *Sibling Rivalry* and appeared in a Coors Light beer commercial. Teresa rocks our boat.

© ANDY PEARLMAN

MURRY RIDGES

The No-Clothes Pose

KENDRA OXNER was a contender in our 40th Anniversary Playmate Search. Her titles include Miss Budweiser, Miss Riverfest and Miss Ujena International. Want to cast a vote?

A SEAWORTHY LAUNCH

Nautical Collector, "the journal of nautical antiques, collectibles and nostalgia," has just shoved off, so if you have salt water in your veins, subscribe today. It covers everything nautical, including lighthouses, model ships, seascape art and sources for maritime artifacts. There is even an article on the history of Life Savers candy, as well as a listing of the latest maritime antique auctions. Price for 12 issues is $36 sent to *Nautical Collector*, P.O. Box 16734, Arlington, Virginia 22302.

GLENN ARMSTRONG

HOT TO TROT

If your life isn't spicy enough, the Hot Sauce of the Month Club will deliver a bottle of smoldering gut-burner to your door for $109 a year. That includes a newsletter containing information about chilies and recipes for the hot sauce sent. (Sorry, no Bromo.) A six-month membership is $65. If you really have the hots for hots, Chile Today–Hot Tamale at 800-HOT-PEPR also offers a chili of the month that's only $69 a year for membership. Hotsa plenty.

JOHN SCHMELZER

MASTER SEX

"I wrote this book for everyone who wants to be a better lover," begins *Masterpiece Sex*, subtitled "The Art of Sexual Discovery." But Elaine Kittredge's 180-page softcover, illustrated with erotic drawings by Stephen Hamilton, is more than just a how-to manual for the horny, hard-up or hapless. Kittredge explores with candor and humor a variety of erotic subjects, including flirting, fantasies, fellatio and phone sex, plus much more. Her advice is very personal and explicit. "*Masterpiece Sex* is about creating your own sexual dreams and making them come true," says the publisher, Optext. The price is $30. Send it to P.O. Box 10378, Chicago 60610.

NICK BACKES

THE WILD, WILD WEST

"We're doing for Western Victorian fashions what Banana Republic did for safari clothing," says Larry Bitterman, owner of the Old Frontier Clothing Co. in Beverly Hills, who, by his own admission, "was born one hundred years too late." Bitterman describes his company as a "purveyor of authentic Western dry goods"—not dude duds—and his $275 frock coat, line of dusters ($130 to $210) and $75 double-breasted vest look as though they come from the movie *Tombstone*. (His women's Western wear is right out of *Bad Girls*.) You can order a catalog for $3 from Old Frontier Clothing at P.O. Box 691836P, Los Angeles 90069, or call 310-246-WEST for more info about the clothes. Bitterman has corralled a variety of cowboy hat styles to choose from, too.

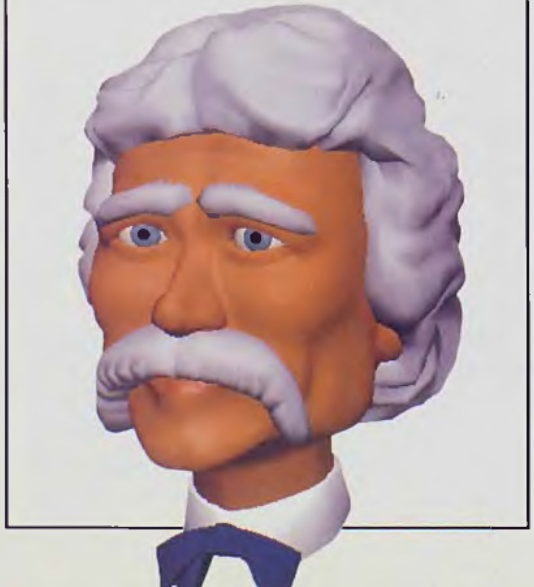
WAKE UP AND SMELL THE COFFEE, AL

Who says entrepreneurship is dead? Certainly not Bernie, Leon and Ron, three good old boys who couldn't stomach the coffee served by their employer. So they steeped themselves in beans and blends and created Al's Daily Grind, their own formula for high-octane coffee that you can drink all day. Al's Beverage, their employer, knew a good thing when it smelled one, and now the company sells one-pound bags (whole bean or ground) for $9, postpaid. Call 800-638-3018.

ABBE STEWART

THE TWAIN SHALL MEET

If you are looking for the ultimate, unique draw for a party, there's Virtual Mark Twain. Yes, the reports of his death were greatly exaggerated. This interactive, multimedia reincarnation can appear on a TV screen telling jokes or just kibitzing with an audience. The secret: Twain impressionist McAvoy Layne is hooked up to a graphics computer that reads his facial expressions and transfers them into animation. Price: $15,000 to $20,000 a day. Call 800-TWAIN-VR.



TOBACCO ON THE CUFF

Jolyn, the owner of Pop Art—Beyond the Humidor, knows Cuban cigars like most women know perfume. After Jolyn's finished smoking her cigars she turns the bands into cuff links. For $65, postpaid, you can choose from a selection of Cuban styles such as the Bolivars pictured here; $45 buys links made from domestic brands. Jolyn also does custom orders (you supply the bands) and even makes ladies' earrings. (Tell the woman in your life that if she really loves you she'll hang your favorite cigar brand from her ears.) Call 213-658-7029 for more information.

PASS THE JUGGED HARE, JEEVES.

Bread was the staff of life at the medieval table, but by the Edwardian era the groaning boards of England were laden with such culinary exotica as *pièce de boeuf braisée à la Napolitaine*. It's all in the British National Trust's coffee-table hardcover *The Art of Dining*, by Sara Paston-Williams, which is "a history of cooking and eating" in merry—and gluttonous—old England. The book contains 250 illustrations, 200 in color. Price: $49.50.

ADVENTURE CALLING

Trader Horn, *White Cargo* and *Malaya* are just some of the classic films starring such Hollywood heavy hitters as Jimmy Stewart, Spencer Tracy, Hedy Lamarr, Rod Taylor and Jim Brown that have been recently released by MGM/UA Home Video as part of its new action-adventure collection. They cost $20 each. If the jungle isn't your bag, *The Big House*, starring Wallace Beery, "depicts the rage, desperation and loyalty of 3000 felons in an institution built for 1800." *All the Brothers Were Valiant* finds Robert Taylor and Stewart Granger on the high seas feuding over Ann Blyth. Wouldn't you know?

NEXT MONTH

BRAINY RUSSIAN

FICTION WINNER

DATING TEST

DIXIE'S FINEST

BUCKEYE THE ELDER—WHEN BUCKEYE THE PANTYHOSE SALESMAN COMES BY TO COURT SIMONE, HE PROMPTLY BREAKS HER LITTLE BROTHER'S COLLARBONE. THEN THE ENTIRE FAMILY FALLS IN LOVE. WINNER OF PLAYBOY'S COLLEGE FICTION CONTEST

FIRST DATES MADE EASY—TONGUE-TIED WHEN YOU'RE OUT WITH A NEW GIRL? GOT THE FIRST-DATE JITTERS? OUR SUREFIRE QUESTIONNAIRE GIVES EVERYONE—EVEN DATING VETERANS—SOMETHING TO TALK ABOUT—BY **MYLES BERKOWITZ**

LESLIE ABRAMSON—HER FIERY COURTROOM THEATRICS KEPT ERIK MENENDEZ FROM THE GAS CHAMBER. WHAT'S NEXT FOR THE COUNTRY'S ACE DEFENDER?—PLAYBOY PROFILE BY **JOE MORGENSTERN**

JERRY JONES—IS DALLAS HEADED FOR FOOTBALL'S FIRST SUPER BOWL THREE-PEAT? THE COWBOYS' HANDS-ON OWNER AND MIRACLE WORKER REVEALS HIS PLANS FOR AMERICA'S HOTTEST SPORTS FRANCHISE—AND WHAT REALLY HAPPENED WITH COACH JIMMY JOHNSON—IN A HEAD-KNOCKING PLAYBOY INTERVIEW BY **LAWRENCE LINDERMAN**

TIM ALLEN'S SECRET LIFE OF MEN—THE STAR OF TV'S *HOME IMPROVEMENT* GIVES HIS HILARIOUS AND INVALUABLE ADVICE ON HOW THE SEXES CAN GET ALONG—AND HOW THEY CAN'T. A PLAYBOY EXCLUSIVE

HEATHER LOCKLEAR—HEAD BABE OF TV'S STEAMIEST SHOW, HEATHER'S TOUGH, SHE'S PRETTY AND SHE SWOONS DOING CERTAIN CALF EXERCISES. MEET THE WOMAN WHO OWNS *MELROSE PLACE* IN 20 QUESTIONS

PLAYBOY'S PIGSKIN PREVIEW—UNTIL THE NCAA COMES UP WITH A COLLEGE FOOTBALL PLAYOFF TO CROWN NUMBER ONE, TRUST OUR SEER TO SORT OUT THE FIELD—SPORTS BY **GARY COLE**

BLUE PLATE SPECIAL—WHAT HAPPENS WHEN PHOTOGRAPHER **HELMUT NEWTON** FINDS A SPECTACULAR SWISS BEAUTY IN A RESTAURANT? HIGH FASHION'S KING OF KINK DOESN'T DISAPPOINT

PLUS: THOSE FABULOUS GIRLS OF THE SEC, THE ART OF SHAVING, COOL CAMPUS THREADS FOR FALL, A TERRIFIC PLAYMATE FROM RUSSIA, BIKES THAT FOLD UP AND, FOR HALLOWEEN, A SALUTE TO MONSTER MASTER **GAHAN WILSON**

Be afraid. Be very afraid.

(yes, it's real gold.)

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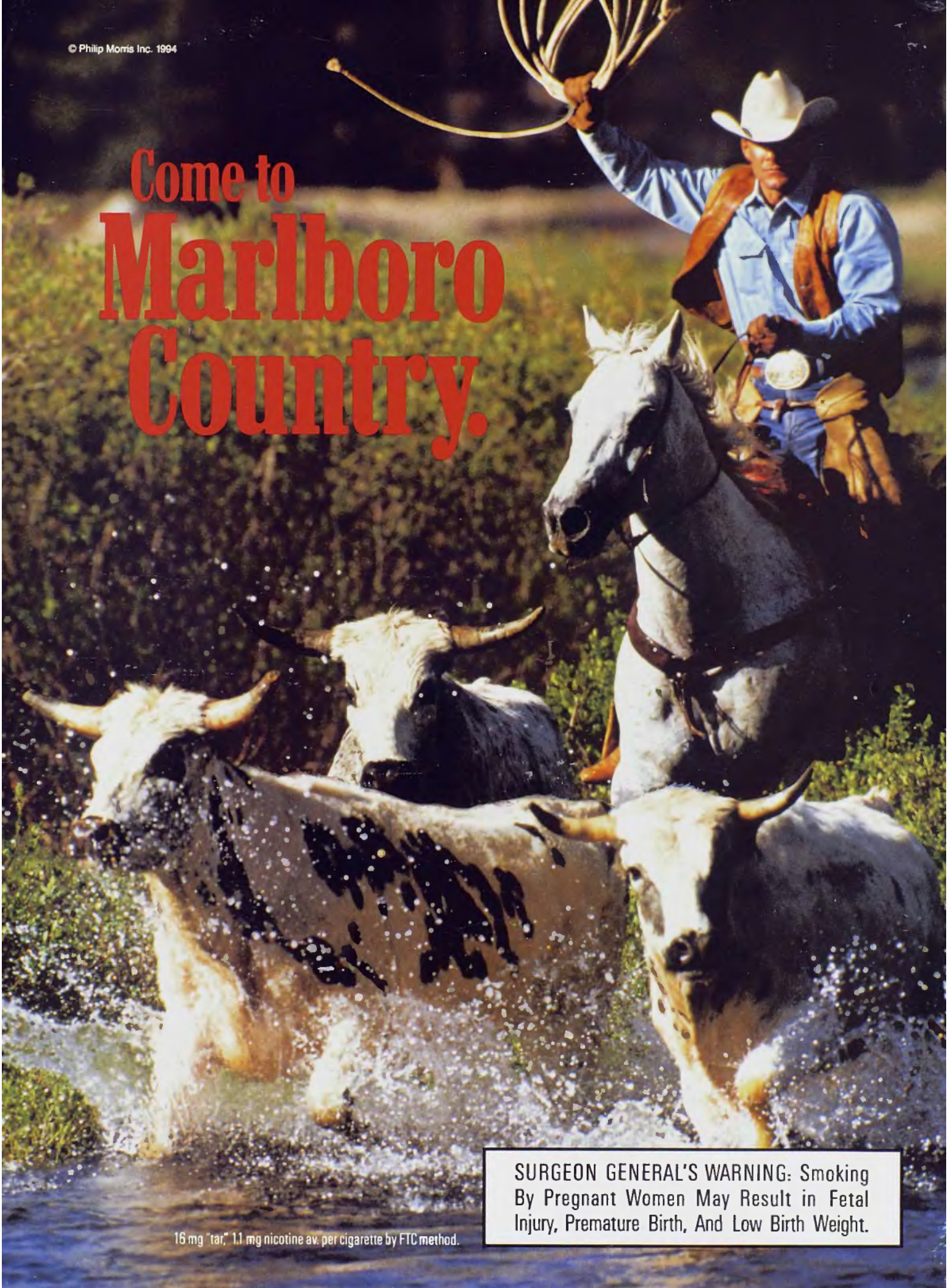
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Come to
Marlboro
Country.
SURGEON GENERAL'S WARNING: Smoking By Pregnant Women May Result in Fetal Injury, Premature Birth, And Low Birth Weight.
16 mg "tar," 1.1 mg nicotine av. per cigarette by FTC method.